# *ERRATA.*

IN the PREFACE, *pag.* 23. *line* 22, for *seven*, r. *six*.

| *Page* | *Stanza* | *Line* | *Errata* | *Mend.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 2 | 9 | 1 | for *Lasty*, | Lasting. |
| 5 | 28 | 1 | for *Trime* | Time. |
| 58 | 76 | 3 | for *Thirds* | Thrids. |
| 64 | 24 | 2 | for *this*, | His. |
| 70 | 89 | 1 | for *cease*, | Seise. |
| 153 | 8 | 3 | for *Beedles*, | Needles |
| 161 | 67 | 3 | for *hose*, | whom. |
| 172 | 34 | 4 | for *morn*, | Moon. |
| 219 | 96 | 2 | for *lose*, | Loose. |
| 226 | 41 | 2 | for *weak*, | ourweaker. |

# GONDIBERT:
AN HEROICK
# POEM;
WRITTEN BY
Sir *WILLIAM D'AVENANT.*

*LONDON,*
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# THE AUTHOUR'S PREFACE

*To his much honour'd Friend*

# Mr HOBS.

SIR,

SInce you have done me the honour to allow this Poem a daily examination as it was writing, I will presume, now it hath attain'd more length, to give you a longer trouble; that you may yield me as great advantages by censuring the Method, as by judging the Numbers and the Matter. And because you shall pass through this New Building with more ease to your disquisition, I will acquaint you what care I took of my materials, ere I began to work.

But first give me leave (remembering with what difficulty the world can shew any Heroick Poem, that in a perfect glass of Nature gives us a familiar and easie view of ourselves) to take notice of those quarrels, which the Living have with the Dead: and I will (according as all times have applied their reverence) begin with *Homer*, who, though he seems to me standing upon the Poets famous hill, like the eminent Sea-mark, by which they have in former

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former Ages steer'd; and though he ought not to be removed from that eminence, lest Posterity should presumptuously mistake their course; yet some (sharply observing how his Successours have proceeded no farther than a perfection of imitating him) say, that as Sea-marks are chiefly usefull to Coasters, and serve not those who have the ambition of Discoverers, that love to sayl in untry'd Seas; so he hath rather prov'd a Guide for those, whose satisfied Wit will not venture beyond the track of others; than to them, who affect a new and remote way of thinking; who esteem it a deficiency and meanes of mind, to stay and depend upon the authority of example.

Some there are, that object that even in the likelyhoods of Story (and Story where ever it seems most likely, grows most pleasant) he doth too frequently inter mixe such Fables, as are objects lifted above the Eyes of Nature; and as he often interrogates his Muse, not as his rational Spirit but as a *Familiar*, separated from his body, so her replies bring him where he spends time in immortal conversation; whilest supernaturally he doth often advance his men to the quality of Gods, and depose his Gods to the condition of men.

His Successour to fame, (and consequently to censure) is *Virgil*; whose toyls not virtue cannot free him from the peevishness (or rather curiosity) of divers Readers. He is upbraided by some (who perhaps are affected Antiquaries, and make priority of time the measure of excellence) for gaining his renown by the imitation of *Homer*: Whilest others (no less bold with that ancient Guide) say, He hath so often led him into Heaven and Hell, till by conversation with Gods and Ghosts, he sometimes deprives us of those natural probabilities in Story, which are instructive to humane life: And others affirm (if it be not irreverence to record their opinion) That even in Wit, he seems deficient by many omissions; as if he had design'd a penance of gravity to himself and to posterity: And by their observing that continued gravity, me thinks they look upon him,

him, as on a Musitian composing of Anthems; whose excellence consists more in the solemness, than in the fancy; and upon the body of his Work, as on the body of a Giant, whose force hath more of strength, than quickness, and of patience than activity.

But these bold Censurers are in danger of so many Enemies, as I shall wisely shrink from them; and onely observe, That if any Disciples of unimitable *Virgil* can prove so formal, as to esteem Wit (as if it were levity) an imputation to the Heroick Muse (by which malevolent word, *Wit*, they would disgrace her extraordinary heights) yet if those grave Judges will be held wise, they must endure the fate of Wise men; who always have but few of their society, for many more than consist of their number (perhaps not having the fullenness to be of it) are taken with those bold flights, and think, 'tis with the Muse (whose noble Quarry is men) as with the Eagle, who when he soars high, stoops more prosperously, and is most certain of his prey. And surely Poets (whose business should represent the Worlds true image often to our view) are not less prudent than Painters, who when they draw Landschaps, entertain not the Eye wholly with even Prospect; and a continued Flat; but (for variety) terminate the sight with lofty Hills, whose obscure heads are sometimes in the clouds.

*Lucan*, who chose to write the greatest actions that ever were allowed to be true (which for fear of contemporary witnesses, oblig'd him to a very close attendance upon Fame) did not observe that such an enterprize rather beseem'd an Historian, than a Poet: for wise Poets think it more worthy to seek out truth in the Passions, than to record the truth of Actions; and practise to describe Mankind, just as we are perswaded or guided by instinct, not particular persons, as they are lifted, or levelled by the force of Fate, it being nobler to contemplate the general History of Nature, than a selected Diary of Fortune: And Painters are no more than Historians, when they draw eminent persons (though they term that drawing to the life) but when

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and consequently with their own hands led them to the Temple of Fame. And since we have dar'd to remember those exceptions which the Curious have against them, it will not be expected I should forget what is objected against *Spencer*; whose obsolete Language we are constrained to mention, though it be grown the most vulgar accusation that is laid to his charge.

Language (which is the onely Creature of Man's creation) hath like a Plant, seasons of flourishing and decay; like Plants is remov'd from one soyl to another, and by being so transplanted, doth often gather vigour and increase. But as it is false husbandrie to graft old branches upon young stocks: so we may wonder that our Language (not long before his time created out of a confusion of others, & then beginning to flourish like a new Plant) should (as helps to its increase) receive from his hand, new grafts of old wither'd words. But this vulgar exception, shall onely have the vulgar excuse; which is, that the unlucky choice of his *Stanza*, hath by repitition of Rhime, brought him to the necessity of many exploded words.

If we proceed from his Language to his Argument, we must observe with others, that his noble and most artfull hands deserv'd to be employed upon matter of a more natural, and therefore of a more usefull kind. His allegorical Story (by many held defective in the connexion) resembling (me thinks) a continuance of extraordinarie Dreams; such as excellent Poets, and Painters, by being over-studious, may have in the beginning of Feavers: And those moral Visions are just of so much use to humane application, as painted History, when with the cousenage of lights, it is represented in Scenes, by which we are much less informed than by actions on the Stage.

Thus, Sir, I have (perhaps) taken pains to make you think me malicious, in observing how far the Curious have look'd into the errours of others; Errours which the natural humour of imitation hath made so like in all (even from *Homer* to *Spencer*) as the accusations against the first

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appear but little more than repitition in every proceſs againſt the reſt: and comparing the reſemblance of errour in perſons of one generation, to that which is in thoſe of another age; we may find it exceeds not any where, notoriouſly, the ordinary proportion. Such limits to the progreſs of every thing (even of worthineſs as well as defect) doth imitation give: for whileſt we imitate others, we can no more excel them, than he that ſayls by others Maps can make a new diſcovery: and to Imitation, Nature (which is the onely viſible power, and operation of God) perhaps doth needfully encline us, to keep us from exceſſes. For though every man be capable of worthineſs and unworthineſs (as they are defined by Opinion) yet no man is built ſtrong enough to bear the extremities of either, without unloading himſelf upon others ſhoulders, even to the wearineſs of many. If courage be worthineſs, yet where it is over-grown into extreams, it becomes as wilde and hurtfull as ambition; and ſo what was reverenced for protection, grows to be abhorr'd for oppreſſion: If *Learning* (which is not Knowledge, but a continu'd Sayling by fantaſtick and uncertain winds towards it) be worthineſs, yet it hath bounds in all Philoſophers; and Nature that meaſur'd thoſe bounds, ſeems not ſo partial, as to allow it in any one a much larger extent than in another: as if in our fleſhly building, ſhe conſider'd the furniture and the room, alike, and together; for as the compaſs of Diadems commonly fits the whole ſucceſſion of thoſe Kings that wear them; ſo throughout the whole World, a very few inches may diſtinguiſh the circumference of the heads of their Subjects: Nor need we repine that Nature hath not ſome Favorites, to whom ſhe doth diſpence this Treaſure, *Knowledge*, with a prodigious Liberality. For as there is no one that can be ſaid vaſtly to exceed all mankind; ſo divers that have in learning tranſcended all in ſome one Province, have corrupted many with that great quantity of falſe gold; and the authority of their ſtronger Science hath often ſerv'd to diſtract, or pervert their weaker diſciples.

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by assembling divers figures in a larger volume, they draw Passions (though they term it but Story) then they increase in dignity and become Poets.

I have been thus hardy to call him to account for the choice of his Argument, not meerly as it was Story, but because the actions he recorded were so eminent, and so near his time, that he could not assist Truth with such ornaments as Poets, for usefull pleasure, have allowed her, lest the fained complection might render the true suspected. And now I will leave to others the presumption of measuring his Hyperboles, by whose space and height they maliciously take the dimension of wit; and so mistake him in his boyling Youth (which had marvellous forces) as we distrelish Wine, when fuming in the Lee.

*Statius* (with whom we may conclude the old Heroicks) is as accomptable to some for his obligations to *Virgil*, as *Virgil* is to others for what he owes to *Homer*; and more closely than *Virgil* waits on *Homer*, doth *Statius* attend *Virgil*, and follows him there also where Nature never comes, even into Heaven and Hell: and therefore he cannot escape such as approve the wisdom of the best Dramaticks; who in representation of examples, believe they prevail most on our manners, when they lay the Scene at home in their own Countrey; so much they avoid those remote Regions of Heaven and Hell: as if the People (whom they make civil by an easie communication with reason (and familiar reason is that which is call'd the civility of the Stage) were become more discreet than to have their eyes perswaded by the descending of Gods in gay Clouds, and more manly, than to be frighted with the rising of Ghosts in Smoke.

*Tasso* (who reviv'd the Heroick flame after it was many Ages quench'd) is held both in time and merit, the fifth of the Moderns; an honour by which he gains not much, because the number he excells must needs be few, which affords but one fit to succeed him; for I will yield to their opinion, who permit not *Arioſto*, no nor *Du Bartas* in this eminent rank of the Heroicks: rather than to make way

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by their admission for *Dante*, *Marino*, and others. *Tasso*'s honour too is chiefly allow'd him, where he most endeavours to make *Virgil* his Pattern: And again, when we consider from whom *Virgil*'s spirit is derived, we may observe how rarely humane excellence is found; for Heroick Poesie (which, if it exact in it self, yields not to any other humane work) flow'd but in few, and even those streams descended but from one Grecian Spring; and 'tis with Original Poems, as with the Original Pieces of Painters, whose Copies abate the excessive price of the first Hand.

But *Tasso*, though he came late into the world, must have his share in that Critical War, which never ceases amongst the Learned; and he seems most unfortunate, because his errours, which are deriv'd from the Ancients when examin'd, grow in a great degree excusable in them, and by being his, admit no pardon. Such as are his Councel assembled in Heaven, his Witches Expeditions through the Air, and enchanted Woods inhabited with Ghosts. For though the elder Poets (which were then the sacred Priests) fed the World with supernatural Tales, and so compounded the Religion, of Pleasure and Mysterie, (two Ingredients which never fail'd to work upon the People) whilest for the eternity of their Chiefs (more refin'd by education) they surely intended no such vain provision.) Yet a Christian Poet, whose Religion little needs the aids of Invention, hath less occasion to imitate such Fables, as meanly illustrate a probable Heaven, by the fashion and dignity of Courts; and make a resemblance of Hell, out of the Dreams of frighted Women; by which they continue and increase the melancholy mistakes of the People.

*Spencer* may stand here as the last of this short File of Heroick Poets; Men, whose intellectuals were of so great a making, (though some have thought them lyable to those few Censures we have mentioned) as perhaps they will in worthy memory out-last, even Makers of Laws, and Founders of Empires, and all but such as must therefore live equally with them, because they have recorded their names;

anciently in its politicks rather promote the interest of Mankind than of States; and rather of all States than of one; for particular endeavours onely in behalf of our own homes, are signs of a narrow moral education, not of the vast kindness of Christian Religion, which likewise ordain'd as well an universal communion of bosoms, as a community of Wealth. Such is Christian Religion in the precepts, and was once so in the practice. But I resolv'd my Poem should represent those of a former Age, perceiving 'tis with the servants of Christ, as with other servants under temporal power, who with all cleanness, and even with officious diligence perform their duty in their Masters sight, but still as he grows longer absent, become more slothfull, unclean and false. And this, who ever compares the present with the Primitive times, may too palpably discern.

When I consider'd the actions which I meant to describe, (those inferring the persons) I was again perswaded rather to chuse those of a former Age, than the present; & in a Century so far remov'd, as might preserve me from their improper examinations, who know not the requisites of a Poem, nor how much pleasure they lose (and even the pleasures of Heroick Poesie are not unprofitable) who take away the liberty of a Poet, and fetter his feet in the shackles of an Historian; For why should a Poet doubt in Story to mend the intrigues of Fortune by more delightfull conveyances of probable fictions, because austere Historians have enter'd into bond to truth? an obligation which were in Poets, as foolish and unnecessary as is the bondage of false Martyrs, who lye in chains for a mistaken opinion: but by this I would imply, that Truth narrative and past, is the Idol of Historians, (who worship a dead thing) and truth operative, and by effects continually alive, is the Mistress of Poets, who hath not her existence in matter, but in reason.

I was likewise more willing to derive my Theme from elder times, as thinking it no little mark of skilfulness to comply with the common Infirmity; for men (even of the best

beſt education) diſcover their eyes to be weak, when they look upon the glory of virtue (which is great actions) and rather endure it at diſtance than near; being more apt to believe, and love the renown of Predeceſſors, than of Contemporaries, whoſe deeds excelling theirs in their own ſight, ſeem to upbraid them, and are not reverenc'd as examples of Virtue, but envi'd as the favours of Fortune: But to make great Actions credible, is the principal Art of Poets; who though they allow the utilitie of Fictions, ſhould not (by altering and ſubliming Storie) make uſe of their priviledge to the detriment of the Reader; whoſe incredulitie (when things are not repreſented in proportion) doth much allay the reliſh of his pitie, hope, joy, and other Paſſions: for we may deſcend to compare the deceptions in Poeſie to thoſe of them that profeſs dexteritie of Hand, which reſembles Conjuring, and to ſuch we come not with the intention of *Lawyers* to examine the evidence of Facts, but are content (if we like the carriage of their feigned motion) to pay for being well deceiv'd.

As in the choiſe of time, ſo of place, I have comply'd with the weakneſs of the generalitie of men, who think the beſt objects of their own countrey ſo little to the ſize of thoſe abroad, as if they were ſhew'd them by the wrong end of a Proſpective: For man (continuing the appetites of his firſt Childhood, till he arrive at his ſecond which is more froward) muſt be quieted with ſomething that he thinks excellent, which he may call his own; but when he ſees the like in other places (not ſtaying to compare them) wrangles at all he has. This leads us to obſerve the craftineſs of the *Comicks*, who are onely willing when they deſcribe humour (and humour is the drunkneſs of a Nation which no ſleep can cure) to lay the Scæne in their own countreys; as knowing we are (like the Son of *Noah*) ſo little diſtaſted to behold each others ſhame, that we delight to ſee even that of a Father: yet when they would ſet forth greatneſs and excellent virtue, (which is the Theme of *Tragedie*) publickly to the people, they wiſely (to avoid

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the quarrels of neighbourly envie) remove the Scæne from home. And by their example I travell'd too; and *Italie* (which was once the Stage of the World) I have made the Theatre, where I ſhew in either Sex, ſome patterns of humane life, that are (perhaps) fit to be follow'd.

Having told you why I took the actions that ſhould be my Argument from men of our own Religion, and given you reaſons for the choyce of the time and place deſign'd for thoſe actions; I muſt next acquaint you with the Schools where they were bred; not meaning the Schools where they took their Religion, but Moralitie; for I know Religion is univerſally rather inherited than taught: and the moſt effectual Schools of Moralitie are Courts and Camps; Yet towards the firſt, the people are unquiet through envie; and towards the other through fear; and always jealous of both for Injuſtice, which is the natural ſcandal caſt upon authoritie and great force. They look upon the outward glory or blaze of Courts, as wild Beaſts in dark nights ſtare on their Hunters Torches; but though the expences of Courts (whereby they ſhine) is that conſuming glory in which the people think their libertie is waſted (for wealth is their libertie and lov'd by them even to jealouſie (being themſelves a courſer ſort of Princes, apter to take than to pay) yet Courts (I mean all abſtracts of the multitude; either by King, or Aſſemblies) are not the Schools where men are bred to oppreſſion, but the Temples where ſometimes Oppreſſours take ſanctuarie; a ſafetie which our reaſon muſt allow them. For the ancient laws of Sanctuarie (derived from God) provided chiefly for actions that proceeded from neceſſitie; and who can imagine leſs than a neceſſitie of oppreſſing the people, ſince they are never willing either to buy their Peace, or to pay for War?

Nor are Camps the Schools of wicked Deſtroyers, more than the *Inns of Court* (being the Nurſerie of Judges) are the Schools of Murderers; for as Judges are avengers of private men againſt private Robbers; ſo are Armies the avengers

vengers of the Publick againſt publick Invaders, either civil or forreign: and Invaders are Robbers, though more in countenance than thoſe of the High way, becauſe of their number. Nor is there other difference between Armies when they move towards Sieges or Battel, and Judges moving in their Circuit (during the danger of extraordinarie malefactors) with the guards of the Countie; but that the latter is a leſs Army, and of leſs Diſcipliae. If any man can yet doubt of the neceſſarie uſe of Armies, let him ſtudie that which was anciently call'd a Monſter, the Multitude, (for Wolves are commonly harmleſs when they are met alone, but very uncivil in Herds) and he will not find that all his kindred by *Adam* are ſo tame and gentle, as thoſe Lovers that were bred in *Arcadia*: or to reform his opinion, let him aſk why (during the utmoſt age of Hiſtorie) Cities have been at the charge of defenſive Walls, and why Fortification hath been practic'd ſo long, till it is grown an Art?

I may now believe I have uſefully taken from Courts and Camps, the patterns of ſuch as will be fit to be imitated by the moſt neceſſary men; and the moſt neceſſary men are thoſe who become principal by prerogative of blood, (which is ſeldom unaſſiſted with education) or by greatneſs of mind, which in exact definition is Virtue. The common Crowd (of whom we are hopeleſs) we delert, being rather to be corrected by laws (where precept is accompanied with puniſhment) than to be taught by Poeſie; for few have arriv'd at the ſkill of *Orpheus*, or at his good fortune, whom we may ſuppoſe to have met with extraordinarie Grecian Beaſts, when ſo ſucceſsfully he reclaim'd them with his Harp. Nor is it needfull that Heroick Poeſie ſhould be levell'd to the reach of Common men: for if the examples it preſents prevail upon their Chiefs, the delight of Imitation (which we hope we have prov'd to be as effectual to good as to evil) will rectifie by the rules, which thoſe Chiefs eſtabliſh of their own lives, the lives of all that behold them; for the example of life, doth as much ſurpaſs the force of Precept, as Life doth exceed Death.

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In the choice of theſe Objects (which are as Sea-marks to direct the dangerous voyage of life) I thought fit to follow the rule of Coaſting Maps, where the Shelves and Rocks are deſcrib'd as well as the ſafe Channel; the care being equal how to avoid as to proceed: and the Characters of men (whoſe paſſions are to be eſchew'd) I have deriv'd from the diſtempers of Love or Ambition: for Love and Ambition are too often the raging Feavers of great minds. Yet Ambition (if the vulgar acception of the word were corrected) would ſignifie no more than an extraordinary lifting of the feet in the rough ways of Honour, over the impediments of Fortune; and hath a warmth (till it be chaf'd into a Fever) which is neceſſary for every virtuous breaſt: for good men are guiltie of too little appetite to greatneſs, and it either proceeds from that they call contentedneſs (but contentedneſs, when examin'd, doth mean ſomething of Laſineſs as well as Moderation) or from ſome melancholy precept of the Cloyſter; where they would make life (for which the world was onely made) more unpleaſant than Death: as if Nature, the Vicegerent of God (who in providing delightfull varieties, which virtuous greatneſs can beſt poſſe[illegible]r aſſure peaceably to others, implicitly commanded the uſe of them) ſhould in the neceſſaries of life (life being her chief buſineſs) though in her whole reign ſhe never committed one error, need the counſel of Fryars, whoſe ſolitude makes them no more fit for ſuch direction, than Priſoners long fetter'd are for a race.

In ſaying this, I onely awaken ſuch retir'd men, as evaporate their ſtrength of mind by cloſe and long thinking: and would every where ſeparate the Soul from the Bodie, ere we are dead, by perſwading us (though they were both created and have been long companions together) that the preferment of the one muſt meerly conſiſt in deſerting the other; teaching us to court the Grave, as if during the whole leaſe of life, we were like Moles to live under ground; or as if long and well dying, were the

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ertain means to live in Heaven: Yet Reason (which though he moſt profitable Talent God hath given us, ſome Divines would have Philoſophers to bury in the Napkin, and ot put it to uſe) perſwade us, that the painfull activeneſs f Virtue (for Faith on which ſome wholly depend, ſeems ut a contemplative boaſt till the effects of it grow exemlary by action) will more probably acquire everlaſting ignities. And ſurely if theſe ſevere Maſters (who though bſcure in Cells, take it ill if their very opinions rule not il abroad) did give good men leave to be induſtrious in etting a Share of governing the world, the Multitudes which are but Tenants to a few Monarchs) would endure hat ſubjection which God hath decreed them, with better rder, and more eaſe; for the world is onely ill govern'd, ecauſe the wicked take more pains to get authority, than he virtuous; for the virtuous are often preach'd into reirement; which is to the publick as unprofitable as their eep; and the erroneouſneſs of ſuch lazy reſt, let Philoophers judge; ſince Nature (of whoſe body man thinks imſelf the chiefeſt member) hath not any where, at any me, been reſpited from action (in her, call'd motion) by hich ſhe univerſally preſerves and makes Life. Thus uch of Ambition which ſhould have ſucceeded ſomeing I was ſaying of Love.

Love, in the interpretation of the Envious, is Softneſs; the Wicked, good men ſuſpect it for Luſt; and in the ood, ſome ſpiritual men have given it the name of Chaty: And theſe are but terms to this which ſeems a more onſider'd definition; that indefinite Love is Luſt; and uſt when it is determin'd to one, is Love; This definion too but intrudes it ſelf on what I was about to ſay, hich is (and ſpoken with ſobernes though like a *Lay-man*) at Love is the moſt acceptable impoſition of Nature, the uſe and preſervation of Life, and the very healthfulneſs, the Mind, as well as of the Body; but Luſt (our raing Feaver) is more dangerous in Cities, than the Canture in Ships.

Now (Sir) I again aſk you pardon, for I have again digreſſed; my immediate buſineſs being to tell you, That the diſtempers of Love and Ambition are the onely Characters I deſign'd to expoſe as objects of terrour: and my purpoſe was alſo to aſſure you, that I never meant to proſtitute Wickedneſs in the Images of low and contemptible people, as if I expected the meaneſt of the multitude for my Readers (ſince onely the Rabble is ſeen at common executions) nor intended to raiſe iniquity to that height of horrour, till it might ſeem the fury of ſomething worſe than a beaſt. In order to the firſt I believe the *Spartans* (who to deter their children from drunkenneſs, accuſtom'd their Slaves to vomit before them) did by ſuch fulſom examples, rather teach them to diſdain the Slaves, than to loath Wine, for Men ſeldom take notice of the vice in abject perſons, eſpecially where neceſſity conſtrains it. And in obſervation of the ſecond, I have thought, that thoſe hôrrid ſpectacles (when the latter race of *Gladiators* made up the exceſſes of Romane feaſts) did more induce the Gueſts to deteſt the cruelty of mankind, than increaſe their courage by beholding ſuch an impudent ſcorn of Life.

I have now given you the accompt of ſuch proviſions as I made for this new Building; and you may next pleaſe (having examin'd the ſubſtance) to take a view of the form; and obſerve if I have methodically and with diſcretion, diſpos'd of the materials, which with ſome curioſity I have collected. I cannot diſcern by any help from reading, or learned men, (who have been to me the beſt and briefeſt Indexes of Books) that any Nation hath in repreſentment of great actions (either by *Heroicks* or *Dramaticks*) digeſted Story into ſo pleaſant and inſtructive a method as the Engliſh by their *Drama:* and by that regular ſpecies (though narratively and not in Dialogue) I have drawn the body of an Heroick Poem: In which I did not onely obſerve the Symmetrie (proportioning five Books to five *Acts*, and *Canto's* to *Scenes*, (the *Scenes* having their number ever govern'd by occaſion) but all the *ſhadowings*,

happy

*happy strokes, secret graces*, and even the *drapery* (which together make the second beauty) I have (I hope) exactly follow'd: and those compositions of second beauty, I observe in the *Drama* to be the under-walks, interweaving, or correspondence of lesser design in *Scenes*, not the great motion of the main plot, and coherence of the *Acts*.

The first *Act* is the general preparative, by rendering the chiefest characters of persons, and ending with something that looks like an obscure promise of design. The second begins with an introducement of new persons, so finishes all the characters, and ends with some little performance of that design which was promis'd at the parting of the first *Act*. The third makes a visible correspondence in the under-walks (or lesser intrigues) of persons; and ends with an ample turn of the main design, and expectation of a new. The fourth (ever having occasion to be the longest) gives a notorious turn to all the under-walks, and a counter-turn to that main design which chang'd in the third. The fifth begins with an entire diversion of the main, and dependant Plots; then makes the general correspondence of the persons more discernable, and ends with an easie untying of those particular knots, which made a contexture of the whole; leaving such satisfaction of probabilities with the Spectatour, as may perswade him that neither Fortune in the fate of the Persons, nor the Writer in the Representment, have been unnatural or exorbitant. To these *Meanders* of the English Stage I have cut out the Walks of my Poem; which in this description may seem intricate and tedious; but will, I hope (when men take pains to visit what they have heard describ'd) appear to them as pleasant as a summer passage on a crooked River, where going about, and turning back, is as delightfull as the delays of parting Lovers.

In placing the Argument (as a *Proem*) before every *Canto*, I have not wholly follow'd the example of the Moderns; but averted it from that purpose to which I found it frequently us'd: for it hath been intended by others, as

the contents of the Chapter, or as a Bill of Fare at a Venetian Feast; which is not brought before the meat to raise an expectation, but to satisfie the longing curiosity of the Guests. And that which I have call'd my Argument, is onely meant as an assistance to the Readers memory, by containing brief hints, such, as if all the Arguments were successively read, would make him easily remember the mutual dependancies of the general design; yet each rather mentions every person acting, than their actions: But he is very unskilfull that by Narratives before an Historical Poem, prevents expectation; for so he comes to have as little success over the Reader (whom the Writer should surprize, and as it were keep prisoner for a time) as he hath on his Enemies, who commanding a party out to take them (and commonly Readers are justly Enemies to Writers) imparts openly the design ere he begins the action: Or he may be said to be as unluckily officious as he that leads a wooing to a Mistress, one that already hath newly enjoy'd her.

I shall say a little, why I have chosen my inter-woven *Stanza* of four, though I am not oblig'd to excuse the choice; for numbers in Verse must, like distinct kinds of Musick, be expos'd to the uncertain and different taste of several Ears. Yet I may declare, that I believ'd it would be more pleasant to the Reader, in a Work of length, to give this respite or pause, between every *Stanza* (having endeavour'd that each should contain a period) than to run him out of breath with continu'd *Couplets*. Nor doth alternate Rhyme by any lowliness of cadence, make the sound less Heroick, but rather adapt it to a plain and stately composing of Musick; and the brevity of the *Stanza* renders it less subtile to the Composer, and more easie to the Singer; which in *stilo recitativo*, when the Story is long, is chiefly requisite. And this was indeed (if I shall not betray vanity in my Confession) the reason that prevail'd most towards my choice of this *Stanza*, and my division of the main work into *Canto's*, every *Canto* including a sufficient

ficient accomplishment of some worthy design or action; for I had so much heat (which you, Sir, may call pride, since pride may be allow'd in *Pegasus*, if it be a praise to other Horses) as to presume they might (like the Works of *Homer* ere they were joyn'd together, and made a Volume by the Athenian King) be sung at Village-feasts; though not to Monarchs after Victory, nor to Armies before battel. For so (as an inspiration of glory into the one, and of valour into the other) did *Homer*'s Spirit, long after his bodies rest, wander in musick about *Greece*.

Thus you have the *Model* of what I have already built, or shall hereafter joyn to the same frame. If I be accus'd of Innovation, or to have transgress'd against the method of the Ancients; I shall think my self secure in believing, that a Poet who hath wrought with his own instruments at a new design, is no more answerable for disobedience to Predecessours, than *Law-makers* are lyable to those old Laws which themselves have repealed.

Having describ'd the outward frame, the large rooms within, the lesser conveyances, and now the furniture; it were orderly to let you examine the matter of which that furniture is made: But though every Owner who hath the Vanity to shew his ornament, or Hangings, must endure the curiosity, and censure of him that beholds them; yet I shall not give you the trouble of enquiring what is, but tell you of what I design'd their substance; which is, *wit*: And *wit* is the laborious, and the lucky resultances of Thought, having (as we say of the strokes of Painting) as well a happiness as care. It is a Web consisting of the subt'lest threds; and like that of the *Spider*, is consideratly woven out of our selves; for a *Spider* may be said to consider, not onely respecting his solemness and recite posture (like a grave Scout in ambush for his Enemy) but because all things done, are either from consideration, or chance; and the work of Chance are accomplishments of an instant, having commonly a dissimilitude; but hers are the works of time, and have their contextures alike.

*Wit* is not onely the luck and labour, but also the dexteritie of thought, rounding the world, like the Sun, with unimaginable motion; and bringing swiftly home to the memorie, universal surveys. It is the Souls *Powder*, which when suppresst (as forbidden from flying upward) blows up the restraint, and loseth all force in a farther ascension towards Heaven (the region of God) and yet by nature is much less able to make any inquisition downward towards Hell, the Cel of the Devil; but breaks through all about it (as far as the utmost it can reach) removes, uncovers, makes way for Light, where Darkness was inclos'd, till great bodies are more examinable by being scatter'd into parcels; and till all that find its strength (but most of mankind are strangers to *Wit*, as *Indians* are to *Powder*) worship it for the effects, as deriv'd from the Deitie It is in Divines, Humilitie, Exemplarinesse and Moderation; in Statesmen, Gravitie, Vigilance, Benign Complacencie, Secrecie, Patience and Dispatch; in Leaders of Armies, Valor, Painfulness, Temperance, Bountie, Dexteritie in Punishing and Rewarding, and a sacred Certitude of Promise: It is in Poets, a full comprehension of all recited in all these; and an abilitie to bring those comprehensions into action, when they shall so far forget the true measure of what is of greatest consequence to humanitie, (which are things righteous, pleasant and usefull) as to think the delights of Greatness equal to that of Poesie; or the Chiefs of any Profession more necessary to the world, than excellent Poets. Lastly, though *Wit* be not the envie of ignorant Men, 'tis often of evil Statesmen, and of all such imperfect great spirits, as have it in a less degree than Poets: for though no man envies the excellencie of that, which in no proportion he ever tasted, (as men cannot be said to envie the condition of Angels) yet we may say the Devil envies the Supremacie of God, because he was in some degree partaker of his glory.

That which is not, yet is accounted, *wit*, I will but sleightly remember; which seems very incident to imperfect youth,

youth, and sickly age; Young men (as if they were not quite deliver'd from Childhood, whose first exercise is Language) imagine it consists in the Musick of Words, and believe they are made wise by refining their speech, above the vulgar Dialect; which is a mistake almost as great as that of the people, who think Orators, (which is a title that crowns at riper years those that have practis'd the dexteritie of tongue) the ablest men; who are indeed so much more unapt for governing, as they are more fit for Sedition: and it may be said of them as of the Witches of *Norway*, who can sell a Storm for a *Dollar*, which for Ten Thousand they cannot allay. From the esteem of speaking they proceed to the admiration of what are commonly call'd *Conceits*, things that sound like the knacks or toys of ordinarie *Epigrammatists*: and from thence, after more conversation and varietie of objects, grow up to some force of *Fancie*; Yet even then, like young Hawks, they stray and flie far off, using their libertie as if they would nere return to the Lure; and often go at check, ere they can make a stedie view, and know their game.

Old men, that have forgot their first Childhood and are returning to their second, think it lies in *agnominations*, and in a kind of an alike tinkling of words; or else in a grave telling of wonderfull things, or in comparing of times without a discover'd partialitie; which they perform so ill by favouring the past, that, as 'tis observ'd, if the bodies of men should grow less, though but an unmeasurable proportion in Seven years, yet reckoning from the *Flood*, they would not remain in the Stature of Frogs; So if States and particular persons had impair'd in government, and increas'd in wickedness proportionably to what Old men affirm they have done, from their own infancie to their age; all publick Policie had been long since Confusion, and the congregated World would not suffice now to people a Village.

The last thing they suppose to be *Wit*, is their bitter Morals, when they almost declare themselves Enemies to

And as the qualities which are term'd good, are bounded, so are the bad; and likewise limited, as well as gotten by imitation; for amongst those that are extraordinary, either by birth or brain (for with the usual pride of Poets, I pass by common crowds, as negligently as Princes move from throngs, that are not their own Subjects) we cannot find any one so egregious (admitting cruelty and avarice for the chiefest evils; and errours in government or doctrine, to be the greatest errours) but that divers of former or succeeding times may enter the scales with them, and make the Ballance even; though the passion of Historians would impose the contrary on our belief; who in dispraise of evil Princes, are often as unjust and excessive, as the common People: for there was never any Monarch so cruel, but he had living subjects, nor so avaricious, but that his Subjects were richer than himself; nor ever any disease in government so extreamly infectious, as to make universal Anarchy, or any errour in Doctrine so strong by the Maintainer, but that Truth (though it wrestled with her often, and in many places) hath at some season, and on some ground, made her advantages and successes apparent: Therefore we may conclude, that Nature, for the safety of mankind, hath as well (by dulling and stopping our progress with the constant humour of imitation) given limits to courage and to learning, to wickedness and to errour, as it hath ordain'd the shelves before the shore, to restrain the rage and excesses of the Sea.

But I feel (Sir) that I am falling into the dangerous Fit of a hot Writer; for in stead of performing the promise which begins this Preface, and doth oblige me (after I had given you the judgement of some upon others) to present my self to your censure, I am wandering after new thoughts: but I shall ask your pardon, and return to my undertaking.

My Argument I resolv'd should consist of Christian persons; for since Religion doth generally beget, and govern manners, I thought the example of their actions would

prevail

prevail moſt upon our own, by being deriv'd from the ſame doctrine and authority; as the particular Sects educated by Philoſophers, were diligent and pliant to the dictates and faſhions of ſuch as deriv'd themſelves from the ſame Maſter; but lazy and froward to thoſe who convers'd in other Schools: Yet all theſe Sects pretended to the ſame beauty, *Virtue*; though each did court her more fondly, when ſhe was dreſs'd at their own homes, by the hands of their acquaintance: And ſo Subjects bred under the Laws of a Prince (though Laws differ not much in Morality, or priviledge throughout the civil World; being every where made for direction of Life, more than for ſentences of Death) will rather die near that Prince, defending thoſe they have bin taught, than live by taking new from another.

Theſe were partly the reaſons why I choſe a Story of ſuch Perſons as profeſs'd Chriſtian Religion; but I ought to have been moſt enclin'd to it, becauſe the Principles of our Religion conduce more to explicable virtue, to plain demonſtrative juſtice, and even to Honour (if Virtue the Mother of Honour be voluntary, and active in the dark, ſo as ſhe need not Laws to compel her, nor look for witneſſes to proclaim her) than any other Religion that e're aſſembled men to Divine Worſhip. For that of the *Jews* doth ſtill conſiſt in a ſullen ſeparation of themſelves from the reſt of humane fleſh, which is a fantaſtical pride of their own cleanneſs, and an uncivil diſdain of the imagined contagiouſneſs of others, and at this day, their cantonizing in Tribes, and ſhyneſs of alliance with neighbours, deſerves not the term of mutual love, but rather ſeems a beſtial melancholy of herding in their own Walks. That of the Ethnicks, like this of *Mahomet*, conſiſted in the vain pride of Empire, and never enjoyn'd a Jewiſh ſeparation, but drew all Nations together; yet not as their companions of the ſame ſpecies, but as ſlaves to a Yoke: Their ſanctity was Honour, and their Honour onely an impudent courage, or dexterity in deſtroying. But Chriſtian Religion hath the innocence of Village neighbour-hood, and did

Youth & Beautie; by which severitie they seem cruel as *Herod* when he surpris'd the sleeping Children of *Bethlem:* for Youth is so far from wanting Enemies, that it is mortally its own; so unpractis'd, that it is everywhere cosen'd more than a stranger among *Jews*; & hath an infirmitie of sight more hurtfull than Blindness to Blind men; for though it cannot chuse the way it scorns to be led. And Beautie, though many call themselves her Friends, hath few but such as are false to her: Though the World sets her in a Throne, yet all about her (even her gravest Counsellors) are Traytors, though not in conspiracie, yet in their distinct designs; and to make her certain not onely of distress but ruin, she is ever pursu'd by her most cruel enemie, the great Destroyer, *Time.* But I will proceed no farther upon old men, nor in recording mistakes; least finding so many more, than there be Verities, we might believe we walk in as great obscurity as the Egyptians when Darkness was their Plague. Nor will I presume to call the matter of which the Ornaments or Substantial parts of this Poem are compos'd, *wit*; but onely tell you my endeavour was, in bringing Truth (too often absent) home to mens bosoms, to lead her through unfrequented and new ways, and from the most remote Shades; by representing Nature, though not in an affected, yet in an usual dress.

'Tis now fit, after I have given you so long a survay of the Building, to render you some accompt of the Builder, that you may know by what time, pains, and assistants I have proceeded, or may hereafter finish my work: and in this I shall take occasion to accuse, and condemn, as papers unworthy of light, all those hastie digestions of thought which were published in my Youth; a sentence not pronounc'd out of melancholly rigour, but from a cheerfull obedience to the just authoritie of experience: For that grave Mistress of the World, *Experience* (in whose profitable School, those before the Floud stay'd long, but we like wanton children come thither late, yet too soon are call'd out of it, and fetch'd home by Death) hath taught me,

me, that the engenderings of unripe age become abortive, and deform'd; and that after obtaining more years, thoſe muſt needs propheſie with ill ſucceſs, who make uſe of their Viſions in Wine; That when the ancient Poets were valu'd as Prophets, they were long and painfull in watching the correſpondence of Cauſes, ere they preſum'd to foretel effects: and that 'tis a high preſumption to entertain a Nation (who are Poets ſtanding Gueſt, and require Monarchical reſpect) with haſtie proviſions; as if a Poet might imitate a familiar diſparch of Faulkoners, mount his *Pegaſus*, unhood his *Muſe*, and with a few flights boaſt he hath provided a feaſt for a Prince. Such poſting upon *Pegaſus* I have long ſince forborn; and during my Journey in this Work, have mov'd with a ſlow pace; that I might make my ſurvays as one that travelled not bring home the names, but the proportion, and nature of things: and in this I am made wiſe by two great examples; for the friends of *Virgil* acknoledge he was many years in doing honour to *Æneas* (ſtill contracting at night into a cloſer force the abundance of his morning ſtrengths) and *Statius* rather ſeems to boaſt, than bluſh, when he confeſſes he was twice Seven in renowning the War between *Argos* and *Thebes*.

Next to the uſefulneſs of Time (which here implies ripe age) I believ'd pains moſt requiſite to this undertaking: for though painfulneſs in Poets (according to the uſual negligence of our Nation in Examining, and their diligence to cenſure) ſeems always to diſcover a want of natural force, and is traduc'd, as if Poeſie concern'd the World no more than Dancing; whoſe onely grace is the quickneſs and facilitie of motion; and whoſe perfection is not of ſuch publick conſequence, that any man can merit much by attaining it with long labour; yet let them conſider, and they will find (nor can I ſtay long ere I convince them in the important uſe of Poeſie) the natural force of a Poet more apparent, by but confeſſing that great forces

aſk

aſk great labour in managing, than by an arrogant braving the World, when he enters the field with his undiſciplin'd firſt thoughts: For a wiſe Poet, like a wiſe General, will not ſhew his ſtrengths till they are in exact government and order; which are not the poſtures of chance, but proceed from Vigilance and Labour.

Yet to ſuch painfull Poets ſome upbraid the want of extemporary fury, or rather *inſpiration*, a dangerous word; which many have of late ſucceſsfully us'd; and *inſpiration* is a ſpiritual Fit, deriv'd from the ancient Ethnick Poets, who then, as they were Prieſts, were Statef-men too, and probably lov'd dominion; and as their well diſſembling of Inſpiration begot them reverence then, equal to that which was paid to Laws; ſo theſe, who now profeſs the ſame fury, may perhaps by ſuch authentick example pretend authoritie over the people; It being not unreaſonable to imagine, they rather imitate the *Greek* Poets, than the *Hebrew* Prophets, ſince the later were inſpir'd for the uſe of others; and theſe, like the former, prophefie for themſelves. But though the ancient Poets are excus'd, as knowing the weak conſtitution of thoſe Deities from whom they took their Prieſthood; and the frequent neceſſitie of diſſembling for the eaſe of Government: yet theſe (who alſo from the chief to the meaneſt are Statef-men and Prieſts, but have not the luck to be Poets) ſhould not aſſume ſuch ſaucie familiaritie with a true God.

From the time and labour requir'd to my Poem, let me proceed to my Aſſiſtants; by which I ſhall not ſo much atteſt my own weakneſs, as diſcover the difficulties and greatneſs of ſuch a work: For when *Solomon* made uſe of his Neighbours towards his Building, he loſt no reputation, nor by demanding thoſe aids was thought a leſſer Prince; but rather publiſh'd his Wiſdom in rightly underſtanding the vaſt extent of his enterpriſe: Who likewiſe with as much glorie made uſe of Fellers of Wood, and Hewers of Stone, as of learned Architects: Nor have I refrain'd to be oblig'd to men of any Science, as well mechanical

nical as liberal: Nor when Memorie (from that various and plentifull ſtock, with which all obſervers are furniſh'd, that have had diverſitie of life) preſented me by chance with any figure, did I lay it aſide as uſeleſs, becauſe at that inſtant I was not ſkilfull to manage it artfully? but I have ſtaid and recorded ſuch objects, till by conſulting with right Maſters I have diſpos'd of them without miſtake; It being no more ſhame to get Learning at that very time, and from the ſame Text; when, and by which, we inſtruct others; than for a froward Scout, diſcovering the Enemie, to ſave his own life at a paſs, where he then teaches his Partie to eſcape.

In remembring mine own helps, I have conſider'd thoſe which others in the ſame neceſſitie have taken; and find that Writers (contrarie to my inclination) are apter to be beholding to Books, than to Men; not onely as the firſt are more in their poſſeſſions (being more conſtant Companions than deareſt friends) but becauſe they commonly make ſuch uſe of treaſure found in Books, as of other treaſure belonging to the Dead, and hidden under ground; for they diſpoſe of both with great ſecrecie, defaceing the ſhape or images of the one, as much as of the other, through fear of having the original of their ſtealth or abundance diſcover'd. And the next cauſe why Writers are more in Libraries than in company, is, that Books are eaſily open'd, and learned men are uſually ſhut up; by a froward or envious humour of retention, or elſe unfold themſelves, ſo as we may read more of their weakneſs and vanitie, than Wiſdom; imitating the Holy-day-cuſtom in great Cities, where the ſhops of Chaundrie, and ſlight wares, are familiarly open, but thoſe of ſolid and ſtaple merchandiſe are proudly lock'd up.

Nor indeed can it be expected that all great Doctors are of ſo benign a nature, as to take pains in gaining treaſure (of which Knowledge is the greateſt) with intent to inrich others ſo eaſily, as if they ſtood every where with their Pockets ſpred, & ready to be pickt: nor can we read of any Father,

Father, who so far and secretly adopted his Son to a Book of his own writing, as that his Son might be thought Author of that written Wit, as much as his Father was Author of him: Nor of any Husband that to his darling Wife would so far surrender his Wisdom, as that in publique, he could endure to let her use his Dictates, as if she would have others think her wiser than himself. By this rememberance of that usual parsimony in owners of Wit, towards such as would make use of their plenty, I lament the fortune of others, and may wish the Reader to congratulate mine; For I have found Friends as ready as Books, to regulate my conceptions, or make them more correct, easie and apparent. But though I am become so wise, by knowing my self, as to believe the thoughts of divers transcend the best which I have written; yet I have admitted from no man any change of my Design, nor very seldom of my sense: For I resolv'd to have this Poem subsist and continue throughout with the same complexion and spirit; though it appear but like a plain Family, of a neighbourly alliance, who marry into the same moderate quality and garb, and are fearfull of introducing strangers of greater rank, lest the shining presence of such, might seem to upbraid, and put all about them out of countenance.

And now, Sir, that the Reader may (whom Writers are fain to court, draw in, and keep with artifice, so shy men grow of Books) believe me worthy of him, I cannot forbear to thank you in publick, for examining, correcting, and allowing this Poem in parcels ere it arriv'd at the contexture: by which you have perform'd the just degrees of proceeding with Poets; who during the gayery and wantonness of the Muse, are but as children to Philosophers (though of some Giant race) whose first thoughts (wilde, and roaming far off) must be brought home, watch'd, and interrogated, and after they are made more regular, be encourag'd and prais'd for doing well, that they may delight in aiming at perfection. By such a Method the Muse is taught to become Master of her own, and others strength:

and

and who is he so learn'd (how proud soever with being cherish'd in the bosom of Fame) that can hope, (when through the several ways of Science, he seeks Nature in her hidden walks) to make his Journey short, unless he call you to be his Guide? and who so guided can suspect his safety, even when he travels through the Enemie's Country? for such is the vast field of Learning, where the Learned (though not numerous enough to be an Army) lye as small Parties, maliciously in Ambush, to destroy all new Men that look into their Quarters. And from such, you, and those you lead, are secure; because you move not by common Maps, but have painfully made your own Prospect; and travel now like the Sun, not to inform your self, but enlighten the world.

And likewise, when by the strict survey and Government that hath been had over this Poem, I shall think to govern the Reader (who though he be noble, may perhaps judge of supream Power like a very Commoner, and rather approve authority, when it is in many, than in one) I must acquaint him, that you had not alone the trouble of establishing and destroying; but enjoy'd your intervals and ease by Two Colleagues; Two that are worthy to follow you into the Closets of Princes; if the knowledge of Men past, (of whom Books are the remaining minds) or of the present (of whom Conversation is the usefull and lawfull Spie) may make up such greatness, as is fit for great Courts: or if the rays that proceed from the Poetick Planet, be not a little too strong for the sight of modern Monarchs; who now are too seldom taught in their youth, like Eaglets to fortifie their eyes by often soaring near the Sun. And though this be here but my testimony, it is too late for any of you to disclaim it; for since you have made it valid by giving yours of *GONDIBERT* under your hands, you must be content to be us'd by me, as Princes are by their preferr'd Subjects; who in the very act of taking honour, return it to the Giver; as benefits received by the creature, manifest the power, and redound to the glory of the Creator.

I am now, Sir, (to your great comfort, that have been thus ill, and long diverted) arriv'd at my laſt conſideration, which is to ſatisfie thoſe who may enquire why I have taken ſo much pains to become an Authour? Or why any man ſtays ſo long ſweating at the fire of Invention, to dreſs the food of the Minde, when Readers have ſo imperfect Stomachs, as they either devour Books with over haſty Digeſtion, or grow to loath them from a ſurfet. And why I more eſpecially made my taſk an Heroick Poem? I ſhall involve the two firſt Queſtions in one; as ſubmitting to be concern'd amongſt the generality of Writers; whoſe Enemies being many, and now mine, we muſt joyn forces to oppoſe them.

Men are chiefly provok'd to the toyl of compiling Books, by love of Fame, and often by officiouſneſs of Conſcience, but ſeldom with expectation of Riches: for thoſe that ſpend time in writing to inſtruct others, may finde leaſure to inform themſelves, how mean the proviſions are which buſie and ſtudious minds can make for their own ſedentary bodies: And Learned men (to whom the reſt of the world are but Infants) have the ſame fooliſh affection in nouriſhing others minds, as Pelicans in feeding their young; which is, at the expence of the very ſubſiſtance of Life. 'Tis then apparent they proceed by the inſtigation of Fame, or Conſcience; and I believe many are perſwaded by the firſt (of which I am One) and ſome are commanded by the ſecond. Nor is the deſire of Fame ſo vain as divers have rigidly imagin'd; Fame being (when belonging to the Living) that which is more gravely call'd, a ſteddy and neceſſary reputation; and without it, hereditary Power, or acquir'd greatneſs can never quietly govern the World. 'Tis of the dead a muſical glory, in which God, the Authour of excellent goodneſs, vouchſafes to take a continual ſhare; For the remember'd virtues of Great men are chiefly ſuch of his works (mention'd by King *David*) as perpetually praiſe him: and the good fame of the Dead prevails by example, much more than the reputation of the

the Living, becauſe the later is always ſuſpected by our Envy, but the other is chearfully allow'd, and religiouſly admir'd: for Admiration(whoſe Eyes are ever weak)ſtands ſtill, and at gaze upon great things acted far off; but when they are near, walks ſlightly away as from familiar objects. Fame is to our Sons a ſolid Inheritance, and not uſefull to remote Poſterity; and to our Reaſon, 'tis the firſt, though but a little taſte of Eternity.

Thoſe that write by the command of Conſcience(thinking themſelves able to inſtruct others, and conſequently oblig'd to it) grow commonly the moſt voluminous; becauſe the preſſures of Conſcience are ſo inceſſant, that ſhe is never ſatisfied with doing enough: for ſuch as be newly made the Captives of God (many appearing ſo to themſelves, when they firſt begin to wear the Fetters of Conſcience) are like common ſlaves, when newly taken; who terrified with a fancy of the ſeverity of abſolute Maſters, abuſe their diligence out of fear, and do ill, rather than appear idle. And this may be the cauſe why Libraries are more than double lin'd with Spiritual Books, or Tracts of Morality; the later being the Spiritual Counſels of *Lay-men*; and the neweſt of ſuch great volumns (being uſually but tranſcriptions or tranſlations) differ ſo much from the Ancients, as later days from thoſe of old; which difference is no more than an alteration of names by removing the *Ethnicks* to make way for the *Saints*. Theſe are the effects of their labours, who are provok'd to become Authours, meerly out of Conſcience; and Conſcience we may again averre to be often ſo unſkilfull and timorous, that it ſeldom gives a wiſe and ſteddy account of God; but grows jealous of him as of an Adverſary, and is after melancholy viſions like a fearfull Scout, after he hath ill ſurvey'd the Enemy, who then makes incongruous, long, and terrible Tales.

Having confeſs'd that the deſire of Fame made me a Writer; I muſt declare, why in my riper age I choſe to gain it more eſpecially by an Heroical Poem; and the He-

Heroick, being by moſt allow'd to be the moſt beautifull of Poems, I ſhall not need to decide the quarrels of Poets about Degrees of Excellence in Poeſie: But 'tis not amiſs ere I avow the uſefulneſs of the Science in general (which was the cauſe of my undertaking) to remember the value it had from the greateſt and moſt worthy ſpirits in all Ages: for I will not abſtain (though it may give me the reputation but of common reading) to mention, that *Piſiſtratus*, (though a Tyrant) liv'd with the praiſe, and dy'd with the bleſſing of all *Greece*, for gathering the ſcatter'd limbs of *Homer*'s Works into a Body: and that great *Alexander* by publickly converſing with it, attain'd the univerſal opinion of Wit; the fame of ſuch inward forces conducing as much to his Conqueſts, as his Armies abroad: That the *Athenian* Priſoners were thought worthy of life and liberty for ſinging the Tragedies of *Euripides*: That *Thebes* was ſav'd from deſtruction by the Victors reverence to the memory of *Pindar*: That the elder *Scipio*, (who govern'd all the civil world) lay continually in the boſom of *Ennius*: That the great *Numantin* and *Lælius* (no leſs renown'd) were openly proud when the Romans believ'd they aſſiſted *Terence* in his Comedies: That *Auguſtus* (to whom the myſteries of the univerſal Empire were more familiar, than domeſtick Dominion to Modern Kings) made *Virgil* the partner of his joys, and would have divided his buſineſſes with *Horace*: And that *Lucan* was the fear and envy of *Nero*. If we approch nearer our own times, we may adde the triumphal Entry which the Papacy gave to *Petrarch*; and how much *Taſſo* is ſtill the glory and delight of *Italie*.

But as in this haſty Muſter of Poets, and liſting their confederates, I ſhall by omitting many, deprive them of that pay which is due from Fame; ſo I may now by the opinion of ſome Divines (whom notwithſtanding I will reverence in all their diſtinct habits and faſhions of the mind) be held partial, and too bold, by adding to the firſt number (though I range them upon holy ground, and aſide)

*Moſes*, *David*, and *Solomon*, for their Songs, Pſalms, and Anthems; the Second being the acknowledg'd Favorite of God, whom he had gain'd by excellent Praiſes in ſacred Poeſie. And I fear (ſince Poeſie is the cleareſt light, by which they find the ſoul who ſeek it) that Poets have in their fluent kindneſs diverted from the right uſe, and ſpent too much of that ſpiritual talent in the honour of mortal Princes: for divine Praiſe (when in the high perfection, as in Poets, and onely in them) is ſo much the uttermoſt and whole of Religious worſhip, that all other parts of Devotion ſerve but to make it up.

89

Praiſe, *is Devotion fit for mighty Minds;*
*The diff'ring world's agreeing Sacrifice;*
*Where Heaven divided Faiths united finds:*
*But* Pray'r *in various diſcord upward flies.*

Gondibert lib. 2. Cant. 6.

90

*For* Pray'r *the Ocean is, where diverſly*
*Men ſteer their courſe, each to a ſev'ral Coaſt;*
*Where all our Int'reſts ſo diſcordant be,*
*That half beg winds by which the reſt are loſt.*

91

*By* Penitence *when We our ſelves forſake,*
*'Tis but in wiſe deſign on pitious Heaven;*
*In* Praiſe *We nobly give what God may take,*
*And are without a Beggars bluſh forgiven.*

92

*Its utmoſt force, like* Powder's, *is unknown;*
*And though weak Kings exceſs of* Praiſe *may fear,*
*Yet when 'tis here, like* Powder *dang'rous grown,*
*Heavens Vault receives what would the Palace tear.*

After this contemplation, how acceptable the voice of Poeſie hath been to God, we may (by deſcending from

Heaven to Earth) consider how usefull it is to Men; and among Men, Divines are the chief, because ordain'd to temper the rage of humane power by spiritual menaces, as by sudden and strange threatenings madness is frighted into Reason; and they are sent hither as Liegers from God, to conserve in stedfast motion the slippery joynts of Government; and to perswade an amity in divided Nations: therefore to Divines I first address my self; and presume to ask them, why, ever since their dominion was first allow'd, at the great change of Religions, (though ours more than any inculcates obedience, as an easie Medicine to cool the impatient and raging world into a quiet rest) mankind hath been more unruly than before? it being, visible that Empire decreas'd with the increase of Christianity; and that one weak Prince did anciently suffice to govern many strong Nations: but now one little Province is too hard for their own wise King; and a small Republick hath Seventy years maintain'd their Revolt to the disquiet of many Monarchs. Or if Divines reply, we cannot expect the good effects of their Office, because their spiritual Dominion is not allow'd as absolute, then it may be ask'd them more severely, why 'tis not allow'd? for where ever there hath been great degrees of power, (which hath been often and long in the Church) it discovers (though worldly vicissitude be objected as an excuse) that the managers of such power, since they endeavour'd not to enlarge it, believ'd the increase unrighteous; or were in acting, or contriving that endeavour, either negligent or weak: For Power, like the hasty Vine, climbs up apace to the Supporter; but if not skilfully attended and dress'd, in stead of spreading and bearing fruit, grows high and naked; and then (like empty title) being soon useless to others, becomes neglected, and unable to support it self.

But if Divines have fail'd in governing Princes (that is, of being entirely believ'd by them) yet they might obliquely have rul'd them, in ruling the People; by whom of late, Princes have been govern'd; and they might probably

bly rule the People, becauſe the heads of the Church (where ever Chriſtianity is preach'd) are Tetrarchs of Time; of which they command the fourth Diviſion; for to no leſs the Sabbaths, and Days of Saints amount; and during thoſe days of ſpiritual triumph, Pulpits are Thrones; and the people oblig'd to open their Ears, and let in the ordinances and commands of Preachers; who likewiſe are not without ſome little Regency throughout the reſt of the Year; for then they may converſe with the Laity, from whom they have commonly ſuch reſpect (and reſpect ſoon opens the door to perſwaſion) as ſhews their Congregations not deaf in thoſe holy ſeaſons, when ſpeaking predominates.

But notwithſtanding theſe advantages, the Pulpit hath little prevail'd; for the world is in all Regions revers'd, or ſhaken by diſobedience, an Engine with which the great Angels (for ſuch were the Devils, and had faculties much more ſublim'd than Men) believ'd they could diſorder Heaven. And it is not want of capacity in the lower Auditory that makes Doctrine ſo unſucceſsfull; for the people are not ſimple, ſince the Gentrie (even of ſtrongeſt education) lack ſufficient defence againſt them, and are hourly ſurpriz'd in (their common Ambuſhes) their Shops: For on ſacred Days they walk gravely and ſadly from Temples, as if they had newly buried their ſinfull Fathers; at night ſleep as if they never needed forgiveneſs; and riſe with the next Sun, to lie in wait for the Noble, and the Studious. And though theſe quiet Couſeners are amongſt the People, eſteemed their ſteddy Men; yet they honour the courage, and more active parts of ſuch diſobedient Spirits, as diſdaining thus tamely to deceive, attempt bravely to rob the State; and the State they believe (though the Helm were held by Apoſtles) would always conſiſt of ſuch Arch-robbers, as who ever ſtrips them, but waves the tedious ſatisfaction which the Laſie expect from Laws, and comes a ſhorter way to his own.

Thus unapt for obedience (in the condition of Beaſts

whoſe appetite is Liberty, and their Liberty a licenſe of Luſt) the People have often been, ſince a long, and notorious power hath continued with Divines; whom though with reverence we accuſe for miſtaken lenity, yet are we not ſo cruel to expect they ſhould behave themſelves to Sinners like fierce *Phinehas*, or preach with their Swords drawn, to kill all they cannot perſwade: But our meaning is to ſhew how much their Chriſtian meekneſs hath deceived them in taming this wild monſter, the People; and a little to rebuke them for neglecting the aſſiſtance of Poets; and for upbraiding the Ethnicks, becauſe the Poets manag'd their Religion; as if Religion could walk more proſperouſly abroad, than when Morality (reſpectfully, and bare-headed as her Uſher) prepares the way: it being no leſs true, that during the dominion of Poeſie, a willing and peaceſull obedience to Superiours becalm'd the world; then that obedience, like the marriage yoak, is a reſtraint more needfull and advantagious than liberty; and hath the ſame reward of pleaſant quietneſs, which it anciently had, when *Adam*, till his diſobedience, enjoyed Paradiſe. Such are the effects of ſacred Poeſie, which charms the People with harmonious Precepts; and whoſe aid Divines ſhould not diſdain, ſince their Lord (the Saviour of the World) vouchſaf'd to deliver his Doctrine in Parabolical Fictions.

Thoſe that be of next importance are Leaders of Armies; and ſuch I meaſure not by the ſuffrages of the People, who give them reſpect as Indians worſhip the evil Spirit, rather for fear of harm, than for affection; but eſteem them as the painfull Protectours and Enlargers of Empire; by whom it actively moves, and ſuch active motion of Empire is as neceſſary as the motion of the Sea, where all things would putrifie, and infect one another, if the Element were quiet: ſo is it with mens minds on ſhore, when that Element of greatneſs and honour, *Empire*, ſtands ſtill; of which the largeneſs is likewiſe as needfull, as the vaſtneſs of the Sea: For God ordain'd not huge Empire as pro-

proportionable to the Bodies, but to the Minds of Men; and the Minds of Men are more monſtrous, and require more ſpace for agitation, and the hunting of others, than the bodies of Whales. But he that believes men ſuch moderate Sheep, as that many are peacefully contain'd in a narrow Fold, may be better inform'd in *America*, where little Kings never enjoy a harmleſs neighbourhood, unleſs protected defenſively amongſt themſelves, by an Emperour that hath wide poſſeſſions, and priority over them, (as in ſome few places) but when reſtrain'd in narrow dominion, where no body commands and hinders their nature, they quarrel like Cocks in a Pit; & the Sun in a days travel there, ſees more battels (but not of conſequence, becauſe their Kings though many, are little) than in *Europe* in a Year.

To *Leaders of Armies*, as to very neceſſary Men (whoſe Office requires the uttermoſt aids of Art and Nature, and reſcues the ſword of Juſtice, when 'tis wreſted from ſupream Power by Commotion) I am now addreſs'd, and muſt put them in mind (though not upbraidingly) how much their Mighty Predeceſſours were anciently oblig'd to Poets; whoſe Songs (recording the praiſes of Conduct and Valour) were eſteem'd the chiefeſt rewards of Victory; And ſince Nature hath made us prone to Imitation (by which we equal the beſt or the worſt) how much thoſe Images of Action prevail upon our minds, which are delightfully drawn by Poets? For the greateſt of the Grecian Captains have confeſs'd, that their Counſels have been made wiſe, and their Courages warm by *Homer*; and ſince Praiſe is a pleaſure which God hath invited, and with which he often vouchſaf'd to be pleas'd when it was ſent him by his own Poet; why is it not lawfull for virtuous men to be cheriſh'd, and magnify'd with hearing their Vigilance, Valour, and good Fortune (the latter being more the immediate gift of Heaven, becauſe the effect of an unknown Cauſe) commended and made eternal in Poeſie? But perhaps the Art of praiſing Armies into great and inſtant action, by ſinging their former deeds (an Art with

which the Ancients made *Empire* so large) is too subtle for modern *Leaders*; who as they cannot reach the heights of Poesie, must set content with a narrow space of Dominion: and narrow Dominion breeds evil, peevish, and vexatious minds, and a National self-opinion, like simple Jewish arrogance; and the Jews were extraordinarie proud in a very little Countrey: For men in contracted governments are but a kind of Prisoners; and Prisoners by long restraint grow wicked, malitious to all abroad, and foolish esteemers of themselves; as if they had wrong in not enjoying every thing which they can onely see out of Windows.

Our last application is to *States-men*, and makers of *Laws*; who may be reasonably reduc'd to ones; since the second differ no more from the first, than Judges (the Copies of *Law-makers*) differ from their Originals: For Judges, like all bold Interpreters, by often altering the Text, make it quite new; and *States-men* (who differ not from Law-makers in the act, but in the manner of doing) make new Laws presumptuously without the consent of the people; but *Legislators* more civilly seem to whistle to the Beast, and stroak him into the Yoak: and in the Yoak of State, the people (with too much pampering) grow soon unruly and draw awrie; Yet *States-men* and *Judges* (whose business is Governing, and the thing to be Govern'd is the People) have amongst us (we being more proud and mistaken than any other famous Nation) look'd gravely upon Poetrie, and with a negligence that betray'd a Northerly ignorance; as if they believ'd they could perform the work without it. But Poets (who with wise diligence studie the People, and have in all ages by an insensible influence govern'd their manners) may justly smile when they perceive that *Divines*, *Leaders of Armies*, *States-men* & *Judges*, think *Religion*, the *Sword*, or (which is unwritten *Law*, and a secret Confederacie of Chiefs) *Policie*, or *Law* (which is written, but seldom rightly read) can give without the help of the *Muses*, a long and quiet satisfaction in government: For *Religion* is to the wicked and faithless (who

(who are many) a jurisdiction against which they readily rebel; because it rules severely, yet promiseth no worldly recompence for obedience; obedience being by every humane Power invited with assurances of visible advantage. The good (who are but few) need not the power of *Religion* to make them better, the power of *Religion* proceeding from her threatnings, which though mean weapons, are fitly us'd, since she hath none but base Enemies. We may observe too, that all Virtuous men are so taken up with the rewards of Heaven, that they live as if out of the World; and no government receives assistance from any man meerly as he is good; but as that goodness is active in temporal things.

The *Sword* is in the hand of *Justice* no guard to Government, but then when *Justice* hath an Army for her own defence; and Armies, if they were not pervertible by Faction, yet are to Common-wealths like Kings Physitians to poor Patients; who buy the cure of their disorder'd bodies at so high a rate, that they may be said to change their Sickness for Famin. *Policie* (I mean of the Living, not of the Dead; the one being the last rules or designs governing the Instant, the other those laws that began Empire) is as mortal as *State-men* themselves: whose incessant labours make that Hectick feaver of the mind, which insensibly disparches the Bodie: and when we trace *State-men* through all the Histories of Courts, we find their Inventions so unnecessarie to those that succeed at the Helm, or so much envi'd as they scarce last in authoritie till the Inventors are buried: and change of Designs in *State-men* (their designs being the weapons by which States are defended) grows as distructive to Government, as a continual change of various weapons into Armies; which must receive with ruin any sudden assault, when want of practice makes unactiveness. We cannot urge that the ambition of *State-men* (who are obnoxious to the people) doth much disorder Government; because the peoples anger, by a perpetual coming in of new Oppressours is so diverted in con-

ſidering thoſe whom their Eyes but lately left, as they have not time enough to riſe for the Publick: and evil ſucceſſors to power are in the troubled ſtream of State, like ſucceeding Tides in Rivers, where the Mud of the former is hidden by the filth of the laſt.

Laws, if very ancient, grow as doubtfull and difficult as Letters on buried Marble, which onely Antiquaries read; but if not Old, they want that reverence which is therefore paid to the virtues of Anceſtors, becauſe their crimes come not to our remembrance; and yet great men muſt be long dead whoſe ills are forgotten. If *Laws* be New, they muſt be made either by very Angels, or by Men that have ſome vices; and thoſe being ſeen make their Virtues ſuſpected; for the People no more eſteem able men, whoſe defects they know, (though but errors incident to Humanitie) than an Enemie values a ſtrong Army having experience of their Errors. And new Laws are held but the projects of neceſſitous Power, new Nets ſpred to intangle Us; the Old being accounted too many, ſince moſt are believ'd to be made for Forfeitures: and ſuch letting of bloud (though intended by Law-makers for our health) is to the People always out of Seaſon: for thoſe that love life with too much Paſſion (and Money is the Life-bloud of the People) ever fear a Conſumption. But be Law-makers as able as Nature or Experience (which is the beſt Art) can make them; yet though I will not yield the Wicked to be wiſer than the Virtuous, I may ſay, offences are too hard for the Laws, as ſome Beaſts are too wily for their Hunters; and that Vice over-grows Virtue, as much as Weeds grow faſter than Medicinable Herbs: or rather that Sin, like the fruitfull ſlime of *Nilus*, doth increaſe into ſo many various ſhapes of Serpents (whoſe walks and retreats are winding and unknown) that even *Juſtice*, (the painfull purſuer of Miſchief) is become wearie, and amaz'd.

After theſe meditations, me thinks Government reſembles a Ship, where though *Divines*, *Leaders* of *Armies*, *States-men*, and *Judges* are the truſted Pilots; yet it moves

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by the means of winds, as uncertain as the breath of Opinion; and is laden with the People; a Fraight much looſer, and more dangerous than any other living Stowage; being as troubleſom in fair weather, as Horſes in a Storm. And how can theſe Pilots ſtedily maintain their courſe to the Land of Peace and Plentie; ſince they are often divided at the Helm? For *Divines* (when they conſider great *Chiefs*) ſuppoſe Armies to be ſent from God for a temporarie Plague, not for continual Juriſdiction; and that Gods extream puniſhments (of which Armies be the moſt violent) are ordain'd to have no more laſtingneſs than extreams in Nature. They think (when they conſider *States-men*) Policie hath nothing of the Dove, and being all Serpent, is more dangerous than the dangers it pretends to prevent: and that out-witting (by falſhood and corruption) adverſe States, or the People (though the People be often the greater enemie and more perilſom being neareſt) is but giving repuration to Sin, and that to maintain the Publick by politick evils, is a baſe proſtitution of Religion, and the proſtitution of Religion is that unpardonable whordom, which ſo much anger'd the Prophets. They think *Law* nothing but the Bible forcibly uſurp'd by covetous Lawyers, and diſguis'd in a Paraphraſe more obſcure than the Text; and that 'tis onely want of juſt reverence to Religion, which doth expoſe us to the charges and vexations of *Law*.

The *Leaders* of *Armies* accuſe *Divines*, for unwiſely raiſing the War of the World by oppoſite Doctrine, and for being more indiſcreet in thinking to appeaſe it by perſwaſion; forgetting that the diſpatchfull ending of War is blows; and that the natural region for Diſputes, when Nations are engag'd (though by Religion) is the Field of Battel, not Schools and Academies; which they believe (by their reſtleſs controverſies) leſs civil than Camps; as inteſtine Quarrel is held more barbarous than forreign War. They think *States-men* to them (unleſs digniſi'd with militarie office) but mean Spies, that like *African Foxes* (who attend on *Lions*, ranging before and about for their valiar;

valiant prey) ſhrink back till the danger be ſubdu'd, and then with inſatiate hunger come in for a ſhare: Yet ſometimes with the Eye of Envie (which enlarges objects like a multiplying glaſs) they behold theſe *States-men*, and think them immenſe as *whales*; the motion of whoſe vaſt bodies can in a peaceſull calm trouble the Ocean till it boyl; After a little haſtie wonder, they conſider them again with diſdain of their low conſtraints at Court; where they muſt patiently endure the little follies of ſuch ſmall Favourites as wait even near the wiſeſt Thrones; ſo fantaſtically weak ſeem Monarchs in the ſickneſs of Care (a feaver in the head) when for the humorous pleaſure of Diverſitie, they deſcend from purple Beds, and ſeek their eaſe upon the ground. Theſe great *Leaders* ſay alſo, that *Law* moves ſlowly as with fetter'd feet, and is too tedious in redreſs of wrongs; whilſt in Armies *Juſtice* ſeems to ride poſt, and overtakes Offenders ere the contagion of crimes can infect others: and though in Courts and Cities great men fence often with her, and with a forcive ſleight put by her ſwords; yet when ſhe retires to *Camps*, ſhe is in a poſture not onely to puniſh the offences of particular Greatneſs, but of injurious Nations.

*States-men* look on *Divines* as men whoſe long ſolitude and Meditations on Heaven hath made them Strangers upon Earth: and 'tis acquaintance with the World, and knowledge of Man that makes abilities of Ruling: for though it may be ſaid that a ſufficient belief of Doctrine would beget Obedience (which is the uttermoſt deſign of Governing) yet ſince diverſitie of Doctrine doth diſtract all Auditors, and makes them doubtfully diſpoſe their obedience (even towards ſpiritual powers, on which many would have the temporal depend) therefore *States-men* think themſelves more fit to manage *Empire*, than *Divines*, whoſe uſefulneſs conſiſts in perſwaſion; and perſwaſion is the *laſt* medicine (being the moſt deſperate) which *States-men* apply to the diſtemper of the People: for their diſtemper is madneſs, and madneſs is beſt cur'd with ter-

rour

rour and force. They think that *Leaders* of *Armies* are to great Empire, as great Rivers to the continent; which make an eaſie acceſs of ſuch benefits as the Metropolis (the ſeat of Power) would elſe at vaſt diſtances with difficultie reach: yet often like proud Rivers when they ſwell, they deſtroy more by once overflowing their borders at home, than they have in long time acquir'd from abroad: They are to little Empire like the Sea to low Iſlands, by nature a defence from Forreigners, but by accident, when they rage, a deluge to their own ſhore. And at all ſeaſons *States-men* believe them more dangerous to Government than themſelves: for the popularitie of *States-men* is not ſo frequent as that of *Generals*; or if by rare ſufficiencie of Art it be gain'd; yet the force of crowds in Cities, compar'd to the validitie of men of Arms, and diſcipline, would appear like a great number of Sheep to a few Wolves, rather a cauſe of Comfort than of Terrour. They think that chief *Miniſters of Law* by unſkilfull integritie, or love of popularity (which ſhews the Mind, as meanly born as bred) ſo earneſtly purſue the protection of the Peoples right, that they neglect publick Intereſt; & though the Peoples right and publick Intereſt be the ſame, yet uſually by the People, the Miniſters of Law mean private men, and by the other the State; and ſo the State and the People are divided, as we may ſay a man is divided within himſelf, when Reaſon and paſſion (and Paſſion is folly) diſpute about conſequent actions; and if we were call'd to aſſiſt at ſuch inteſtine War, we muſt ſide with Reaſon, according to our dutie, by the Law of Nature; and Natures Law, though not written in Stone (as was the Law of Religion) hath taken deep impreſſion in the Heart of Man, which is harder than marble of *Mount-Sinai*.

Chief *Miniſters* of *Law*, think *Divines* in government ſhould like the *Penal Statutes*, be choicely, and but ſeldom us'd; for as thoſe Statutes are rigorouſly inquiſitive after venial faults, (puniſhing our very

very manners and weak conſtitution, as well as inſolent appetite; ſo Divines (that are made vehement with contemplating the dignitie of the Offended, (which is God) more than the frailtie of the Offender) govern as if men could be made Angels, ere they come to Heaven.

Great *Miniſters* of *Law* think likewiſe that *Leaders* of *Armies* are like ill Phyſitians; onely fit for deſperate cures, whoſe boldneſs calls in the aſſiſtance of Fortune, during the fears and troubles of Art; Yet the health they give to a diſtemper'd State is not more accidental, than the preſervation of it is uncertain; becauſe they often grow vain with ſucceſs, and encourage a reſtor'd State to ſuch hazards, as ſhew like irregularitie of life in other recover'd bodies; ſuch as the cautious and ancient gravitie of *Law* diſſwaded: For *Law* (whoſe temperate deſign is ſafetie) rather prevents by conſtancie of Medicine (like a continu'd Diet) diſeaſes in the bodie politick, than depends after a permitted Sickneſs upon the chance of recoverie. They think *States-men* ſtrive to be as much Judges of Law as themſelves; being chief Miniſters of Law, are Judges of the People, and that even good *States-men* pervert the Law more than evil Judges: For Law was anciently meant a defenſive Armour, and the People took it as from the Magazine of Juſtice, to keep them ſafe from each others violence; but *States-men* uſe it as offenſive Arms, with which in forraging to get relief for Supream Power, they often wound the Publick.

Thus we have firſt obſerv'd the Four chief aids of Government, (*Religion*, *Arms*, *Policie*, and *Law*) defectively appli'd, and then we have found them weak by an emulous war amongſt themſelves: it follows next, we ſhould introduce to ſtrengthen thoſe principal aids (ſtil making the People our direct object) ſome collateral help; which I will ſafely preſume to conſiſt in Poeſie.

We have obſerv'd that the People ſince the latter time of Chriſtian Religion, are more unquiet than in former

Ages; so disobedient and fierce, as if they would shake off the ancient imputation of being Beasts, by shewing their Masters they know their own strength: and we shall not erre by supposing that this conjunction of four-fold Power hath fail'd in the effects of authority by a mis-application; for it hath rather endeavour'd to prevail upon their bodies, than their minds; forgetting that the martial art of constraining is the best, which assaults the weaker part; and the weakest part of the people is their minds; for want of that which is the minds onely strength, *Education*; but their Bodies are strong by continual labour; for Labour is the Education of the Body. Yet when I mention the mis-application of force, I should have said, they have not onely fail'd by that, but by a main errour; Because the subject on which they should work, is the Mind; and the Mind can never be constrain'd, though it may be gain'd by perswasion: And since Perswasion is the principal instrument, which can bring to fashion the brittle and mis-shapen mettal of the Mind, none are so fit to this important work as Poets; whose art is more than any, enabled with a voluntary, and chearfull assistance of Nature; and whose operations are as restless, secret, easie and subtile, as is the influence of Planets.

I must not forget (lest I be prevented by the vigilance of the Reader) that I have profess'd not to represent the beauty of Virtue in my Poem, with hope to perswade common men; and I have said, that *Divines* have fail'd in discharging their share of Government, by depending upon the effects of perswasion; and that States-men in managing the people, rely not upon the perswasion of Divines, but upon force. In my despair of reducing the minds of Common men, I have not confest any weakness of Poesie in the general Science; but rather inferr'd the particular strength of the Heroick; which hath a force that overmatches the infancy of such minds as are enabled by degrees of Education; but there are lesser forces in other kinds of Poesie, by which they may train and prepare

their

their understandings; and Princes and Nobles being reform'd and made Angelical by the Heroicks, will be predominant lights, which the people cannot chuse but use for direction; as Glow-worms take in, and keep the Suns beams till they shine, and make day to themselves.

In saying that *Divines* have vainly hop'd to continue the peace of Government by perswasion, I have imply'd such perswasions as are accompanied with threatnings, and seconded by force; which are the perswasions of Pulpits; where is presented to the obstinate, Hell after Death; and the civil Magistrate during life constrains such obedience as the Church doth ordain. But the perswasions of Poesie, in stead of menaces, are Harmonious and Delightfull Insinuations, and never any constraint; unless the ravishment of Reason, may be call'd Force. And such Force (contrary to that which *Divines*, *Commanders*, *States-men* and *Lawyers* use) begets such obedience as is never weary or griev'd.

In declaring that *States-men* think not the State wholly secure by such manners as are bred from the perswasions of *Divines*, but more willingly make Government rely upon military force, I have neither concluded that Poets are unprofitable, nor that *States-men* think so; for the wisdom of Poets, would first make the Images of Virtue so amiable, that her beholders should not be able to look off (rather gently and delightfully infusing, than inculcating Precepts) and then when the mind is conquer'd, like a willing Bride, Force should so behave it self, as noble Husbands use their power; that is, by letting their Wives see the Dignity and Prerogative of our Sex (which is the Husbands harmless conquest of Peace) continually maintain'd to hinder Disobedience, rather than rigorously impose Duty: But to such an easie government, neither the People which are subjects to Kings and States) nor Wives which are subject to Husbands) can peacefully yield, unless they are first conquer'd by Virtue; and the Conquests of Virtue be never easie, but where her forces are commanded by Poets.

It

It may be objected, that the education of the Peoples minds (from whence virtuous Manners are deriv'd) by the several kinds of Poesie (of which the *Dramatick* hath been in all Ages very successfull) is opposite to the receiv'd opinion, that the people ought to be continu'd in ignorance; a Maxim sounding like the little subtilty of one that is a States man onely by Birth or Beard, and merits not his place by much thinking: For Ignorance is rude, seditious, jealous, obstinate, and proud; these being exactly the ingredients of which Disobedience is made; and Obedience proceeds from ample consideration; of which knowledge consists; and knowledge will soon put into one Scale the weight of oppression, and in the other, the heavie burden which Disobedience lays on us in the effects of civil War: & then even Tyranny will seem much lighter, when the hand of supream Power binds up our Load, and lays it artfully on us, than Disobedience (the Parent of Confusion) when we all load one another; in which every one irregularly increases his fellows burdens, to lessen his own.

Others may object that Poesie on our Stage, or the Heroick in Musick (for so the latter was anciently us'd) is prejudicial to a State; as begetting Levity, and giving the people too great a diversion by pleasure and mirth. To these (if they be worthy of satisfaction) I reply, That whoever in Government endeavours to make the people serious and grave, (which are attributes that may become the peoples *Representatives*, but not the people) doth practise a new way to enlarge the State, by making every Subject a *States-man*: and he that means to govern so mournfully (as it were, without any Musick in his Dominion) must lay but light burdens on his Subjects; or else he wants the ordinary wisdom of those, who to their Beasts, that are much loaden whistle all the day to encourage their Travel. For that supream power which expects a firm obedience in those, who are not us'd to rejoycing, but live sadly, as if they were still preparing for the funeral of Peace, hath little

little skill in contriving the lastingness of Government, which is the principal work of Art; And less hath that Power confider'd Nature; as if such new austeritie did seem to tax, even her, for want of gravity, in bringing in the Spring so merrily with a musical variety of Birds; And such sullen power doth forget, that Battels (the most solemn and serious business of Death) are begun with Trumpets and Fifes; and anciently were continu'd with more diversity of Musicks. And that the Grecian Laws (Laws being the gravest endeavour of humane Councels, for the ease of Life) were long before the days of *Lycurgus* (to make them more pleasant to memory) publish'd in Verse: And that the wise *Athenians* (dividing into three Parts the publick Revenue) expended one in Plays and Shows, to divert the people from meeting to consult of their Rulers merit, and the defects of Government: And that the *Romans* had not so long continu'd their Empire, but for the same diversions, at a vaster charge.

Again it may be objected, that the Precepts of Christian Religion are sufficient towards our regulation, by appointment of manners, and towards the ease of Life, by imposing obedience; so that the moral assistance of Poesie, is but vainly intruded. To this I may answer, That as no man should suspect the sufficiency of Religion by its insuccessfulness; so if the insuccessfulness be confess'd, we shall as little disparage Religion, by bringing in more aids when 'tis in action, as a General dishonours himself by endeavouring with more of his own Forces, to make sure an attempt that hath a while miscarried: For Poesie, which (like contracted *Essences* seems the utmost strength and activity of Nature) is as all good Arts, subservient to Religion; all marching under the same Banner, though of less discipline and esteem. And as Poesie is the best Expositor of Nature (Nature being mysterious to such as use not to consider) so Nature is the best Interpreter of God; and more cannot be said of Religion. And when the Judges of Religion (which are the Chiefs of the Church) neglect

neglect the help of Moralists in reforming the people, (and Poets are of all Moralists the most usefull) they give a sentence against the Law of Nature: For Nature performs all things by correspondent aids and harmony. And 'tis injurious not to think Poets the most usefull Moralists; for as Poesie is adorn'd and sublim'd by Musick, which makes it more pleasant and acceptable; so morality is sweetned and made more amiable by Poesie. And the Austerity of some Divines may be the cause why Religion hath not more prevail'd upon the manners of Men: for great Doctours should rather comply with things that please (as the wise Apostle did with Ceremonies) than lose a Proselyte. And even *Honour* (taught by moral Philosophers, but more delightfully infus'd by Poets) will appear (notwithstanding the sad severity of some latter Divines) no unsafe Guid towards Piety: for it is as wary and nice as *conscience*, though more chearfull and couragious. And however *Honour* be more pleasing to flesh and bloud, because in this World it finds applause; yet 'tis not so mercenarie as Piety: for Piety (being of all her expectations inwardly assur'd) expects a reward in Heaven, to which all earthly payments compar'd, are but Shaddows, and Sand.

And it appears that Poesie hath for its natural prevailings over the Understandings of Men (sometimes making her conquests with easie plainness, like Native countrey Beauty) been very successfull in the most grave and important occasions, that the necessities of States or Mankind have produc'd. For it may be said that *Demosthenes* sav'd the *Athenians* by the Fable or Parable of the Dogs and Wolves, in answer to King *Philip*'s Proposition; And that *Menenius Agrippa* sav'd the Senate, if not *Rome*, by that of the Belly, and the Hands: and that even our Saviour was pleas'd (as the most prevalent way of Doctrine) wholly to use such kind of Parables in his converting, or saving of Souls; it being written, *without a Parable spake he not to them*. And had not the learned Apostle thought the wisdom of Poets worthy his remembrance, and instructive,

not onely to Heathens, but to Christians, he had not cited *Epimenides* to the *Cretans*, as well as *Aratus* to the *Athenians*.

I cannot also be ignorant that divers (whose conscientious Melancholy amazes and discourages others Devotion) will accuse Poets as the admirers of Beauty; and Inventors, or Provokers of that which by way of aspersion they call *Love*. But such, in their first accusation seem to look carelesly and unthankfully upon the wonderful works of God; or else through low education, or age, become incompetent Judges of what is the chief of his works upon Earth. And Poets, when they praise Beauty, are at least as lawfully thankfull to God, as when they praise Seas, Woods, Rivers, or any other parts that make up a prospect of the world. Nor can it be imagin'd but that Poets in praising them, praise wholly the Maker; and so in praising Beauty: For that Woman who believes she is prais'd when her beauty is commended, may as well suppose that Poets thinks she created her self: And he that praises the inward beauty of Women, which is their Virtue, doth more performe his duty than before: for our envious silence in not approving, and so encouraging what is good, is the cause that vice is more in fashion and countenance than Virtue. But when Poets praise that which is not beauty, or the mind which is not virtuous, they erre through their mistake, or by flattery; and flattery is a crime so much prosperous in others who are companions to greatness, that it may be held in Poets rather kindness than design.

They who accuse Poets as provokers of Love, are Enemies to Nature; and all affronts to Nature are offences to God, as insolencies to all subordinate officers of the Crown are rudenesses to the King. *Love* (in the most obnoxious interpretation) is Natures Preparative to her greatest work, which is the making of *Life*. And since the severest Divines of these latter times have not been asham'd publickly to command and define the most secret duties, and entertainments of Love in the Married; why should not

Poets

Poets civily endeavour to make a Friendſhip between the Gueſts before they meet, by teaching them to dignifie each other with the utmoſt of eſtimation. And Marriage in Mankind were as rude and unprepar'd as the haſty elections of other Creatures, but for acquaintance, and converſation before it: and that muſt be an acquaintance of Minds, not of bodies; and of the Mind, Poeſie is the moſt natural and delightfull Interpreter.

When neither Religion (which is our art towards God) nor Nature (which is Gods firſt Law to Man, though by Man leaſt ſtudy'd) nor when Reaſon (which is Nature, and made art by Experience) can by the enemies of Poeſie be ſufficiently urg'd againſt it, then ſome (whoſe frowardneſs will not let them quit an evil cauſe) plead written Authority. And though ſuch authority be a Weapon, which even in the War of Religion, diſtreſs'd diſputers take up, as their laſt ſhift; yet here we would proteſt againſt it, but that we find it makes a falſe defence, and leaves the Enemy more open. This Authority (which is but ſingle too) is from *Plato*; and him ſome have maliciouſly quoted; as if in his feign'd Common-wealth he had baniſh'd all Poets. But *Plato* ſays nothing againſt Poets in general; and in his particular quarrel (which is to *Homer*, and *Heſiod*) onely condemns ſuch errours as we mention'd in the beginning of this *Preface*, when we look'd upon the Ancients. And thoſe errours conſiſt in their abaſing Religion, by repreſenting the Gods in evil proportion, and their *Heroes* with as unequal Characters; and ſo brought Vices into faſhion, by intermixing them with the virtues of great perſons. Yet even during this divine anger of *Plato*, he concludes not againſt Poeſie, but the Poems then moſt in requeſt: For theſe be the words of his Law: *If any Man (having ability to imitate what he pleaſes) imitate in his Poems both good and evil, let him be reverenced, as a ſacred, admirable, and pleaſant Perſon; but be it likewiſe known, he muſt have no place in our Common-wealth.* And yet before his baniſhment he allows him, *the honour of a Diadem, and*

*sweet Odours to anoint his Head:* And afterwards says, *Let us make use of more profitable, though more severe, and less pleasant Poets, who can imitate that which is for the honour and benefit of the Common-wealth.* But those who make use of this just indignation of *Plato* to the unjust scandal of Poesie, have the common craft of False Witnesses, enlarging every circumstance, when it may hurt, and concealing all things that may defend him they oppose. For they will not remember how much the Scholar of *Plato* (who like an absolute Monarch over Arts, hath almost silenc'd his Master throughout the Schools of *Europe*) labours to make Poesie universally current, by giving Laws to the Science: Nor will they take notice, in what dignity it continu'd whilest the *Greeks* kept their dominion, or Language; and how much the *Romans* cherish'd even the publick repetition of *Verses:* Nor will they vouchsafe to observe (though *Juvenal* take care to record it) how gladly all *Rome* (during that exercise) ran to the voice of *Statius.*

Thus having taken measure (though hastily) of the extent of those great Professions that in Government contribute to the necessities, ease, and lawfull pleasures of Men; and finding Poesie as usefull now, as the Ancients found it towards perfection and happiness; I will, Sir, (unless with these Two Books you return me a discouragement) chearfully proceed: and though a little time would make way for the Third, and make it fit for the Press, I am resolv'd rather to hazard the inconvenience which expectation breeds, (for divers with no ill satisfaction have had a taste of *Gondibert*) than endure that violent envy which assaults all Writers whilest they live; though their Papers be but fill'd with very negligent and ordinary thoughts: and therefore I delay the publication of any part of the Poem, till I can send it you from *America*; whither I now speedily prepare; having the folly to hope, that when I am in another World (though not in the common sense of dying) I shall find my Readers (even the Poets of the

the present Age) as temperate, and benign, as we are all to the Dead, whose remote excellence cannot hinder our reputation. And now, Sir, to end with the Allegory which I have so long continu'd, I shall, (after all my busie vanitie in shewing and describing my new Building) with great quietness, being almost as weary as your self, bring you to the Back-door, that you may make no review but in my absence; and steal hastily from you, as one who is asham'd of all the trouble you have receiv'd from,

(SIR)

*Your most humble, and most affectionate Servant*

WIL. D'AVENANT.

*From the* Louure *in* Paris, *January* 2. 1650.

# THE ANSWER OF Mr. *HOBBES* TO Sr. WILL. D'AVENANT'S *PREFACE* before GONDIBERT.

*SIR*,

IF to commend your Poem, I should onely say (in generall Terms) that in the choice of your Argument, the disposition of the parts, the maintenance of the Characters of your Persons, the dignitie and vigour of your expression, you have performed all the parts of various experience, readie memorie, clear judgement, swift and well govern'd fancie, though it were enough for the truth, it were too little for the weight and credit of my testimonie. For I lie open to two Exceptions, one of an incompetent, the other of a corrupted Witness. Incompetent, because I am not a Poet; and corrupted with the Honour done me by your Preface. The former obliges me to say something (by the way) of the Nature and Differences of Poesie.

As Philosophers have divided the Universe (their subject) into three Regions, *Celestial*, *Aërial*, and *Terrestrial*; so the Poets, (whose work it is by imitating humane life, in delightfull and measur'd lines, to avert men from vice, and incline them to virtuous and honourable actions) have lodg'd themselves in the three Regions of mankind, *Court*, *Citie*,

*Citie*, and *Country*, correspondent in some proportion, to those three Regions of the World. For there is in Princes, and men of conspicuous power (anciently call'd *Heroes*) a lustre and influence upon the rest of men, resembling that of the Heavens, and an insincerenes, inconstancie, and troublesom humour of those that dwell in populous Cities, like the mobilitie, blustering, and impuritie of the Air; and a plainnes, and (though dul) yet a nutritive facultie in rural people, that endures a comparison with the Earth they labour.

From hence have proceeded three sorts of Poesie, *Heroique*, *Scommatique*, and *Pastoral*. Every one of these is distinguished again in the manner of *Representation*, which sometimes is *Narrative*, wherein the Poet himself relateth; and sometimes *Dramatique*, as when the persons are every one adorned and brought upon the Theatre, to speak and act their own parts. There is therefore neither more nor les than six sorts of Poesie. For the Heroique Poem Narrative, (such as is yours) is call'd *Epique Poem*; The Heroique Poem Dramatique, is *Tragedie*. The Scommatique Narrative, is *Satyre*; Dramatique is *Comedie*. The Pastoral Narrative, is called simply *Pastoral* (anciently *Bucolique*) the same Dramatique, *Pastoral Comedie*. The Figure therefore of an Epique Poem, and of a Tragedie, ought to be the same, for they differ no more but in that they are pronounced by one, or many persons. Which I insert to justifie the figure of yours, consisting of five books divided into Songs, or Cantoes, as five Acts divided into Scenes has ever been the approved figure of a Tragedie.

They that take for Poesie whatsoever is writ in Verse, will think this Division imperfect, and call in Sonets, Epigrams, Eclogues, and the like pieces (which are but Essayes, and parts of an entire Poem) and reckon *Empedocles* and *Lucretius* (natural Philosophers) for Poets, and the moral precepts of *Phocylides Theognis*, and the Quatrains of *Pybrac*, and the Historie of *Lucan*, and others of that kind amongst Poems; bestowing on such Writers for honour,

the name of Poets, rather than of Historians, or Philosophers. But the subject of a Poem, is the manners of men, not natural causes; manners presented, not dictated; and manners feigned (as the name of Poesie imports) not found in men. They that give enterance to Fictions writ in Prose, erre not so much, but they erre: For Prose requireth delightfulness, not onely of fiction, but of stile; in which if Prose contend with Verse, it is with disadvantage and (as it were) on foot against the strength and wings of *Pegasus*.

For Verse amongst the *Greeks* was appropriated ancientlly to the service of their Gods, and was the Holy stile; the stile of the Oracles; the stile of the Laws; and the stile of Men that publickly recommended to their Gods, the vows and thanks of the people; which was done in their holy songs called Hymns; and the composers of them were called Prophets and Priests before the name of Poet was known. When afterwards the majestie of that stile was observed, The Poets chose it as best becoming their high invention. And for the Antiquitie of Verse, it is greater than the antiquitie of Letters. For it is certain, *Cadmus* was the first that (from *Phœnicia*, a Countrey that neighboureth *Judea*) brought the use of Letters into *Greece*. But the service of the Gods, and the Laws (which by measured Sounds were easily committed to the memorie) had been long time in use, before the arrival of *Cadmus* there.

There is besides the grace of stile, another cause why the ancient Poets chose to write in measured language, which is this. There Poems were made at first with intention to have them sung, as well Epick as Dramatick (which custom hath been long time laid aside, but began to be revived in part, of late years in *Italie*) and could not be made commensurable to the Voice or Instruments, in Prose; the ways and motions whereof are so uncertain and undistinguished, (like the way and motion of a Ship in the Sea) as not onely to discompose the best Composers, but also to disapoint sometimes the most attentive Reader, and put him to hunt counter for the sense. It was therefore

necessarie

neceſſarie for Poets in thoſe times, to write in Verſe.

The Verſe which the *Greeks*, and *Latines* (conſidering the nature of their own languages) found by experience moſt grave, and for an Epique Poem moſt decent, was their *Hexameter*; a Verſe limited, not onely in the length of the line, but alſo in the quantitie of the ſyllables. In ſtead of which we uſe the line of ten Syllables, recompenſing the neglect of their quantitie, with the diligence of Rime. And this meaſure is ſo proper for an Heroique Poem, as without ſome loſs of gravitie and dignitie, it was never changed. A longer is not far from ill Proſe, and a ſhorter, is a kind of whiſking (you know) like the unlacing, rather than the ſinging of a Muſe. In an Epigram or a Sonnet, a man may vary his meaſures, and ſeek glorie from a needleſs difficultie, as he that contrived Verſes into the form of an Organ, a Hatchet, an Egg, an Altar, and a pair of Wings; but in ſo great and noble a work as is an Epique Poem, for a man to obſtruct his own way with unprofitable difficulties, is great imprudence. So likewiſe to chuſe a needleſs and difficult correſpondence of Rime, is but a difficult toy, and forces a man ſometimes for the ſtopping of a chink, to ſay ſomewhat he did never think; I cannot therefore but very much approve your *Stanza*, wherein the ſyllables in every Verſe are ten, and the Rime Alternate.

For the choice of your Subject, you have ſufficiently juſtified your ſelf in your Preface. But becauſe I have obſerved in *Virgil*, that the Honour done to *Æneas* and his companions, has ſo bright a reflection upon *Auguſtus Ceſar*, and other great *Romans* of that time, as a man may ſuſpect him not conſtantly poſſeſſed with the noble ſpirit of thoſe his *Heroes*, and believe you are not acquainted with any great man of the race of *Gondibert*, I adde to your Juſtification the puritie of your purpoſe, in having no other motive of your labour, but to adorn Virtue, and procure her Lovers; than which there cannot be a worthier deſign, and more becoming noble Poeſie.

In

In that you make so small account of the example o
almost all the approved Poets, ancient and modern, who
thought fit in the beginning, and sometimes also in the
progress of their Poems, to invoke a Muse, or some other
Deitie, that should dictate to them, or assist them in their
writings; they that take not the laws of Art, from any rea-
son of their own, but from the fashion of precedent times,
will perhaps accuse your singularitie. For my part, I nei-
ther subscribe to their accusation, nor yet condemn that
Heathen custom, otherwise than as accessarie to their false
Religion. For their Poets were their Divines; had the
name of Prophets, Exercised amongst the People a kind
of spiritual Authoritie; would be thought to speak by a
Divine spirit; have their works which they writ in Verse
(the Divine stile) pass for the Word of God, and not of
man; and to be hearkened to with reverence. Do not our
Divines (excepting the stile) do the same, and by us that
are of the same Religion cannot justly be reprehended for
it? Besides, in the use of the spiritual calling of Divines,
there is danger sometimes to be feared, from want of skill,
such as is reported of unskilfull Conjurers, that mistaking
the rites and ceremonious points of their art, call up such
spirits, as they cannot at their pleasure allay again, by
whom storms are raised that overthrow buildings, and are
the cause of miserable wracks at Sea. Unskilfull Divines
do oftentimes the like; For when they call unseasonably
for *Zeal*, there appears a spirit of *Cruelty*; and by the like
errour instead of *Truth*, they raise *Discord*; instead of *wis-
dom*, *Fraud*; instead of *Reformation*, *Tumult*; and *Controver-
sie* instead of *Religion*. Whereas in the Heathen Poets, at
least in those whose works have lasted to the time we are
in, there are none of those indiscretions to be found, that
tended to subversion, or disturbance of the Common-
wealths wherein they lived. But why a Christian should
think it an ornament to his Poem; either to profane the
true God, or invoke a false one, I can imagin no cause;
but a reasonless imitation of Custom, of a foolish custom;

by

by which a man enabled to ſpeak wiſely from the principles of nature, and his own meditation, loves rather to be thought to ſpeak by inſpiration, like a Bag-pipe.

Time and Education begets Experience; Experience begets Memorie; Memorie begets Judgement, and Fancie; Judgement begets the Strength and Structure; and Fancie begets the Ornaments of a Poem. The Ancients therefore fabled not abſurdly, in making Memorie the Mother of the Muſes. For Memorie is the World (though not really, yet ſo as in a Looking-glaſs) in which the Judgement, the ſeverer Siſter buſieth her ſelf in a grave and rigid examination of all the parts of Nature, and in regiſtering by Letters their order, cauſes, uſes, differences, and reſemblances; Whereby the Fancie, when any work of Art is to be performed, finding her materials at hand and prepared for uſe, and needs no more than a ſwift motion over them, that what ſhe wants, and is there to be had, may not lie too long uneſpied. So that when ſhe ſeemeth to fly from one *Indies* to the other, and from Heaven to Earth, and to penetrate into the hardeſt matter, and obſcureſt places, into the future, and into her ſelf, and all this in a point of time, the voyage is not very great, her ſelf being all ſhe ſeeks; and her wonderfull celeritie, conſiſteth not ſo much in motion, as in copious Imagerie diſcreetly ordered, and perfectly regiſtered in the Memorie; which moſt men under the name of Philoſophie have a glimpſe of, and is pretended to by many that groſly miſtaking her, embrace contention in her place. But ſo far forth as the Fancie of man, has traced the ways of true Philoſophie, ſo far it hath produced very marvellous effects to the benefit of mankind. All that is beautifull or defenſible in building, or marvellous in Engines and Inſtruments of motion; whatſoever commoditie men receive from the obſervations of the Heavens, from the deſcription of the Earth, from the account of Time, from walking on the Seas; and whatſoever diſtinguiſheth the Civilitie of *Europe*, from the Barbaritie of the *American*

ſavages

savages, is the workmanship of Fancy, but guided by the Precepts of true Philosophie. But where these precepts fail, as they have hitherto failed in the doctrine of moral Virtue, there the Architect (*Fancy*) must take the Philosophers part upon her self. He therefore that undertakes an Heroick Poem (which is to exhibit a venerable and amiable Image of Heroick virtue) must not onely be the Poet, to place and connect, but also the Philosopher, to furnish and square his matter; that is, to make both Body and Soul, colour and shadow of his Poem out of his own Store: Which, how well you have performed I am now considering.

Observing how few the persons be you introduce in the beginning, and how in the course of the actions of these (the number increasing) after several confluences, they run all at last into the two principal streams of your Poem, *Gondibert* and *Oswald*, me thinks the Fable is not much unlike the Theater. For so, from several and far distant Sources, do the lesser Brooks of *Lombardy*, flowing into one another, fall all at last into the two main Rivers, the *Po* and the *Adice*. It hath the same resemblance also with a mans veins, which proceeding from different parts, after the like concourse, insert themselves at last into the two principal veins of the body. But when I considered that also the actions of men, which singly are inconsiderable, after many conjunctures, grow at last either into one great protecting power, or into destroying factions, I could not but approve the structure of your Poem, which ought to be no other than such, as an imitation of humane life requireth.

In the Streams themselves I find nothing but settled Valour, clean Honour, calm Counsel, learned Diversion, and pure Love; save onely a torrent or two of Ambition, which (though a fault) has somewhat Heroick in it, and therefore must have place in an Heroick Poem. To shew the Reader in what place he shall find every excellent picture

of

of Virtue you have drawn, is too long. And to ſhew him one, is to prejudice the reſt; yet I cannot forbear to point him to the Deſcription of Love in the perſon of *Birtha*, in the ſeventh *Canto* of the ſecond Book. There has nothing been ſaid of that Subject neither by the Ancient nor Modern Poets comparable to it. Poets are painters: I would fain ſee another painter draw ſo true, perfect and natural a Love to the Life, and make uſe of nothing but pure Lines, without the help of any the leaſt uncomely ſhadow, as you have done. But let it be read as a piece by it ſelf, for in the almoſt equal height of the whole, the eminence of parts is Loſt.

There are ſome that are not pleaſed with fiction, unleſs it be bold; not onely to exceed the *work*, but alſo the *poſſibility* of Nature: they would have impenetrable Armours, Inchanted Caſtles, Invulnerable Bodies, Iron Men, Flying Horſes, and a thouſand other ſuch things, which are eaſily feigned by them that dare. Againſt ſuch I defend you (without aſſenting to thoſe that condemn either *Homer* or *Virgil*) by diſſenting onely from thoſe that think the Beauty of a Poem conſiſteth in the exorbitancy of the fiction. For as truth is the bound of Hiſtorical, ſo the Reſemblance of truth is the utmoſt limit of Poetical Liberty. In old time amongſt the Heathen ſuch ſtrange fictions, and Metamorphoſes, were not ſo remote from the Articles of their Faith, as they are now from ours, and therefore were not ſo unpleaſant. Beyond the actual works of Nature a Poet may now go; but beyond the conceived poſſibility of Nature, never. I can allow a Geographer to make in the Sea, a Fiſh or a Ship, which by the ſcale of his Map would be two or three hundred mile long, and think it done for ornament, becauſe it is done without the precincts of his undertaking; but when he paints an *Elephant* ſo, I preſently apprehend it as ignorance, and a plain confeſſion of *Terra incognita*.

As the deſcription of Great Men and Great Actions, is the conſtant deſign of a Poet; ſo the deſcriptions of worthy cir-

circumſtances are neceſſary acceſſions to a Poem, and being well performed, are the Jewels and moſt precious ornaments of Poeſie. Such in *Virgil* are the Funeral games of *Anchiſes*, The duel of *Æneas* and *Turnus*, &c. and ſuch in yours are *The Hunting*, *The Battel*, *The Citie Mourning*, *The Funeral*, *The Houſe of Aſtragon*, *The Library and the Temple*, equal to his, or thoſe of *Homer* whom he imitated.

There remains now no more to be conſidered but the Expreſſion, in which conſiſteth the countenance and colour of a beautifull Muſe; and is given her by the Poet out of his own proviſion, or is borrowed from others. That which he hath of his own, is nothing but experience and knowledge of Nature, and ſpecially humane nature; and is the true and natural Colour. But that which is taken out of Books (the ordinary boxes of Counterfeit Complexion) ſhews well or ill, as it hath more or leſs reſemblance with the natural, and are not to be uſed (without examination) unadviſedly. For in him that profeſſes the imitation of Nature (as all Poets do) what greater fault can there be, than to bewray an ignorance of Nature in his Poem; eſpecially having a liberty allowed him, if he meet with any thing he cannot maſter, to leave it out?

That which giveth a Poem the true and natural Colour conſiſteth in two things, which are; *To know well*, that is, to have images of Nature in the memory diſtinct and clear; and *To know much*. A ſign of the firſt is perſpicuity, propriety, and decency, which delight all ſorts of men, either by inſtructing the ignorant, or ſoothing the learned in their knowledge. A ſign of the latter is novelty of expreſſion, and pleaſeth by excitation of the mind; for novelty cauſeth admiration, and admiration curioſity, which is a delightfull appetite of knowledge.

There be ſo many words in uſe at this day in the Engliſh Tongue, that, though of magnifick ſound, yet (like the windy bliſters of a troubled water) have no ſenſe at all; and ſo many others that loſe their meaning, by being ill coupled, that it is a hard matter to avoid them; for having

ving been obtruded upon youth in the Schools (by such as make it, I think, their business there (as 'tis expresst by the best Poet)

Gon'ſ. bert. Lib. 1. Cant. 5 *With terms to charm the weak and poſe the wiſe,* they grow up with them, and gaining reputation with the ignorant, are not eatily shaken off.

To this palpable darkness, I may also adde the ambitious obscurity of expressing more than is perfectly conceived; or perfect conception in fewer words than it requires. Which Expressions, though they have had the honour to be called strong lines, are indeed no better than Riddles, and not onely to the Reader, but also (after a little time) to the Writer himself dark and troublesom.

To the property of Expression I referre, that clearness of memory, by which a Poet when he hath once introduced any person whatsoever, speaking in his Poem, maintaineth in him to the end the same character he gave him in the beginning. The variation whereof, is a change of pace, that argues the Poet tired.

Of the Indecencies of an Heroick Poem, the most remarkable are those that shew disproportion either between the persons and their actions, or between the manners of the Poet and the Poem. Of the first kind, is the uncomliness of representing in great persons the inhumane vice of Cruelty, or the sordid vice of Lust and Drunkenness. To such parts as those the ancient approved Poets thought it fit to suborn, not the persons of men, but of monsters and beastly Giants, such as *Polyphemus*, *Cacus*, and the *Centaurs*. For it is supposed a Muse, when she is invoked to sing a song of that nature, should maidenly advise the Poet, to set such persons to sing their own vices upon the Stage; for it is not so unseemly in a *Tragedy*. Of the same kind it is to represent scurrility, or any action or language that moveth much laughter. The delight of an *Epique* Poem consisteth not in mirth, but admiration. Mirth and Laughter is proper to *Comedie* and *Satyre*. Great persons that have their minds employed on great affairs, have not

leasure

leasure enough to laugh, and are pleased with the contemplation of their own power and virtues, so as they need not the infirmities and vices of other men, to recommend themselves to their own favour by comparison, as all men do when they laugh. Of the second kind, where the disproportion is between the Poet, and the persons of his Poem, one is in the Dialect of the Inferiour sort of people, which is always different from the language of the Court. Another is to derive the Illustration of any thing, from such Metaphors or Comparisons as cannot come into mens thoughts, but by mean conversation, and experience of humble or evil Arts, which the person of an *Epique* Poem, cannot be thought acquainted with.

From *Knowing much*, proceedeth the admirable variety and novelty of Metaphors and Similitudes, which are not possible to be lighted on, in the compass of a narrow knowledge. And the want whereof compelleth a Writer to expressions that are either defac'd by time, or sullied with vulgar or long use. For the phrases of Poesie, as the airs of musick with often hearing become insipide, the Reader having no more sense of their force, than our Flesh is sensible of the bones that sustain it. As the sense we have of bodies, consisteth in change and variety of impression, so also does the sense of language in the variety and changeable use of words. I mean not in the affectation of words newly brought home from travel, but in new (and withal significant) translation to our purposes, of those that be already received; and in far fetcht (but withal apt, instructive and comly) similitudes.

Having thus (I hope) avoided the first Exception, against the incompetency of my Judgement, I am but little moved with the second, which is of being bribed by the honour you have done me, by attributing in your Preface somewhat to my Judgement. For I have used your Judgement no less in many things of mine, which coming to light will thereby appear the better. And so you have your bribe again.

Having

Having thus made way for the admiſſion of my Teſtimony, I give it briefly thus; I never yet ſaw Poem, that had ſo much ſhape of Art, health of Morality, and vigour and beauty of Expreſſion, as this of yours. And but for the clamour of the multitude, that hide their Envy of the preſent, under a Reverence of Antiquity, I ſhould ſay further, that it would laſt as long as either the *Æneid*, or *Iliad*, but for one Diſadvantage, and the Diſadvantage is this: The languages of the *Greeks* and *Romans* (by their Colonies and Conqueſts) have put off fleſh and bloud, and are become immutable, which none of the modern tongues are like to be. I honour Antiquity, but that which is commonly called *Old time*, is *Young time*. The glory of Antiquity is due not to the Dead, but to the Aged.

And now, whileſt I think on't, give me leave with a ſhort diſcord to ſweeten the Harmony of the approaching cloſe. I have nothing to object againſt your Poem; but diſſent onely from ſomething in your Preface, founding to the prejudice of Age. 'Tis commonly ſaid, that old Age is a return to childhood. Which me thinks you inſiſt on ſo long, as if you deſired it ſhould be believed. That is the note I mean to ſhake a little. That ſaying, meant onely of the weakneſs of body, was wreſted to the weakneſs of mind, by froward children, weary of the controulment of their parents, maſters, and other admonitours. Secondly, the dotage and childiſhneſs they aſcribe to Age, is never the effect of Time, but ſometimes of the exceſſes of youth, and not a returning to, but a continual ſtay with childhood. For they that wanting the curioſity of furniſhing their memories with the rarities of Nature in their youth, and paſs their time in making proviſion onely for their eaſe, and ſenſual delight, are children ſtill, at what years ſoever; as they that coming into a populous Citie, never going out of their Inn, are ſtrangers ſtill, how long ſoever they have been there. Thirdly, there is no reaſon for any man to think himſelf wiſer to day than yeſterday,

sterday, which does not equally convince he shall be wiser to morrow than to day.

Fourthly, you will be forced to change your opinion hereafter when you are old; and in the mean time you discredit all I have said before in your commendation, because I am old already. But no more of this.

I believe (Sir) you have seen a curious kind of perspective, where, he that looks through a short hollow pipe, upon a picture containing divers figures, sees none of those that are there painted, but some one person made up of their parts, conveyed to the eye by the artificial cutting of a glass. I find in my imagination an effect not unlike it from your Poem. The virtues you distribute there amongst so many noble persons, represent (in the reading) the image but of one mans virtue to my fancy, which is your own; and that so deeply imprinted, as to stay for ever there, and govern all the rest of my thoughts and affections, in the way of honouring and serving you, to the utmost of my power, that am

(SIR)

*Your most humble and*

*obedient Servant,*

*Paris*, January 10. 1650.

THO. HOBBS.

TO

TO

S^r WILL. D'AVENANT,

Upon his two first Books of

GONDIBERT,

*Finish'd before his Voyage to*

AMERICA.

*THus the wise Nightingale that leaves her home,*
*Her native Wood, when Storms and winter come,*
*Pursuing constantly the chearfull Spring*
*To forreign Groves does her old Musick bring:*
*The drooping* Hebrews *banish'd Harps unstring*
*At* Babylon, *upon the Willows hung;*
*Yours sounds aloud, and tells us you excell*
*No less in Courage, than in Singing well;*
*Whilst unconcern'd you let your Country know,*
*They have impov'rished themselves, not you;*
*Who with the Muses help can mock those Fates*
*Which threaten Kingdoms, and disorder States.*
*So* Ovid, *when from* Cæsar's *rage he fled,*
*The* Roman *Muse to* Pontus *with him led,*
*Where he sosung, that we through Pirit's Glass,*
*See* Nero *milder than* Augustus *was.*
*Hereafter such in thy behalf shall be*
*Th'indulgent censure of Posteritie.*
*To banish those who with such art can sing,*
*Is a rude crime which its own Curse does bring:*
*Ages to come shall ne'r know how they fought,*
*Nor how to Love their present Youth be taught.*

*This to thy Self. Now to thy matchless Book,*
*Wherein those few that can with Judgement look,*
*May find old Love in pure fresh Language told,*
*Like new stampt Coyn made out of* Angel-gold.
*Such truth in Love as th'antique world did know,*
*In such a style as Courts may boast of now.*
*Which no bold tales of* Gods *or* Monsters *swell,*
*But humane Passions, such as with us dwell.*
Man *is thy theam, his Virtue or his Rage*
*Drawn to the life in each elaborate Page.*
Mars *nor* Bellona *are not named here;*
*But such a* Gondibert *as both might fear.*
Venus *had here, and* Hebe *been out-shin'd*
*By thy bright* Birtha, *and thy* Rhodalind.
*Such is thy happy skill, and such the odds*
*Betwixt thy* Worthies *and the* Grecian Gods.
*Whose Deities in vain had here come down,*
*Where Mortal Beautie wears the Sovereign Crown;*
*Such as of flesh compos'd, by flesh and bloud*
*(Though not resisted) may be understood.*

ED. WALLER.

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TO

TO

Sr WIL. D'AVENANT,

*Upon his two first Books of*

# GONDIBERT,

*Finish'd before his Voyage to*

## AMERICA.

*Me thinks Heroick Poesie till now,*
*Like some fantastick Fairy-land did show;*
*Gods, Devils, Nymphs, Witches, and Giants race,*
*And all but Man, in Mans best Work had place.*
*Thou like some worthy Knight, with sacred Arms*
*Dost drive the Monsters thence, and end the Charms:*
*In stead of those, dost Men and Manners plant,*
*The things which that rich Soyl did chiefly want.*
*But even thy Mortals do their Gods excell,*
*Taught by thy Muse to Fight and Love so well.*
*By fatal hands whilest present Empires fall,*
*Thine from the grave past Monarchies recal.*
*So much more thanks from humane kind does merit*
*The Poets fury, than the Zelots Spirit.*
*And from the grave thou mak'st this Empire rise,*
*Not like some dreadfull Ghost t'affright our Eyes,*
*But with more beauty and triumphant state,*
*Than when it crown'd at proud* Verona *sate.*
*So will our God re-build Mans perish'd frame,*
*And raise him up much better, yet the same:*

*So God-like Poets do past things rehearse,*
*Not change, but heighten Nature with their Verse.*
*With shame me thinks great* Italie *must see*
*Her Conqu'rors call'd to life again by thee;*
*Call'd by such powerfull Arts, that ancient* Rome
*May blush no lest to see her Wit orecome.*
*Some men their Fancies like their Faiths derive;*
*And count all ill but that which* Rome *does give;*
*The marks of* Old *and* Catholick *would find;*
*To the same Chair would* Truth *and* Fiction *bind.*
*Thou in these beaten paths disdain'st to tread,*
*And scorn'st to live by robbing of the Dead.*
*Since Time does all things change, thou think'st not fit*
*This latter Age should see all new, but* Wit.
*Thy Fancie, like a Flame, her way does make,*
*And leaves bright tracks for following Pens to take.*
*Sure 'twas this noble boldness of the* Muse
*Did thy desire, to seek new Worlds, infuse;*
*And ne'r did Heaven so much a Voyage bless,*
*If thou canst Plant but there with like success.*

AB. COWLEY.

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GON.

# GONDIBERT.

## The First Book.

### *CANTO the First.*

The ARGUMENT.

*Old* ARIBERT'S *great act, and greater mind*
*Is sung, with the renown of* RHODALIND.
*Prince* OSWALD *is compar'd to* GONDIBERT,
*And justly each distinguish'd by desert:*
*Whose Armies are in Fame's fair Field drawn forth,*
*To shew by discipline their Leaders worth.*

1.

OF all the *Lombards*, by their Trophies known,
Who sought Fame soon, and had her favour long,
King *Aribert* best seem'd to fill the Throne;
And bred most bus'ness for Heroick Song.

2.

From early Childhoods promising estate,
Up to performing Manhood, till he grew
To failing Age, he Agent was to Fate,
And did to Nations Peace or War renew.

3.

War was his studi'd Arts War, which the bad
Condemn, because even then it does them aw
When with their number sin'd, and purple clad,
And to the good more needfull is than Law.

4.

To conquer Tumult, Nature's ſuddain force,
War, Arts delib'rate ſtrength, was firſt devis'd;
Cruel to thoſe whoſe rage has no remorſe,
Leſt civil pow'r ſhould be by Throngs ſurpris'd.

5.

The feeble Law reſcues but doubtfully
From the Oppreſſours ſingle Arm our right;
Till to its pow'r the wiſe wars help apply;
Which ſoberly does Mans looſe rage unite.

6.

Yet ſince on all War never needfull was,
Wiſe *Aribert* did keep the People ſure
By Laws from leſſer dangers; for the Laws
Them from themſelves, and not from pow'r ſecure.

7.

Elſe Conquerours, by making Laws, orecome
Their own gain'd pow'r, and leave mens furie free;
Who growing deaf to pow'r, the Laws grow dumb;
Since none can plead where all may Judges be.

8.

Prais'd was this King for war, the Laws broad ſhield;
And for acknowledg'd Laws, the art of Peace;
Happy in all which Heav'n to Kings does yield,
But a ſucceſſour when his cares ſhall ceaſe.

9.

For no Male Pledge, to give a luſtie name,
Sprung from his bed, yet Heav'n to him allow'd
One of the gentler ſex, whoſe Storie Fame
Has made my Song, to make the *Lombards* proud.

10.

Recorded *Rhodalind!* whoſe high renown
Who miſs in Books, not luckily have read;
Or vex'd by living beauties of their own
Have ſhunn'd the wiſe Records of Lovers dead.

11.

Her Fathers prosp'rous Palace was the Sphear
Where she ro all with Heav'nly order mov'd;
Made rigid virtue so benign appear,
That 'twas without Religion's help belov'd.

12.

Her looks like Empire shew'd, great above pride;
Since pride ill counterfeits excessive height;
But Nature publish'd what she fain would hide;
Who for her deeds, not beautie, lov'd the light.

13.

To make her lowly minds appearance less,
She us'd some outward greatness for disguise;
Esteem'd as pride the Cloist'ral lowliness,
And thought them proud who even the proud despise.

14.

Her Father (in the winter of his age)
Was like that stormie season froward grown;
Whom so her springs fresh presence did asswage,
That he her sweetness tasted as his own.

15.

The pow'r that with his stooping age declin'd,
In her transplanted, by remove increas'd;
Which doubly back in homage she resign'd;
Till pow'rs decay, the Thrones worst sickness, ceas'd.

16.

Oppressours big with pride, when she appear'd
Blush'd, and believ'd their greatness counterfeit;
The lowly thought they them in vain had fear'd;
Found virtue harmless, and nought else so great.

17.

Her mind (scarce to her feeble sex of kin)
Did as her birth, her right to Empire shew;
Seem'd careless outward when imploy'd within;
Her speech, like lovers watch'd, was kind and low.

18.

She shew'd that her soft sex contains strong minds,
Such as evap'rates through the courser Male,
As through course stone Elixar passage finds,
Which scarce through finer Christal can exhale.

19.

Her beautie (not her own but Natures pride)
Should I describe; from every Lovers eye
All Beauties this original must hide,
Or like scorn'd Copies be themselves laid by;

20.

Be by their Poets Shunn'd, whom beautie feeds,
Who beautie like hyr'd witnesses protect,
Officiously averring more than needs,
And make us so the needfull truth suspect.

21.

And since fond Lovers (who disciples be
To Poets) think in their own loves they find
More beautie than yet Time did ever see,
Time's Curtain I will draw ore *Rhodalind*;

22.

Lest shewing her, each see how much he errs,
Doubt since their own have less, that they have none;
Believe their Poets perjur'd Flatterers,
And then all Modern Maids would be undone.

23.

In pitie thus, her beauty's just renown
I wave for publick Peace, and will declare
To whom the King design'd her with his Crown;
Which is his last and most unquiet care.

24.

If in alliance he does greatness prise,
His Mind grown weary, need not travel far;
If greatness be compos'd of Victories,
He has at home many that Victors are.

Many

25.

Many whom bleſt ſucceſs did often grace
In Fields where they have ſeeds of Empire ſown;
And hope to make, ſince born of princely race,
Even her (the harveſt of thoſe toyls) their own.

26.

And of thoſe Victors Two are chiefly fam'd,
To whom the reſt their proudeſt hopes reſign;
Though young, were in there Fathers battels nam'd,
And both are of the *Lombards* Royal Line.

27.

*Oſwald* the great, and greater *Gondibert!*
Both from ſucceſsfull conqu'ring Fathers ſprung;
Whom both examples made of War's high art,
And far out-wrought their patterns being young.

28.

Yet for full fame (as *Trine* Fam's Judge reports)
Much to Duke *Gondibert* Prince *Oſwald* yields,
Was leſs in mightie myſteries of Courts,
In peaceſull Cities, and in fighting Fields.

29.

In Court Prince *Oſwald* coſtly was and gay,
Finer than near vain Kings their Fav'rites are;
Out-ſhin'd bright Fav'rites on their Nuptial day,
Yet were his Eyes dark with ambitious care.

30.

Duke *Gondibert* was ſtill more gravely clad,
But yet his looks familiar were and clear;
As if with ill to others never ſad,
Nor tow'rds himſelf could others practiſe fear.

31.

The Prince, could Porpoiſe-like in Tempeſts play,
And in Court-ſtorms on ſhip-wrack'd Greatneſs feed;
Not frighted with their fate when caſt away,
But to their glorious hazzards durſt ſucceed.

The

32.

The Duke would lasting calms to Courts assure,
As pleasant Gardens we defend from winds;
For he who bus'nes would from Storms procure,
Soon his affairs above his manage finds.

33.

*Oswald* in Throngs the abject People sought
With humble looks; who still too late will know
They are Ambitions Quarrie, and soon caught
When the aspiring Eagle stoops so low.

34.

The Duke did these by stedie Virtue gain;
Which they in action more than precept tast;
Deeds shew the Good, and those who goodnes feign
By such even through their vizards are out-fac't.

35.

*Oswald* in war was worthily renown'd;
Though gay in Courts, courtly in Camps could live;
Judg'd danger soon, and first was in it found;
Could toil to gain what he with ease did give.

36.

Yet toils and dangers through ambition lov'd;
Which does in war the name of Virtue own;
But quits that name when from the war remov'd,
As Rivers theirs when from their Channels gon.

37.

The Duke (as restless as his fame in war)
With martial toil could *Oswald* wearie make;
And calmly do what he with rage did dare,
And give so much as he might deign to take.

38.

Him as their Founder Cities did adore;
The Court he knew to steer in storms of State;
In Field a Battel lost he could restore,
And after force the Victors to their Fate.

39.

In Camps now chiefly liv'd, where he did aim
At graver glory than Ambition breeds;
Designs that yet this story must not name,
Which with our *Lombard* Authours pace proceeds.

40.

The King adopts this Duke in secret thought
To wed the Nations wealth, his onely child,
Whom *Oswald* as reward of merit sought,
With Hope, Ambition's common bait, beguild.

41.

This as his souls chief secret was unknown,
Lest *Oswald* that his proudest Army led
Should force possession ere his hopes were gone,
Who could not rest but in the royal bed.

42.

The Duke discern'd not that the King design'd
To chuse him Heir of all his victories;
Nor guess'd that for his love fair *Rhodalind*
Made sleep of late a stranger to her Eyes.

43.

Yet sadly it is sung that she in shades,
Mildly as mourning Doves love's sorrows felt;
Whilst in her secret tears her freshness fades
As Roses silently in Lymbecks melt.

44.

But who could know her love, whose jealous shame
Deny'd her Eyes the knowledge of her glass;
Who blushing thought Nature her self too blame
By whom Men guess of Maids more than the face.

45.

Yet judge not that this Duke (though from his sight
With Maids first fears she did her passion hide)
Did need love's flame for his directing light,
But rather wants Ambition for his Guide.

Love's

46.

Love's fire he carry'd, but no more in view
Than vital heat which kept his heart ſtill warm;
This Maids in *Oſwald*, as love's Beacon knew;
The publick flame to bid them flie from harm.

47.

Yet ſince this Duke could love, we may admire
Why love ne'r rais'd his thoughts to *Rhodalind*;
But thoſe forget that earthly flames aſpire,
Whilſt Heavenly beams; which purer are, deſcend.

48.

As yet to none could he peculiar prove,
But like an univerſal Influence
(For ſuch and ſo ſufficient was his love)
To all the Sex he did his heart diſpence.

49.

But *Oſwald* never knew love's ancient Laws,
The aw that Beauty does in lovers breed,
Thoſe ſhort-breath'd fears, and paleneſs it does cauſe
When in a doubtfull Brow their doom they read.

50.

Not *Rhodalind* (whom then all Men as one
Did celebrate, as with confed'rate Eyes)
Could he affect but ſhining in her Throne;
Blindly a Throne did more than beauty priſe.

51.

He by his Siſter did his hopes prefer;
A beauteous pleader who victorious was
O're *Rhodalind*, and could ſubdue her Ear
In all requeſts but this unpleaſant cauſe.

52.

*Gartha*, whoſe bolder beauty was in ſtrength
And fulneſs plac'd, but ſuch as all muſt like;
Her ſpreading ſtature talneſs was, not length,
And whilſt ſharp beauties pierce, hers ſeem'd to ſtrike.

Such

53.

Such goodly presence ancient Poets grace,
Whose songs the worlds first manliness declare;
To Princes Beds teach carefulness of Race;
Which now store Courts, that us'd to store the war.

54.

Such was the palace of her Mind, a Prince
Who proudly there, and still unquiet lives;
And sleep (domestick ev'ry where) from thence,
To make Ambition room, unwisely drives.

55.

Of manly force was this her watchfull mind,
And fit in Empire to direct and sway;
If she the temper had of *Rhodalind*,
Who knew that Gold is currant with allay.

56.

As Kings (oft slaves to others hopes and skill)
Are urg'd to war to load their slaves with spoyls;
So *Oswald* was push'd up Ambition's hill,
And so some urg'd the Duke to martial toyls.

57.

And these who for their own great cause so high
Would lift their Lords Two prosp'rous Armies, are
Return'd from far to fruitfull *Lombardy*,
And paid with rest, the best reward of War.

58.

The old near *Brescia* lay, scarce warm'd with Tents;
For though from danger safe, yet Armies then
Their posture kept 'gainst warring Elements,
And hardness learn'd against more warring Men.

59.

Near *Bergamo* encamp'd the younger were,
Whom to the Franks distress the Duke had led;
The other *Oswald*'s lucky Ensigns bear,
Which lately stood when proud *Ocnna* fled.

These

60.

These that attend Duke *Gondibert*'s renown
Where Youth, whom from his Fathers Camp he chose,
And them betimes transplanted to his own;
Where each the Planters care and judgement shows.

61.

All hardy Youth, from valiant Fathers sprung;
Whom perfect honour he so highly taught,
That th' Aged fetch'd examples from the young,
And hid the vain experience which they brought.

62.

They danger met diverted less with fears
Than now the dead would be if here again,
After they know the price brave dying bears;
And by their sinless rest find life was vain.

63.

Temp'rate in what does needy life preserve,
As those whose Bodies wait upon their Minds;
Chaste as those Minds which not their Bodies serve,
Ready as Pilots wak'd with sudden Winds.

64.

Speechless in diligence, as if they were
Nightly to close surprize and Ambush bred;
Their wounds yet smarting mercifull they are,
And soon from victory to pitie led.

65.

When a great Captive they in fight had ta'ne,
(Whom in a Filial duty some fair Maid
Visits, and would by tears his Freedom gain)
How soon his Victors were his Captives made?

66.

For though the Duke taught rigid Discipline,
He let them beauty thus at distance know;
As Priests discover some especial Shrine,
Which none must touch, yet all may to it bow.

When

67.

When thus as Suitors mourning Virgins pals
Through their clean camp, themſelves in form they draw
That they with Martial reverence may grace
Beauty, the Stranger, which they ſeldom ſaw.

68.

They vayl'd their Enſigns as it by did move,
Whilſt inward (as from Native Conſcience) all
Worſhip'd the Poets Darling Godhead, Love,
Which grave Philoſophers did Nature call.

69.

Nor there could Maids of Captive Syres deſpair,
But made all Captives by their beauty free;
Beauty and Valour native Jewels are,
And as each others onely price agree.

70.

Such was the Duke's young Camp near *Bergamo*,
But theſe near *Breſcia* whom fierce O*ſwald* led,
Their Science to his famous Father owe,
And have his Son (though now their Leader) bred.

71.

This rev'rend Army was for age renown'd;
Which long through frequent dangers follow'd Time;
Their many Trophies gain'd with many a wound,
And Fames laſt Hill, did with firſt vigour climb.

72.

But here the learned *Lombard* whom I trace
My forward Pen by ſlower Method ſtays;
Leſt I ſhould them (leſs heeding time and place
Than common Poets) out of ſeaſon praiſe.

73.

Think onely then (couldſt thou both Camps diſcern)
That theſe would ſeem grave Authours of the war,
Met civily to teach who e're will learn,
And thoſe their young and civil Students are.

74.

But painful virtue of the war ne'r pays
It self with consciousnes of being good,
Though Cloyster-virtue may believe even praise
A sallary which there should be withstood.

75.

For many here (whose virtues active heat
Concurs not with cold virtue which does dwell
In lazy Cells) are virtuous to be great,
And as in pains so would in pow'r excell.

76.

And *Oswald*'s Faction urg'd him to aspire
That by his height they higher might ascend;
The Dukes to glorious Thrones access desire,
But at more awfull distance did attend.

77.

The royal *Rhodalind* is now the Prize
By which these Camps would make their merit known
And think their Gen'rals but their Deputies
Who must for them by Proxy wed the Crown.

78.

From forreign Fields (with toyling conquest tyr'd,
And groaning under spoyls) came home to rest;
But now they are with emulation fir'd,
And for that pow'r they should obey, contest.

79.

Ah how perverse and froward is Mankind!
Faction in Courts does us to rage excite;
The Rich in Cities we litigious find,
And in the Field th'Ambitious make us fight.

80.

And fatally (as if even souls were made
Of warring Elements as Bodies are)
Our Reason our Religion does invade,
Till from the Schools to Camps it carry war.

## CANTO the Second.

### The ARGUMENT.

*The hunting which did yearly celebrate*
*The* LOMBARDS *glory, and the* VANDALES *Fate;*
*The Hunters praiſs'd; how true to love they are,*
*How calm in Peace, and Tempeſt-like in war.*
*The Stag is by the num'rous Chace ſubdu'd,*
*And ſtrait his Hunters are as hard purſu'd.*

1.

SMALL are the ſeeds Fate does unheeded ſow
Of ſlight beginnings to important ends;
Whilſt wonder (which does beſt our rev'rence ſhow
To Heav'n) all Reaſon's ſight in gazing ſpends.

2.

For from a Days brief pleaſure did proceed
(A day grown black in *Lombard* Hiſtories)
Such laſting griefs as thou ſhalt weep to read,
Though even thine own ſad love had drain'd thine eyes.

3.

In a fair Forreſt near *Verona*'s Plain,
Freſh as if Natures Youth choſe there a ſhade,
The Duke with many Lovers in his Train,
(Loyal, and young) a ſolemn hunting made.

4.

Much was his Train enlarg'd by their reſort
Who much his Grandſire lov'd, and hither came
To celebrate this Day with annual ſport,
On which by battel here he earn'd his Fame.

5.

nd many of theſe noble Hunters bore
Command amongſt the Youth at *Bergamo*;
hoſe Fathers gather'd here the wreath they wore,
When in this Forreſt they intern'd the Foe.

6.

Count *Hurgonil*, a Youth of high descent,
Was listed here, and in the Story great;
He follow'd Honour when tow'rd's Death it went;
Fierce in a charge but temp'rate in retreat.

7.

His wondrous beauty which the world approv'd
He blushing hid, and now no more would own
(Since he the Dukes unequal'd Sister lov'd)
Than an old wreath when newly overthrown.

8.

And she, *Orna* the shy! Did seem in life
So bashfull too to have her beauty shown,
As I may doubt her shade with Fame at strife,
That in these vicious times would make it known.

9.

Not less in publick voice was *Arnold* here;
He that on *Tuscan* Tombs his Trophies rais'd;
And now loves pow'r so willingly did bear,
That even his arbitrary reign he prais'd.

10.

*Laura*, the Duke's fair Niece inthrall'd his heart;
Who was in Court the publick morning Glass
Where those who would reduce Nature to art,
Practis'd by dress the conquests of the Face.

11.

And here was *Hugo* whom Duke *Gondibert*
For stout and stedfast kindness did approve;
Of stature small, but was all over heart,
And though unhappy all that heart was love.

12.

In gentle sonnets he for *Laura* pin'd;
Soft as the murmures of a weeping spring;
Which ruthless she did as those murmures mind:
So ere their death sick Swans unheeded sing.

Yet

13.

Yet whilſt ſhe *Arnold* favour'd, he ſo griev'd
As loyal Subjects quietly bemoan
Their Yoke, but raiſe no war to be reliev'd,
Nor through the envy'd Fav'rite wound the Throne.

14.

Young *Goltho* next theſe Rivals we may name,
Whoſe manhood dawn'd early as Summer light;
As ſure and ſoon did his fair day proclaim,
And was no leſs the joy of publick ſight.

15.

If Loves juſt pow'r he did not early ſee,
Some ſmall excuſe we may his errour give;
Since few (though learn'd) know yet bleſt Love to be
That ſecret vital heat by which we live:

16.

But ſuch it is; and though we may be thought
To have in Childhood life, ere Love we know,
Yet life is uſeleſs till by reaſon taught,
And Love and Reaſon up together grow.

17.

Nor more, the Old ſhew they out-live their Love,
If when their Love's decay'd, ſome ſigns they give
Of life, becauſe we ſee them pain'd and move,
Then Snakes, long cut, by torment ſhew they live.

18.

If we call living, Life, when Love is gone,
We then to Souls (Gods coyn) vain rev'rence pay;
Since Reaſon (which is Love, and his beſt known
And currant Image) Age has worn away.

19.

And I that Love and Reaſon thus unite,
May, if I old Philoſophers controul,
Confirm the new by ſome new Poets light;
Who finding Love, thinks he has found the Soul.

20.

From *Goltho*, to whom Love yet taſteleſs ſeem'd,
We to ripe Ty*balt* are by order led;
Ty*balt*, who Love and Valour both eſteem'd,
And he alike from eithers wounds had bled.

21.

Publick his valour was, but not his love,
One fill'd the world, the other he contain'd;
Yet quietly alike in both did move,
Of that ner boaſted, nor of this complain'd.

22.

With theſe (whoſe ſpecial names Verſe ſhall preſerve)
Many to this recorded hunting came;
Whoſe worth authentick mention did deſerve,
But from Time's deluge few are ſav'd by Fame.

23.

Now like a Giant Lover roſe the Sun!
From th'Ocean Queen, fine in his fires and great;
Seem'd all the Morn for ſhew, for ſtrength at Noon;
As if laſt Night ſhe had not quench'd his heat!

24.

And the Sun's Servants who his riſing wait,
His Penſioners (for ſo all Lovers are,
And all maintain'd by him at a high rate
With daily Fire) now for the Chace prepare.

25.

All were like Hunters clad in chearfull green,
Young Natures Livery, and each at ſtrife
Who moſt adorn'd in favours ſhould be ſeen,
Wrought kindly by the Lady of his life.

26.

Theſe Martial Favours on their Waſts they wear,
On which (for now they Conqueſt celebrate)
In an imbroider'd Hiſtory appear
Like life, the vanquiſh'd in their fears and fate.

And

27.

And on these Belts (wrought with their Ladies care)
Hung Semyters of *Akons* trusty steel;
Goodly to see, and he who durst compare
Those Ladies Eyes, might soon their temper feel.

28.

Cheerd as the woods (where new wak'd Quires they meet)
Are all; and now dispose their choice Relays
Of Horse and Hounds, each like each other fleet;
Which best when with themselves compar'd we praise;

29.

To them old Forrests Spies, the Harbourers
With haste approach, wet as still weeping Night,
Or Deer that mourn their growth of head with tears,
When the defenceless weight does hinder flight.

30.

And Dogs, such whose cold secrecy was ment
By Nature for surprize, on these attend;
Wise temp'rate Lime-Hounds that proclaim no scent;
Nor harb'ring will their Mouths in boasting spend.

31.

Yet vainlier far than Traitours boast their prize
(On which their vehemence vast rates does lay,
Since in that worth their treasons credit lies)
These Harborers praise that which they now betray.

32.

Boast they have lodg'd a Stag, that all the Race
Out-runs of *Croton* Horse, or *Regian* Hounds;
A Stag made long, since Royal in the Chace,
If Kings can honour give by giving wounds.

33.

For *Aribert* had pierc'd him at a Bay,
Yet scap'd he by the vigour of his Head;
And many a Summer since has won the day,
And often left his *Regian* Foll'wrs dead.

34.

His ſpacious Beam (that even the Rights out-grew)
From *Antlar* to his *Troch* had all allow'd
By which his age the aged Woodmen knew;
Who more than he were of that beauty proud.

35.

Now each Relay a ſev'ral Station finds,
Ere the triumphant Train the Cops ſurrounds;
Relays of Horſe, long breath'd as winter winds,
And their deep Cannon Mouth'd experienc'd Hounds.

36.

The Hunts-men (Buſily concern'd in ſhow
As if the world were by this Beaſt undone,
And they againſt him hir'd as Natures Foe)
In haſte uncouple, and their Hounds out-run.

37.

Now wind they a Rechear, the rows'd Deers knell;
And through the Forreſt all the Beaſts are aw'd;
Alarmd by Eccho, Natures Sentinel,
Which ſhews that murdrous Man is come abroad.

38.

Tyrannick Man! Thy ſubjects Enemy!
And more through wantonneſs than need or hate;
From whom the winged to their Coverts flie;
And to their Dens even thoſe that lay in wait.

39.

So this (the moſt ſucceſsfull of his kind,
Whoſe Foreheads force oft his Oppoſers preſt,
Whoſe ſwiftneſs left Purſuers ſhafts behind)
Is now of all the Forreſt moſt diſtreſt!

40.

The Herd deny him ſhelter, as if taught
To know their ſafety is to yield him loſt;
Which ſhews they want not the reſults of thought,
But ſpeech, by which we ours for reaſon boaſt.

We

41.

We bluſh to ſee our politicks in Beaſts,
Who Many ſav'd by this one Sacrifice;
And ſince through blood they follow intereſts,
Like us when cruel ſhould be counted wiſe.

42.

His Rivals that his fury us'd to fear
For his lov'd Female, now his faintneſs ſhun;
But were his ſeaſon hot, and ſhe but near,
(O mighty Love!) his Hunters were undone.

43.

From thence, well blown, he comes to the Relay;
Where Mans fam'd reaſon proves but Cowardiſe,
And onely ſerves him meanly to betray;
Even for the flying, Man, in ambuſh lies.

44.

But now, as his laſt remedy to live,
(For ev'ry ſhift for life kind Nature makes;
Since life the utmoſt is which ſhe can give)
Cool *Adice* from the ſwoln Bank he takes.

45.

But this freſh Bath the Dogs will make him leave;
Whom he ſure nos'd as faſting Tygers found;
Their ſcent no North-eaſt wind could e're deceave
Which dries the air, nor Flocks that foyl the Ground.

46.

Swift here the Flyers and Purſuers ſeem;
The frighted Fiſh ſwim from their *Adice*,
The Dogs purſue the Deer, he the fleet ſtream,
And that haſtes ſwiftly to the *Adrian* Sea.

47.

Refreſh'd thus in this fleeting Element,
He up the ſtedfaſt Shore did boldly riſe;
And ſoon eſcap'd their view, but not their ſcent;
That faithfull Guide which even conducts their Eyes.

This

48.

This frail relief was like short gales of breath,
Which oft at Sea a long dead calm prepare;
Or like our Curtains drawn at point of death,
When all our Lungs are spent, to give us ayr.

49.

For on the Shore the Hunters him attend;
And whilst the Chace grew warm as is the day
(Which now from the hot *Zenith* does descend)
He is imbos'd, and weary'd to a Bay.

50.

The Jewel, Life, he must surrender here;
Which the world's Mistris, Nature, does not give,
But like dropp'd Favours suffers us to wear,
Such as by which pleas'd Lovers think they live.

51.

Yet life he so esteems, that he allows
It all defence his force and rage can make;
And to the *Regian* Race such furie shows
As their last bloud some unreveng'd forsake.

52.

But now the Monarch Murderer comes in,
Destructive Man! whom Nature would not arm,
As when in madness mischief is fore-seen,
We leave it weaponless for fear of harm.

53.

For she defenceless made him, that he might
Less readily offend; but Art arms all,
From single strife makes us in Numbers fight;
And by such art this Royal Stag did fall.

54.

Now weeps till grief does even his Murd'rers pierce;
Grief, which so nobly through his anger strove,
That it deserv'd the dignitie of Verse,
And had it words as humanly would move.

Thrice

55.

Thrice from the ground his vanquish'd Head he rear'd,
And with laſt looks his Forreſt walks did view;
Where ſixtie Summers he had rul'd the Heard,
And where ſharp *Dictanie* now vainly grew:

56.

Whoſe hoarie Leaves no more his wounds ſhall heal;
For with a Sigh (a blaſt of all his breath)
That viewleſs thing call'd Life, did from him ſteal;
And with their Bugle Horns they wind his death.

57.

Then with their annual wanton ſacrifice
(Taught by old cuſtom, whoſe decrees are vain,
And we like hum'rous Antiquaries priſe
Age though deform'd) they haſten to the Plain.

58.

Thence homeward bend as Weſtward as the Sun;
Where *Gondibert*'s allies proud Feaſts prepare,
That day to honour which his Grand-ſire won;
Though Feaſts the Eves to Fun'rals often are.

59.

One from the Forreſt now approach'd their ſight,
Who them did ſwiftly on the Spur purſue;
One there ſtill reſident as Day and Night,
And known as th' eldeſt Oak which in it grew.

60.

Who with his utmoſt breath, advancing cries,
(And ſuch a vehemence no Art could feign)
Away, happie the Man that faſteſt flies;
Flie famous Duke, flie with thy noble Train!

61.

The Duke reply'd, though with thy fears diſguis'd,
Thou do'ſt my Sires old Rangers Image bear,
And for thy kindneſs ſhalt not be deſpis'd;
Though Counſels are but weak which come from fear.

Were

62.

Were Dangers here, great as thy love can shape;
(And love with fear can danger multiply)
Yet when by flight, thou bidst us meanly scape,
Bid Trees take wings, and rooted Forrests flie.

63.

Then said the Ranger, you are bravely loft,
(And like high anger his complexion rose)
As little know I fear, as how to boast;
But shall attend you through your many Foes.

64.

See where in ambush mighty *Oswald* lay;
And see from yonder Lawn he moves apace,
With Launces arm'd to intercept thy way,
Now thy sure Steeds are weary'd with the Chace.

65.

His purple Banners you may there behold,
Which (proudly spred) the fatal Raven bear;
And full five hundred I by Rank have told,
Who in their guilded Helms his Colours wear.

66.

The Duke this falling storm does now discern;
Bids little *Hugo* flie: but 'tis to view
The Foe, and timely their first count'nance learn,
Whilst firm he in a square his Hunters drew.

67.

And *Hugo* soon (light as his Coursers Heels)
Was in their Faces troublesom as wind;
And like to it (so wingedly he wheels)
No one could catch, what all with trouble find.

68.

But ev'ry where the Leaders and the Led
He temp'rately observ'd, with a slow sight;
Judg'd by their looks how hopes and fears were fed,
And by their order, their success in fight.

Their

69.
Their Number (mounting to the Rangers gueſs)
In three Diviſions evenly was diſpos'd;
And that their Enemies might judge it leſs,
It ſeem'd one Groſs with all the Spaces clos'd.

70.
The Van fierce *Oſwald* led, where *Paradine*
And Manly *Dargonet* (both of his blood)
Out-ſhin'd the Noon, and their Minds ſtock within
Promis'd to make that outward glory good.

71.
The next bold, but unlucky, *Hubert* led;
Brother to *Oſwald*, and no leſs ally'd
To the ambitions which his Soul did wed;
Lowly without, but lin'd with coſtly Pride.

72.
Moſt to himſelf his valour fatal was,
Whoſe glories oft to others dreadfull were;
So Comets (though ſuppos'd Deſtructions cauſe)
But waſte themſelves to make their Gazers fear.

73.
And though his valour ſeldom did ſucceed,
His ſpeech was ſuch as could in Storms perſwade;
Sweet as the Hopes on which ſtarv'd Lovers feed,
Breath'd in the whiſpers of a yielding Maid.

74.
The bloudy *Borgio* did conduct the Rere,
Whom ſullen *Vaſco* heedfully attends;
To all but to themſelves they cruel were,
And to themſelves chiefly by miſchief Friends.

75.
War, the worlds Art, Nature to them became;
In Camps begot, born, and in anger bred;
The living vex'd till Death, and then their Fame;
Becauſe even Fame ſome life is to the Dead.

Cities

76.

Cities (wise States-men's Folds for civil Sheep)
They sack'd, as painfull Sheerers of the wise;
For they like carefull Wolves would lose their sleep,
When others prosp'rous toyls might be their prise.

77.

*Hugo* amongst these Troops spy'd many more
Who had, as brave Destroyers, got renown;
And many forward wounds in boast they wore;
Which if not well reveng'd, had ne'r been shown.

78.

Such the bold Leaders of these Launceers were,
Which of the *Brescian Vet'rans* did consist;
Whose practis'd age might charge of Armies bear,
And claim some rattick in Fame's eternal List.

79.

Back to his Duke the dextrous *Hugo* flies;
What he observ'd he chearfully declares;
With noble Pride did what he lik'd despise;
For wounds he threatned, whilst he prais'd their skars.

80.

Lord *Arnold* cry'd, vain is the Bugle Horn,
Where Trumpets Men to Manly work invite!
That distant summons seems to say in scorn,
We Hunters may be hunted hard ere night.

81.

Those Beasts are hunted hard that hard can flie,
Reply'd aloud the noble *Hurquil*;
But we not us'd to flight, know best to die,
And those who know to die, know how to kill.

82.

Victors through number never gain'd applause;
If they exceed our count in Arms and Men,
It is not just to think that ods, because
One Lover equals any other Ten.

## *CANTO the Third.*

### The ARGUMENT.

*The Ambush is become an inter-view;*
*And the Surpriser proves to honour true;*
*For what had first, ere words his furie spent,*
*Been murder, now is but brave killing meant.*
*A Duel form'd where Princes Seconds are,*
*And urg'd by Honour each to kill his share.*

1.

The Duke observ'd (whilst safe in his firm Square)
Whether their form did change whom *Oswald* led;
That thence he shifts of figure might prepare,
Divide, or make more depth, or loosly spred.

2.

Though in their posture close, the Prince might guess
The Duke's to his not much in number yield,
And they were leading Youth, who would possess
This Ground in Graves, rather than quit the Field.

3.

Thus (timely certain of a standing Foe)
His form'd Divisions yet reveal'd no space
Through haste to charge; but as they nearer grow,
The more divide, and move with slower pace.

4.

On these the Duke attends with watchfull eye;
Shap'd all his Forces to their Triple strength;
And that their Launces might pass harmless by,
Widens his Ranks, and gives his Files more length.

5.

At distance *Oswald* does him sharply view,
Whom but in Fame he met till this sad hour;
But his fair fame, Virtues known Image, knew;
For Virtue spreads the Owner more than Pow'r.

In

6.

In Fields far fever'd both had reap'd renown;
And now his envie does to furfet feed
On what he wiſh'd his Eyes had never known;
For he begins to check his purpos'd deed.

7.

And though Ambition did his rage renew;
Yet much he griev'd (mov'd with the Youthfull Train)
That Plants which ſo much promis'd as they grew,
Should in the Bud be ere performance, ſlain.

8.

With theſe remorſefull thoughts, he a fair ſpace
Advanc'd alone, then did his Troops command
To halt; the Duke th'example did embrace,
And gives like order by his lifted hand.

9.

Then when in eaſie reach of eithers voice
Thus *Oſwald* ſpake, I wiſh (brave *Gondibert*)
Thoſe wrongs which make thee now my angers choice,
Like my laſt fate were hidden from my heart.

10.

But ſince great Glory does allow ſmall reſt,
And bids us jealouſly to honour wake,
Why at alarms given hot even at my breſt,
Should I not arm, but thinks my Scouts miſtake?

11.

'Tis loud in Camps, in Cities, and in Court,
(Where the important part of Mankind meets)
That my adoption is thy Faction's ſport;
Scorn'd by hoarſe Rhymers in *Verona* Streets.

12.

Who is renown'd enough but you or I
(And think not when you viſit Fame, ſhe leſs
Will welcome you for mine known Company)
To hope for Empire at our Kings deceaſe?

The

13.

The Crown he with his Daughter has design'd;
His favour (which to me does frozen prove)
Grows warm to you, as th'Eyes of *Rhodalind*,
And she gives sacred Empire with her love.

14.

Whilst you usurp thus, and my claim deride,
If you admire the veng'ance I intend,
I more shall wonder where you got the pride
To think me one you safely may offend.

15.

Nor judge it strange I have this Ambush laid;
Since you (my Rival) wrong'd me by surprise;
Whose darker vigilance my love betraid;
And so your ill example made me wise.

16.

But in the School of glory we are taught,
That greatness and success should measure deeds;
Then not my great revenge, nor your great fault,
Can be accus'd when either's act succeeds.

17.

Opinions stamp does virtue currant make:
But such small Money (though the Peoples Gold
With which they trade) great Dealers scorn to take,
And we are greater than one world can hold.

18.

Now *Osw'ald* paws'd, as if he curious were
Ere this his Foe (the Peoples Fav'rite) dy'd,
To know him as with Eyes, so with his Ear;
And to his speech thus *Gondibert* reply'd:

19.

Successfull Prince! since I was never taught
To court a Threating Foe, I will not pay
For all the Trophies you from war have brought
A single wreath, though all these woods were Bay!

20.

Nor would I by a total silence yield
My honour ta'ne, though I were pris'ner made;
Lest you should think we may be justly kill'd,
And sacred justice by mistake invade.

21.

You might perceive (had not a distant war
Hindred our Breasts the use of being known)
My small ambition hardly worth your care;
Unless by it you would correct your own.

22.

The King's objected love is but your dream,
As false as that I strive for *Rhodalind*
As Valour's hire; these sickly visions seem
Which in Ambitions Feaver vex your mind.

23.

Nor wonder if I vouch, that 'tis not brave
To seek war's hire, though war we still pursue;
Nor censure this a proud excuse to save
These who no safety know, but to subdue.

24.

Your misbelief my hireless valour scorns;
But your hir'd valour were your faith reclaim'd,
(For faith reclaim'd to highest virtue turns)
Will be of bravest salary asham'd.

25.

Onely with fame Valour of old was hir'd;
And love was so suffic'd with its own taste,
That those intemp'rate seem'd, who more desir'd
For loves reward, than that it self should last.

26.

If love, or lust of Empire, breed your pain,
Take what my prudent hope hath still declin'd,
And my weak virtue never could sustain,
The Crown, which is the worst of *Rhodalind*.

27.

'Tis she who taught you to increase renown,
By sowing Honours Field with noble deeds;
Which yields no harvest when 'tis over-grown
With wild Ambition, the most rank of weeds.

28.

Go, reconcile the winds sain out at Sea
With these tame precepts, (*Oswald* did reply)
But since thou dost bequeath thy hopes to me,
Know Legacies are vain till Givers die.

29.

And here his rage ascended to his Eyes
From his close breast, which hid till then the flame;
And like stirr'd fire in sparkles upward flies;
Rage which the Duke thus practis'd to reclaim.

30.

Though you design'd your ruin by surprise,
Though much in usefull Arms you us exceed,
And in your number some advantage lies,
Yet you may find you such advantage need.

31.

If I am vallu'd as th' impediment
Which hinders your adoption to the Crown;
Let your revenge onely on me be spent,
And hazard not my Party, nor your own.

32.

Ambition else would up to Godhead grow,
When so profanely we our anger prise,
That to appease it we the bloud allow
Of whose offenceless Herds for sacrifice.

33.

*Oswald* (who Honour's publick pattern was,
Till vain ambition led his heart aside)
More temp'rate grew in manage of his cause,
And thus to noble *Gondibert* reply'd:

34.

I wish it were not needfull to be great;
That Heavens unenvy'd pow'r might Men so aw,
As we should need no Armies for defeat,
Nor for protection be at charge of Law.

35.

But more than Heav'ns, Men, Mans authoritie
(Though envy'd) use, because more understood;
For but for that Life's Utensils would be,
In Markets, as in Camps the price of blood.

36.

Since the Worlds safety we in greatness find,
And pow'r divided is from greatness gone,
Save we the World, though to our selves unkind,
By both endang'ring to establish one.

37.

Nor these, who kindle with my wrongs their rage,
Nor those bold Youth, who warmly you attend,
Our distant Camps by action shall ingage;
But we out own great cause will singly end.

38.

Back to your noble Hunters strait retire,
And I to those who would those Hunters chace;
Let us perswade their fury to expire,
And give obediently our anger place.

39.

Like unconcern'd Spectatours let them stand,
And be by sacred vow to distance bound;
Whilst their lov'd Leaders by our strict command,
As patient witnesses, approach this ground.

40.

Where with no more defensive Arms than was
By Nature ment us, who ordain'd Men Friends,
We will on foot determine our great cause,
On which the *Lombards* doubtfull peace depends.

The

41.

The Duke full low did bow, and soon obay,
Confess'd his honour he transcendent finds,
Said he their persons might a meaner way
With ods have aw'd, but this subdues their minds.

42.

Now wing'd with hope they to their Troops return,
*Oswald* his old grave *Bretians* makes retire,
Lest if too near, though like slow Match they burn,
The Dukes rash Youth like Powder might take fire.

43.

First with their noble Chiefs they treat aside,
Plead it humanity to bleed alone,
And term it needless cruelty and pride
With others Sacrifice to grace their own.

44.

Then to their Troops gave their resolv'd command
Not to assist, through anger nor remorse;
Who seem'd more willing patiently to stand,
Because each side presum'd their Champions force.

45.

Now near that ground ordain'd by them and Fate,
To be the last where one or both must tread,
Their chosen Judges they appoint to wait;
Who thither were like griev'd Spectatours led.

46.

These from the distant Troops far sever'd are;
And near their Chiefs divided Stations take;
Who strait uncloath, and for such deeds prepare,
By which strip'd Souls their fleshy Robes forsake.

47.

But *Hubert* now advanc'd, and cry'd aloud,
I will not trust uncertain Destinie,
Which may obscurely kill me in a Crowd,
That here have pow'r in publick view to die.

48.

*Oſwald* my Brother is! If any dare
Think *Gondibert*'s great name more Kingly ſounds,
Let him alight, and he ſhall leave the care
Of chuſing Monarchs, to attend his wounds!

49.

This *Hurgonil* receiv'd with greedy Ear,
Told him his ſummons boldly did expreſs,
That he had little judgement whom to fear,
And in the choice of Kings his ſkill was leſs.

50.

With equal haſte they then alight and met,
where both their Chiefs in preparation ſtood;
Whilſt *Paradine* and furious *Dargonet*,
Cry'd out, we are of *Oſwald*'s Princely blood.

51.

Are there not yet two more ſo fond of fame,
So true to *Gondibert*, or Love's commands,
As to eſteem it an unpleaſant ſhame
With idle eyes to look on buſie hands?

52.

Such haſte makes Beauty when it Youth forſakes,
And day from Travellers when it does ſet,
As *Arnold* to proud *Paradine* now makes,
And little *Hugo* to tall *Dargonet*.

53.

The bloudy *Borgia*, who with anguiſh ſtay'd,
And check'd his rage, till chief of *Oſwald*'s Race,
By wiſh'd example their brave Challenge made,
Now like his curb'd Steed ſoaming, ſhifts his place.

54.

And thus (with haſte and choler hoarſe) he ſpake,
Who e're amongſt you thinks we deſtin'd are
To ſerve that King your Courtly Camp ſhall make,
Falſly he loves, nor is his Lady fair!

This

55.

This, scarce could urge the temp'rate *Tybalts* fire,
Who said, When Fate shall *Aribert* remove,
As ill then wilt thou judge who should aspire,
As who is fair, that art too rude to love.

56.

But scarce had this reply reach'd *Borgio*'s Ear,
When *Goltho* louder cry'd, what ere he be
Dares think her soul who hath a Lover here,
Though Love I never knew, shall now know me.

57.

Grave *Tybalt*, who had laid an early'r claim
To this defiance, much distemper'd grows,
And *Goltho*'s forward Youth would sharply blame,
But that old *Vasco* thus did interpose.

58.

That Boy who makes such haste to meet his fate,
And fears he may (as if he knew it good)
Through others pride of danger come too late,
Shall read it strait ill written in his blood.

59.

Let Empire fall, when we must Monarchs choose,
By what unpractis'd Childhood shall approve;
And in tame peace let us our Manhood loose,
When Boys yet wet with milk discourse of Love.

60.

As bashfull Maids blush, as if justly blam'd,
When forc'd to suffer some indecent Tongue,
So *Goltho* blush'd (whom *Vasco* made asham'd)
As if he could offend by being young.

61.

But instantly offended bashfulness
Does to a brave and beauteous anger turn,
Which he in younger flames did so express,
That scarce old *Vasco*'s Embers seem'd to burn.

62.

The Princes knew in this new kindled rage,
Opinion might (which like unlucky wind
Sate right to make it ſpread) their Troops engage;
And therefore *Oſwald* thus proclaim'd his mind.

63.

Seem we already dead, that to our words
(As to the laſt requeſts men dying make)
Your love but Mourners ſhort reſpect affords,
And ere intern'd you our commands forſake?

64.

We choſe you Judges of our needfull ſtriſe,
Such whom the world (grown faithleſs) might eſteem
As weighty witneſſes of parting life,
But you are thoſe we dying muſt condemn.

65.

Are we become ſuch worthleſs ſacrifice,
As cannot to the *Lombards* Heav'n atone,
Unleſs your added blood make up the price,
As if you thought it worthier than our own?

66.

Our fame, which ſhould ſurvive before us, die!
And let (ſince in our preſence diſobay'd)
Renown of pow'r, like that of beauty flie
From knowledge, rather than be known decay'd!

67.

This when with rev'rence heard, it would have made
Old Armies melt, to mark at what a rate
They ſpent their Hearts and Eyes, kindly afraid
To be omitted in their Gen'rals fate.

68.

*Hubert* (whoſe princely quality more frees
Him than the reſt, from all command, unleſs
He find it ſuch as with his will agrees)
Did nobly thus his firm reſolve expreſs:

All

69.

All greatneſs bred in blood be now abas'd!
Inſtinct, the inward Image, which is wrought
And given with Life, be like thaw'd wax defac'd!
Though that bred better honour than is taught;

70.

And may impreſſions of the common ill
Which from ſtreet Parents the moſt low derives,
Blot all my minds fair book if I ſtand ſtill,
Whilſt *Oſwald* ſingly for the Publick ſtrives:

71.

A Brothers love all that obedience ſtays,
Which *Oſwald* elſe might as my Leader claim;
Whom as my love, my honour diſobays,
And bids me ſerve our greater Leader, Fame.

72.

With gentle looks *Oſwald* to *Hubert* bows,
And ſaid, I then muſt yield that *Hubert* ſhall
(Since from the fame bright Sun our luſtre grows)
Riſe with my Morns, and with my Ev'nings fall!

73.

Bold *Paradine* and *Dargonet* reviv'd
Their ſuit, and cry'd, We are *Aſtolpho*'s ſons!
Who from your higheſt ſpring his blood deriv'd,
Though now it down in lower Channels runs.

74.

Such lucky ſeaſons to attain renown,
We muſt not loſe, who are to you ally'd;
Others uſurp, who would your dangers own,
And what our duty is, in them is pride.

75.

Then as his laſt Decree thus *Oſwald* ſpake;
You that vouchſafe to glory in my blood,
Shall ſhare my doom, which for your merits ſake,
Fate, were it bad, would alter into good.

76.

If any others diſobedient rage,
Shall with uncivil love intrude his aid,
And by degrees our diſtant Troops ingage,
Be it his Curſe ſtill to be diſobey'd.

77.

Wars Orders may he by the ſlow convey
To ſuch as onely ſhall diſpute them long;
An ill peace make; when none will him obey,
And be for that, when old, judg'd by the young.

78.

This ſaid, he calmly bid the Duke provide
Such of his bloud, as with thoſe choſen Three
(Whilſt their adoption they on foot decide)
May in brave life or death fit Partners be.

79.

Though here (reply'd the Duke) I find not now
Such as my bloud with their alliance grace,
Yet Three I ſee to whom your ſtock may bow,
If love may be eſteem'd of heav'nly Race.

80.

And much to me theſe are by love ally'd;
Then *Huge*, *Arnold*, and the Count drew near;
Count *Hurgonil* woo'd *Orna* for his Bride,
The other Two in *Laura* Rivals were.

81.

But *Tybalt* cry'd (and ſwiftly as his voice
Approch'd the Duke) forgive me mightie Chief,
If juſtly I envie thy noble choice,
And diſobey thee in wrong'd Love's relief.

82.

If rev'renc'd love be ſacred Myſt'rie deem'd,
And myſteries when hid, to value grow,
Why am I leſs for hidden love eſteem'd?
To unknown God-head, wiſe Religions bow,

83.

A Maid of thy high linage much I love,
And hide her name till I can merit boaſt,
But ſhall I here (where I may worth improve)
For priſing her above my ſelf, be loſt?

84.

The Duke's firm boſome kindly ſeem'd to melt
At *Tybalt*'s grief, that he omitted was;
Who lately had Love's ſecret conqueſt felt,
And hop'd for publick triumph in this cauſe.

85.

Then he decreed, *Hugo* (though choſe before
To ſhare in this great work) ſhould equally
With *Tybalt* be expos'd to Fortune's pow'r,
And by drawn Lots their wiſh'd election trie.

86.

*Hugo* his dreaded Lord with chearfull aw
Us'd to obey, and with implicit love;
But now he muſt for certain honour draw
Uncertain Lots, ſeems heavily to move.

87.

And here they trembling reach'd at honour ſo,
As if they gath'ring Flow'rs a Snake diſcern'd;
Yet fear'd Love onely whoſe rewards then grow
To Lovers ſweeteſt, when with danger earn'd.

88.

From this brave fear, leſt they ſhould danger ſcape,
Was little *Hugo* eas'd, and when he drew
The Champion's lot, his joy inlarg'd his ſhape,
And with his lifted mind he taller grew.

89.

But *Tybalt* ſtoop'd beneath his ſorrows waight;
*Goltho* and him kindly the Duke imbrac'd;
Then to their ſtation ſents and *Oſwald* ſtraight
His ſo injoyn'd, and with like kindneſs grac'd.

When

90.

When cruel *Borgio* does from *Tybalt* part,
*Vasco* from *Goltho*, many a look they cast
Backward in sullen message from the heart,
And through their eyes their threatning anger waste.

## *CANTO the Fourth.*

### The ARGUMENT.

*The Duel where all rules of artfull strife,*
*To rescue or endanger Darling-life,*
*Are by reserves of strength and courage shown;*
*For killing was long since a Science grown.*
*Th' event by which the Troops engaged are,*
*As private rage too often turn to war.*

1.

BY what bold passion am I rudely led,
Like Fame's too curious and officious Spie,
Where I these Rolls in her dark Closet read,
Where Worthies wrapt in Time's disguises lie?

2.

Why should we now their shady Curtains draw,
Who by a wise retirement hence are freed,
And gone to Lands exempt from Nature's Law,
Where love no more can mourn, nor valour bleed?

3.

Why to this stormy world from their long rest,
Are these recall'd to be again displeas'd,
Where during Natures reign we are oppress't,
Till we by Deaths high priviledge are eas'd?

4.
Is it to boaſt that Verſe has Chymick pow'r,
And that its rage (which is productive heat)
Can theſe revive, as Chymiſts raiſe a Flower,
Whoſe ſcatter'd parts their Glaſs preſents compleat?

5.
Though in theſe Worthies gone, valour and love
Did chaſtely as in ſacred Temples meet,
Such reviv'd Patterns us no more improve,
Than Flowers ſo rais'd by Chymiſts make us ſweet.

6.
Yet when the ſouls diſeaſe we deſp'rate find,
Poets the old renown'd Phyſitians are,
Who for the ſickly habits of the mind,
Examples as the ancient cure prepare.

7.
And bravely then Phyſitians honour gain,
When to the world diſeaſes cureleſs ſeem,
And they (in Science valiant) ne'r refrain
Arts war with Nature, till they life redeem.

8.
But Poets their accuſtom'd taſk have long
Forborn, (who for Examples did diſperſe
The *Heroes* virtues in Heroick Song)
And now think virtue ſick, paſt cure of verſe.

9.
Yet to this deſp'rate cure I will proceed,
Such patterns ſhew as ſhall not fail to move;
Shall teach the valiant patience when they bleed,
And hapleſs Lovers conſtancy in love.

10.
Now Honour's chance, the Duke with *Oſwald* takes,
The Count his great Stake, Life, to *Hubert* ſets;
Whilſt his to *Paradin*'s Lord *Arnold* ſtakes,
And little *Hugo* throws at *Dargnets*.

Theſe

11.

These Four on equal ground those Four oppose;
Who wants in strength, supples it with his skill;
So valiant that they make no haste to close;
They not apace, but handsomly would kill.

12.

And as they more each others courage found,
Each did their force more civilly express,
To make so manly and so fair a wound,
As loyal Ladies might be proud to dress.

13.

But vain, though wondrous, seems the short event
Of what with pomp and Noise we long prepare:
One hour of battel oft that force hath spent,
Which Kings whole lives have gather'd for a war.

14.

As Rivers to their ruin haste be,
So life (still earnest, loud, and swift) runs post
To the vaste Gulf of death, as they to Sea,
And vainly travels to be quickly lost.

15.

And now the Fates (who punctually take care
We not escape their sentence at our birth)
Writ *Arnold* down where those inroled are
Who must in Youth abruptly leave the Earth.

16.

Him *Paradine* into the Brow had pierc't;
From whence his blood so overflow'd his Eyes,
He grew too blind to watch and guard his breast,
Where wounded twice, to Deaths cold Court he hies.

17.

And Love (by which Life's name does value find,
As Altars even subsist by ornament)
Is now as to the Owner quite resign'd,
And in a sigh to his dear *Laura* sent.

Yet

18.

Yet Fates ſo civil were in cruelty
As not to yield that he who conquer'd all
The *Tuſcan* Vale, ſhould unattended die,
They therefore doom that *Dargonet* muſt fall.

19.

Whom little *Hugo* dext'rouſly did vex
With many wounds in unexpected place,
Which yet not kill, but killingly perplex;
Becauſe he held their number a diſgrace.

20.

For *Dargonet* in force did much exceed
The moſt of Men, in valour equall'd all;
And was aſham'd thus diverſly to bleed,
As if he ſtood where ſhowrs of Arrows fall.

21.

At once he ventures his remaining ſtrength
To *Hugo*'s nimble ſkill, who did deſire
To draw this little war out into length,
By motions quick as Heav'ns fantaſtick fire!

22.

This fury now is grown too high at laſt
In *Dargonet*; who does diſorder all
The ſtrengths of temp'rance by unruly haſte,
Then down to Deaths low Calm does breathleſs fall.

23.

When with his own Storm ſunk, his Foe did ſpie
Lord *Arnold* dead, and *Paradine* prepare
To help Prince *Oſwald* to that victory,
Of which the Duke had yet an equal ſhare.

24.

Vain Conqueror (ſaid *Hugo* then) return!
In ſtead of Laurel which the Victor wears,
Go gather *Cypreſs* for thy Brothers Urn,
And learn of me to water it with Tears.

25.

Thy Brother loſt his life attempting mine;
Which cannot for Lord *Arnold*'s loſs ſuffice:
I muſt revenge (unlucky *Paradine*)
The blood his death will draw from *Laura*'s Eyes.

26.

We Rivals were in *Laura*, but though ſhe
My griefs derided, his with ſighs approv'd;
Yet I (in Loves exact integritie)
Muſt take thy life for killing him She lov'd.

27.

Theſe quick alike, and artfully as fierce,
At one ſad inſtant give and take that wound,
Which does through both their vital Cloſets pierce;
Where Life's ſmall Lord doth warmly ſit enthron'd.

28.

And then they fell, and now near upper Heaven,
Heav'ns better part of them is hov'ring ſtill,
To watch what end is to their Princes given,
And to brave *Hubert*, and to *Hurgonil*.

29.

In progreſs thus to their eternal home,
Some method is obſerv'd by Deſtinie,
Which at their Princes ſetting out did doom,
Theſe as their leading Harbingers to die.

30.

And fatal *Hubert* we muſt next attend,
Whom *Hurgonil* had brought to ſuch diſtreſs,
That though Life's ſtock he did not fully ſpend,
His glory that maintain'd it is grown leſs.

31.

Long had they ſtrove, who firſt ſhould be deſtroy'd;
And wounds (the Marks of Manhood) gave and took,
Which though like honour'd Age, we would avoid,
Yet make us when poſſeſs'd, for rev'rence look.

32.

O Honour! Frail as Life thy fellow Flower!
Cherish'd and watch'd, and humr'ously esteem'd,
Then worn for short adornments of an hour;
And is when lost no more than life redeem'd.

33.

This fatal *Hubert* finds, if honour be
As much in Princes lost, when it grows less,
As when it dies in men of nexr degree:
Princes are onely Princes by excess.

34.

For having twice with his firm Opposite
Exchang'd a wound, yet none that reach'd at life,
The adverse sword his Arms best sinew hit, (strife.
Which holds that strength, which should uphold their

35.

When thus his dear defence had left his Hand,
Thy life (said *Hurgonil*) rejoyce to wear
As *Orna*'s favour, and at her command;
Who taught the mercy I will practise here.

36.

To which defenceless *Hubert* did reply,
My life (a worthless Blank) I so despise,
Since Fortune laid it in her Lotary,
That I'm asham'd thou draw'st it as a Prize.

37.

His grief made noble *Hurgonil* to melt,
Who mourn'd in this a Warriours various fate;
For though a Victor now, he timely felt
That change which pains us most by coming late.

38.

But *Orna* (ever present in his thought)
Prompts him to know, with what success for fame
And Empire, *Gondibert* and *Oswald* fought;
Whilst *Hubert* seeks our death, and shrinks from shame.

39.

Valour, and all that practice turns to art,
Alike the Princes had and underſtood;
For *Oſwald* now is cool as *Gondibert*;
Such temper he has got by loſing blood.

40.

Calmly their temper did their arts obey;
Their ſtretch'd Arms regular in motion move;
And force with as unſeen a ſtealth convay,
As noiſeleſs hours by hands of Dials move.

41.

By this new temper *Hargonil* believ'd
That *Oſwald*'s elder virtues might prevail;
To think his own help needfull much he griev'd;
But yet prepar'd it leſt the Duke ſhould fail.

42.

Small wounds they had, where as in Caſements fate
Diſorder'd Life; who ſeem'd to look about,
And fain would be abroad, but that a Gate
She wants ſo wide, at once to ſally out.

43.

When *Gondibert* ſaw *Hargonil* draw near,
And doubly arm'd at conquer'd *Huberts* coſt,
He then, who never fear'd, began to fear,
Leſt by his help his honour ſhould be loſt.

44.

Retire, ſaid he; for if thou hop'ſt to win
My Siſters love by aiding in this ſtrife;
May Heav'n (to make her think thy love a ſin)
Eclipſe that beauty which did give it life.

45.

Count *Hargonil* did doubtfully retire,
Fain would'd aſſiſt, yet durſt not diſobay;
The Duke would rather inſtantly expire,
Than hazard Honour's death, by death's delay.

Alike

46.

Alike did *Oſwald* for diſpatch prepare;
And cries, Since *Hubert* knew not to ſubdue,
Glory farewel, that art the Souldiers care,
More lov'd than Woman, leſs than Woman true!

47.

And now they ſtrive with all their ſudden force
To ſtorm Life's Citadil, each others Breſt;
At which could Heav'ns chief Eye have felt remorſe,
It would have wink'd, or haſt'ned to the Weſt.

48.

But ſure the Heav'nly Movers little care
Whether our motion here be falſe or true;
For we proceed, whilſt they are regular,
As if we Dice for all our actions threw.

49.

We ſeem ſurrender'd to indifferent Chance,
Even Deaths grave work looks like fantaſtick play;
That Sword which ofe did *Oſwald*'s fame advance
In publick war, falls in a private fray.

50.

For when (becauſe he ebbes of bloud did feel)
He levell'd all his ſtrength at *Gondibert*,
It claſh'd and broke againſt the adverſe ſteel,
Which travell'd onward till it reach'd his heart.

51.

Now he that like a ſtedfaſt ſtatue ſtood
In many Battels regiſterd by Fames,
Does fall depriv'd of language as of bloud;
Whilſt high the Hunters ſend their Victors name.

52.

Some ſhout aloud, and others wind the Horn!
They mix the Cities with the Field's applauſe;
Which *Borgio* ſoon interprets as their ſcorn,
And will revenge it ere he mourn the cauſe.

53.

This the cold Evening warm'd of *Vasco*'s age;
He shin'd like scorching Noon in *Borgio*'s looks,
Who kindled all about him with his rage,
And worse the Triumph than the Conquest brooks.

54.

The Troops (astonish'd with their Leaders fate)
The horrour first with silence entertain;
With loud impatience than for *Borgio* wait,
And next with one confusion all complain.

55.

Whom thus he urg'd! Prince *Oswald* did command
We should remove far from the Combat's list;
And there like unconcern'd Spectatours stand,
Justly restrain'd to hinder or assist.

56.

This (Patient Friends!) we dully have obay'd;
A temp'rance which he never taught before,
But though alive he could forbid our aid,
Yet dead, he leaves revenge within our pow'r.

## *CANTO the Fifth.*

### The ARGUMENT.

*The Battel in exact, though little ſhape,*
*Where none by flight, and few by fortune ſcape,*
*Where even the vanquiſh'd ſo themſelves behave,*
*The Victors mourn for all they could not ſave:*
*And fear (ſo ſoon is Fortune's fulleſt wain'd)*
*To loſe in one, all that by all they gain'd.*

1.

NOw *Hubert*'s Page aſſiſts his wounded Lord
To mount that Steed, he ſcarce had force to guide;
And wept to ſee his hand without that Sword
Which was ſo oft in buſie Battel try'd.

2.

Thoſe who with *Bargio* ſaw his want of blood,
Cry'd out, If of thy ſtrength enough remain,
Though not to charge, to make thy conduct good
Lead us to adde their living to our ſlain.

3.

*Hubert* reply'd, Now you may juſtly boaſt,
You Sons of War, that *Oſwald* was your Sire;
Who got in you the honour I have loſt;
And taught thoſe deeds our Ladies ſongs admire.

4.

But he (Wars Anceſtour, who gave it birth,
The Father of thoſe Fights we *Lombards* fought)
Lies there embracing but his length of Earth,
Who for your uſe the world's vaſt Empire ſought.

5.

And cold as he lies noble *Dargonet*,
And *Paradine*, who wore the Victors Crown;
Both ſwift to Charge, and lame in a Retreat;
Brothers in bloud, and Rivals in renown.

6.

This said, their Trumpets sound Revenge's praise;
The Hunters Horns (though terrour of the wood)
Reply'd so meanly, they could scarcely raise
Eccho so loud as might be understood.

7.

The Duke (his fit of fury being spent,
Which onely wounds and opposition bred)
Does weep on faded *Oswald*, and lament
What was so great in life, is nothing dead.

8.

But cry'd, when he the speechless Rivals spy'd,
O worth, above the ancient price of Love!
Lost are the living, for with these love dy'd;
Or if immortal, fled with them above.

9.

In these we the intrinsick value know
By which first Lovers did love current deem;
But Love's false Coyners will allay it now,
Till men suspect what next they must contemn.

10.

Not less young *Hargoni* resents their chance,
Though no fit time to practise his remorse;
For now he cries (finding the Foe advance)
Let Death give way to life! to horse! to horse!

11.

This sorrow is too soft for deeds behind;
Which I (a mortal Lover) would sustain;
So as to make your Sister wisely kind,
And praise me living, not lament me slain.

12.

Swift as *Armenians* in the Panthers chace
They flie to reach where now their Hunters are;
Who sought one danger with too bold a pace,
Till thus the Duke did them aloud prepare.

Im

13.

Impatient Friends, ſtand that your ſtrength may laſt,
Burn not in blaze rage that ſhould warm you long!
I wiſh to Foes the weakneſſes of haſte,
To you ſuch ſlowneſs as may keep you ſtrong.

14.

Not their ſcorns force ſhould your fixt patience move;
Though ſcorn does more tha bonds free minds provoke:
Their flaſhy rage ſhall harmleſs lightning prove,
Which but fore-runs our Thunder's fatal ſtroke.

15.

For when their fury's ſpent, how weak they are
With the dull weight of antique *Vandal* Arms!
Their work but ſhort, and little is in war,
Whom rage within, and Armour outward warms.

16.

When you have us'd thoſe arts your patience yields,
Try to avoid their couched Launces force
By dext'rous practiſe of *Croatian* Fields,
Which turns to lazy Elephants their Horſe.

17.

When falſe retreat ſhall ſcatter you in flight,
As if you back to Elements were fled;
And no leſs faith can you again unite,
Than recollects from Elements the dead.

18.

Make Chaſers ſeem by your ſwift Rallies, ſlow;
Whilſt they your ſwifter change of figures fear,
Like that in Battels, which t'amuſe the Foe
My Grand-ſire taught, as Wars Philoſopher.

19.

Think now your Valour enters on the Stage,
Think Fame th'Eternal *Chorus* to declare
Your mighty minds to each ſucceeding age,
And that your Ladies the Spectatours are.

20.

This utter'd was with ſo ſupream a grace,
That ev'ry heart it empty'd, and did raiſe
Life's chiefeſt blood in valour to the Face,
Which made ſuch beauty as the Foe did praiſe.

21.

Yet 'twas Ambition's praiſe, which but approves
Thoſe whom through envy it would fain ſubdue;
Likes others honour, but her own ſo loves,
She thinks all others Trophies are her due.

22.

For *Hubert* now (though void of ſtrength as fear)
Advanc'd the firſt Diviſion faſt and far;
Bold *Borgio* with the next attends his Rear,
The Third was left to *Vaſco*'s ſteddy care.

23.

The Duke ſtill watch'd when each Diviſions ſpace
Grew wide, that he might his more open ſpred;
His own brave conduct did the foremoſt grace,
The next the Count, the third true *Tybalt* led.

24.

A forward faſhion he did wear a while,
As if the Charge he would with fury meet;
That he their forward fury might beguil,
And urge them paſt redemption by retreat.

25.

But when with Launces couch'd they ready were,
And their thick Front (which added Files in large)
With their ply'd ſpurs kept time in a Career,
Thoſe ſoon were vaniſh'd whom they meant to charge.

26.

The Duke by flight his Manhood thus and force
Reſerv'd, and to his ſkill made Valour yield,
Did ſeem to bluſh, that he muſt lead his Horſe
To loſe a little ground, to gain the Field.

Yet

27.

Yet ſoon with Ralleys he reviv'd the war;
*Hubert* purſues the Rear of *Hurgonil*;
And *Borgio*'s Rear with Chace ſo loos'ned are,
That them the Count does with cloſe order kill.

28.

And that which was erewhile the Dukes firm Van,
Before old *Vaſcos* Front voochſafe to flie,
Till with *Croation* Ralleys they began
In ſmall Diviſions hidden ſtrength to trie.

29.

Then curſing *Borgio* cry'd, Whence comes his ſkill,
Who men ſo ſcatter'd can ſo firmly mix?
The living Metal, held ſo volatile
By thy dull word, this Chymick Lord can fix!

30.

He preſs'd where *Hurgonil* his fury ſpends,
As if he now in *Orna*'s preſence fought;
And with reſpect his brave approach attends,
To give him all the dangers which he ſought.

31.

So bloody was th'event of this new ſtrife,
That we may here applauded valour blame;
Which oft too eaſily abandons Life,
Whilſt Death is Parent made of noble Fame.

32.

For many now (belov'd by both) forſake
In their purſuit of flying Fame, their breath;
And through the world their Valour currant make,
By giving it the ancient ſtamp of death.

33.

Young *Hurgonil*'s renowned ſelf had bought
Honour of *Borgio* at no leſs a rate,
Had not the Duke diſpatch'd with thoſe he ſought,
And found his aid muſt flie, or come too late.

34.

For he advancing saw (which much him griev'd)
That in the fairest Region of the Face,
He two wide wounds from *Borgio* had receiv'd;
His beauties blemish, but his valours grace.

35.

Now cry'd the Duke, strive timely for renown!
Thy Age will kiss those wounds thy Youth may loath;
Be not dismaid to see thy beautie gone;
My Sister's thine, who has enough for both.

36.

Then upon the Youth, Death as an honour gave
To one that Strove to relieve *Borgio*'s lifes;
Yet *Borgio* had dispatch'd him to his grave,
Had *Gondibert* stood neutral in the Strife:

37.

Who with his sword (disdaining now to slay
And see the blood he lov'd so rudely spilt)
Pierc't a bold *Lombard* who imbarr'd his way;
Even till his heart did beat against his Hilt.

38.

Timely old *Vasco* came to *Borgio*'s aid;
Whose long experienc'd Arm wrought sure and fast;
His rising oppositions level laid,
And miss'd no execution by his haste.

39.

And timely where the bleeding Count now fought,
And where the Duke with Number was oppress,
Resistless *Tybalt* came, who *Borgio* sought,
But here with many *Borgias* did contest.

40.

As Tides, that from their several Channels haste,
Assemble rudely in th' *Vbæan* Bay,
And meeting there to indistinction waste,
Strive to proceed, and force each others stay.

So

41.

So here the valiant who with swift force come,
With as resistless valour are ingag'd,
Are hid in angers undistinguish'd Fome,
And make less way by meeting so inrag'd.

42.

But room for *Goths* now! Whose valours fire,
Like lightning, did unlikely passage make:
Whose swift effects like lightnings they admire,
And even the harms it wrought with rev'rence take.

43.

*Vasco* he seeks, who had his Youth disdain'd;
And in that search he with irreverend rage,
Revengefully from younger Foes abstain'd,
And deadly grew where he encountered Age.

44.

And *Vasco* now had felt his *Gothick* steel,
But that Duke *Gondibert* (through Helm and Head)
The last dire stroke which *Vasco* ere shall feel
Did give, and sent him to adorn the dead.

45.

Here *Borgia* too had fain, but bravely then
The Count so much reveng'd the wounds he gave,
As *Gondibert* (the Prop of falling Men)
Such sinking greatness could not chuse but save.

46.

When *Vasco* was remov'd, the Count declin'd
His bashfull Eyes; the Duke thought suddain shame
(From sence of luckless wounds) possess'd his mind,
Which thus he did reform, and gently blame.

47.

Now thy complexion lasting is, and good!
As when the Sun sets red, his Morning Eyes
In glory wake, so now thou setst in bloud,
Thy parting beautie will in honour rise.

These

48.

These scars thou needst not from my Sister hide;
For as our Father, in brave battel lost,
She first did name with sorrow, then with pride,
Thy beauties loss she'l mourn and after boast.

49.

Mine are but Love's false wounds (said *Hargenil*)
To what you *Vasco* gave; for I must grieve
My strength of honour could not *Vasco* kill,
That honour lost, yet I have strength to live.

50.

But now behold vex'd *Hubert*, who in all
This battel was by ready conduct known,
And though unarm'd, and his spent force so small
He could to none bring death, yet sought his own:

51.

And ev'ry where, where Rallies made a Gross
He charg'd; and now with last reserves he try'd
His too slow fate from *Gondibert* to force,
Where he was Victor and where *Vasco* dy'd.

52.

The Duke (in Honours School exactly bred)
Would not that this defenceless Prince should be
Involv'd with those, whom he to dying led,
Therefore ordain'd him still from slaughter free.

53.

And now his pow'r did gently make him know,
That he must keep his life, and quit the cause;
More Pris'ner to him self than to his Foe,
For life within himself in Prison was.

54.

His fierce Assistance did not quit the Field,
Till forward marks declar'd they fairly fought;
And then they all with sullen slowness yield,
Vex'd they had found what vain Revenge had sought.

55.

In the renown'd deſtruction of this day,
Four hundred Leaders were by valours pride
Ledgo bleſt ſhades, by an uncertain way,
Where lowlineſs is held the ſureſt Guide.

56.

And twice the Tierce of theſe conſiſts of thoſe
Who for Prince *Oſwald*'s love of Empire bled;
The Duke does thus with thanks and praiſe diſpoſe
Both of the worthy living, and the dead.

57.

Bind all your wounds, and ſhed not that brave life,
Which did in all by great demeanor paſt,
(Teaching your Foes a wiſer choiſe of ſtrife)
Deſerve a Leaſe of Nature that may laſt.

58.

Love warm'd you with thoſe hints which kindled me;
And form'd *Ideas* in each lovers thought
Of the diſtreſs of ſome beloved ſhe,
Who then inſpir'd, and prais'd you whilſt you fought.

59.

You nobly prompt my paſſion to deſire,
That the rude Crowd who Lovers ſoftneſs ſcorn,
Might in fair field meet thoſe who love admire,
To trie which ſide muſt after Battel mourn.

60.

O that thoſe rights which ſhould the good advance,
And juſtly are to painfull valour due,
(How ere miſplac'd by the ſwift hand of Chance)
Were from that Crowd defended by thoſe few!

61.

With this great Spectacle we ſhould refreſh
Thoſe Chiefs, who (though preferr'd by being dead)
Would kindly wiſh to fight again in fleſh:
So all that lov'd by *Hurgoni* were led.

This

62.

This gracious mention from so great a Lord,
Bow'd *Hargonil* with dutious homage down,
Where at his feet he laid his rescu'd Sword;
Which he accepts, but he returns his own.

63.

By this and thine, said gentle *Gondibert*,
In all distress of various Courts and war,
We interpledge and bind each others heart,
To strive who shall possess griefs greatest share.

64.

Now to *Verona* hast, and timely bring
Thy wounds unto my tender Sister's care;
This Days sad story to our dreaded King,
And watch what veng'ance *Oswald*'s Friends prepare.

65.

Brave *Arnold*, and his Rival streight remove;
Where *Laura* shall bestrew their hallow'd Ground;
Protectours both, and Ornaments of Love;
This said, his Eyes out-weep'd his widest wound.

66.

Tell her now these (Love's faithful Saints) are gon,
The beautie they ador'd, she ought to hide;
For vainly will Love's Miracles be shown,
Since Lovers faith with these brave Rivals dy'd.

67.

Say little *Hugo* never more shall mourn
In noble Numbers her unkind disdain;
Who now not seeing beautie feels no scorn;
And wanting pleasure, is exempt from pain.

68.

When she with Flowrs Lord *Arnold*'s Grave shall strew,
And hears why *Hugo*'s life was thrown away,
She on that Rival's Hearse will drop a few;
Which merits all that *April* gives to *May*.

Let

69.

Let us forsake for safety of our Eyes
Our other loss; which I will straight inter,
And raise a Trophy where each Body lies;
Vain marks, how those alive the Dead prefer!

70.

If my full Breast, my wounds that empty be,
And this Days toil (by which my strength is gon)
Forbid me not, I *Bergamo* will see
Ere it beholds the next succeeding Sun.

71.

Thither convey thy souls confid'rate thought,
How in this cause the Court and Camp's inclin'd;
What *Oswald*'s Faction with the King has wrought,
And how his loss prevails with *Rhodolind*.

72.

The Count and *Tybalt* take their lowly leaves;
Their slain they sadly, with consuming hearts,
Bear tow'rds *Verona*, whilst the Duke perceives
Prince *Hubert*'s grief, and thus his tears diverts.

73.

Afflicted Prince! in an unpleasant hour
You and your living (by blind valour led)
Are captives made to such an easie pow'r,
Shall you as little vex, as Death your dead.

74.

The Dead can ne'r by living help return
From that dark Land, which life could ne'r discloss;
But these alive (for whom the Victors mourn)
To thee I give, thee to thine own dispose.

75.

Be not with honours guilded Baits beguild;
Nor think Ambition wise, because 'tis brave;
For though we like it, as a forward Child,
'Tis so unsound, her Cradle is her Grave.

Studie

76.

Study the mighty *Oswald* vainly gone!
Fierce *Paradine*, and *Dargonet* the stout!
Whose Thirds by patient *Parca* slowly spun,
Ambition's haste has rashly ravell'd out.

77.

But *Hubert*'s grief no precept could reform:
For great grief counsell'd, does to anger grow;
And he provided now a future Storm,
Which did with black revenge orecast his Brow.

78.

*Borgio* and he from this dire Region haste;
Shame makes them fightless to themselves and dumb;
Their thoughts flie swift as Time from what is past;
And would like him demolish all to come.

79.

Strait they interre th'inferiour of their slain;
Their nobler Tragick load their grief attends
Towards *Brescia*, where the Camp they hope to gain,
Then force the Court by faction of their Friends.

80.

To *Bergamo* the gentle Duke does turn
With his surviving Lovers, who in kind
Remembrance every step look back, and mourn
Their fellow Lovers Death has staid behind.

81.

Some lost their quiet Rivals, some their dear
Love's Brother, who their hopes with help approv'd;
Some such joy'd Friends, as even to morrow were
To take from *Hymen* those they dearest lov'd.

82.

But now to *Gondibert* they forward look,
Whose wounds, ere he could waste three league of w
So waste him, that his speech him quite forsook,
And Nature calls for Art to make Life stay.

83.

His Friends in torment leſt they ſhould forſake
Delightfull him, for whom alone they live;
Urge Heav'n uncivilly for calling back
So ſoon ſuch worth, it does ſo ſeldom give.

## CANTO the Sixth.

### The ARGUMENT.

*The Victor is (when with his wounds ſubdu'd)*
*By ſuch deform'd and diſmal Troops purſu'd,*
*That he thinks Death, than which they uglier ſeem,*
*No ill expedient to eſcape from them.*
*But* ULFIN *guids him to ſage* ASTRAGON,
*By the laſt Rays of the deſcending Sun.*

1.

SCarce on their Duke their fears kind fit was ſpent,
When ſtrait a thick arm'd Squadron clouds their ſight,
Which caſt ſo dark a ſhade, as if it meant
Without the Suns ſlow leave, to bring in night.

2.

This threatning Squadron did conſiſt of Horſe,
And by old *Ulfin* they were gravely led,
Whoſe mind was ſound, nor wants his Body force,
Though many Winters Snow had coold his head.

3.

The ſad remainder who with *Hubert* went,
Did miſs his reach, when they to *Breſcia* turn'd,
And now (as if his haſte deſtruction meant)
He chac'd theſe who the Dukes ſpent valour mourn'd.

4.

Whose posture being loose, their number few,
His Scouts grow scornfull as they forward come,
He makes his Squadron halt, and near he drew,
Then asks aloud, What are you, and for whom?

5.

The noble *Galtho* (whose great deeds to-day
Prevented Manhood in his early youth)
Believ'd him *Oswald*'s Friend, yet scorn'd the way
To shelter life, behind abandon'd Truth.

6.

For he to *Ulfin* boldly thus reply'd,
This second Ambush finds us here in vain;
We have no treasure left that we would hide,
Since *Gondibert* is reckon'd with the slain.

7.

Duke *Gondibert* we vouch to be our Lord,
To whose high virtues Sov'raignty we bow;
*Oswald* sunk low, as death, beneath his Sword,
Though him superiour Fate will vanquish now.

8.

Scarce empty Eagles stooping to their prey,
Could be more swift than *Ulfin* to alight,
And come where *Gondibert* expiring lay;
Now pleasing those whom he did newly fright.

9.

For scarce that rev'rence which a Monarch draws,
Who seldom will be seen, though often sought;
Who spends his carefull age in making Laws,
To rule those lands for which in youth he fought.

10.

Nor that respect which People pay those Kings,
Whose peace makes rich, whom civil war made wise,
Can equal this which aged *Ulfin* brings
The gentle Duke, to whom he prostrate lies.

11.

His Eyes (not us'd to tears) bathe ev'ry wound;
Which he salutes as things he chiefly lov'd;
And, when expence of spirits he had found,
To gain him air, his Mourners he remov'd.

12.

Make way, said he, and give Experience room,
The Confident of age, though Youth's scorn'd guide,
My wounds, though past, out-number yours to come,
You can but hope the knowledge I have try'd.

13.

His Hilts round Pommel he did then unskrew,
And thence (which he from ancient Precept wore)
In a small Chrystal he a Cordial drew,
That weary life could to her walks restore.

14.

This cure (amazing all it does delight)
His ruins, which so reverend appear,
With wonder not so much surprise their sight,
As a strange object now his Troops draw near.

15.

In whom such death and want of limbs they find,
As each were lately call'd out of his Tomb,
And left some members hastily behind,
Or came, when born, abortive from the Womb.

16.

Yet this defect of Legs, or Arms, or Hands,
Did wondring valour not disturb, but please;
To see what divers weapons each commands
With arts hard shifts, till custom gave them ease.

17.

But the uncomely absence of an Eye,
And larger wants, which ev'ry visage mourn'd,
(Where black did over-vail, or ill supply)
Was that which wonder into horrid turn'd.

18.

And *Ulfin* might be thought (when the rude wind
Lifting their Curtains, left their ruins bare)
A formal Antiquary, gravely kind
To Statues, which he now drew out to air.

19.

The Duke (whose absent knowledge was call'd back
By Cordials pow'r) his wonder did increase
So much, that he agen did knowledge lack,
Till thus old *Ulfin* made his wonder cease.

20.

Auspicious Prince! recorded be this day,
And sung by Priests of each ensuing Age;
On which thou may'st receive, and I may pay
Some debts of duty, as thy Grandsires Page.

21.

That mighty Chief I serv'd in youth's first strength,
Who our short Scepter meant to stretch so far,
Till Eastern Kings might grieve theirs wanted length,
Whose Maps scarce teach where all their Subjects are.

22.

Full many stormy winters we have seen,
When kindled Valour's heat was all our fire,
Else we in stupid Frosts had fetter'd been,
By which soft sinews are congeal'd to wire.

23.

And many scorching Summers we have felt,
Where Death relieves all whom the sword invades;
And kindly thence (where we should toyling melt)
Leads us to rest beneath eternal shades.

24.

For aid of action he obedience taught,
And silent patience for afflictions cure;
He prais'd my courage when I boldly fought,
But said, They conquer most, that most endure.

25.

The toyls of diligence as much approv'd
As Valour's self, or th'Arts her practise gains;
The care of Men, more than of glory lov'd,
Success rewarded, and successless pains.

26.

To joyfull Victors quenching water sent,
Delightfull wine to their lamenting slaves;
For Feasts have more brave lives than Famine spent,
And Temp'rance more than Trench or Armour saves.

27.

Valour his Mistress, Caution was his Friend;
Both to their diff'rent seasons he appli'd;
The first he lov'd, on th'other did depend;
The first made worth uneasie by her pride.

28.

He to submiss devotion more was given
After a battel gain'd, than ere 'twas fought;
As if it nobler were to thank high Heav'n
For favours past, than bow for bounty sought.

29.

And thus through smarting heat, and aking cold,
Till Heav'ns perpetual Traveller had more
Than thirty journeys through the *Zodiack* told,
I serv'd thy Grandsire, whom I now adore.

30.

For Heav'n in his too ripe and weary age,
Call'd him, where peacefully he rules a Star;
Free'd from the lower El'ments ceaseless rage,
Which last like Monarchs pow'r by needfull war.

31.

Strait thy lamented Father did succeed
To his high place, by *Aribert*'s consent,
Our Ensigns through remoter Lands to lead:
Him too I follow'd till he upward went.

32.

Till that black day on which the *Hunns* may boast
Their own defeat, and we our conquest hide;
For though we gain'd, and they the battel lost,
Yet then thy brave victorious Father dy'd.

33.

And I am stay'd unwillingly behind;
Not caught with wealth, Life's most intangling snare;
Though both my Masters were in giving kind,
As joyfull victors after Battel are.

34.

Whilst thus this aged Leader does express
His and their Story whom this bounty feeds,
His hands the Duke's worst order'd wounds undress
And gently bind; then strait he thus proceeds.

35.

West from those Hills till you *Cremona* reach,
With an unmingled right I gather rent;
By their great Gift who did such precepts teach
In giving, as their wealth is ne'r misspent.

36.

For as their plenteous pity fills my thought,
So their example was not read in vain;
A Thousand, who for them in battel fought,
And now distress'd with Maims, I entertain:

37.

Not giving like to those, whose gifts, though scant,
Pain them, as if they gave with gowty hand;
Such vex themselves, and ease not others wants
But we alike enjoy, a like command.

38.

Most spaciously we dwell, where we possess
All sinless pleasures Nature did ordain;
And who that all may have, yet will have less,
Wiser than Nature, thinks her kindness vain.

39.

A sad resolve, which is a wise mans vow,
From Cities noise, and Courts unpity'd care
Did so divorce me, it would scarce allow
I ere should take one League of distant air.

40.

But that Alarms from each adjacent part
Which borders my abode, disturb'd my rest,
with dreadfull news that gracious *Gradisert*
By *Oswald's* Faction was in fight oppest.

41.

Then it had given your wonder cause to last,
To see the vex'd mistakes this summons wrought
In all my Maim'd Domesticks by their haste,
For some tie on the Limbs which others sought.

42.

Just such mistakes audacious *Ethnicks* say
Will happen where the Righteous hurie are,
Through glad and earnest hatte in the last day,
Whilst others slowly to their doom prepare.

43.

And this had Anger, anger noise had bred,
And Noise, the Enemy of usefull Thought,
Had them to more mistakes than blindness led,
But that our awfull Camps had silence taught.

44.

Silence did Mem'ry, Mem'ry order make,
Order to each did his most wood restore,
For some, who once were stedfast Foot, mistake,
And snatch those limbs which onely Horse-men wore.

45.

Like swift Pursuers on *Arabian* Horse,
These with their needfull Instruments of hold
(which give their strange adapted weapons force)
I mounted strait Five Hundred fully told.

46.

These from the *Lombards* highly have deserv'd,
In Conquests where thy Father did command;
Whom they for Science and affection serv'd,
And lost their Limbs to gain our Sceptet Land.

47.

Which yet are noble, though unsightly signs,
That each in active courage much abounds;
And many a widow'd Mother now repines,
They cannot shew the Men who gave those wounds.

48.

For dearly did the *Huns* for honour pay,
When they deform'd them in a fatal fight;
Since though they strongly struggled for the day,
Yet all they got, was everlasting Night.

49.

And *Oswald*'s Friends, were they not timely gone
(Though all the Faction in one Army were)
Should mourn this act against their Gen'ral's Son,
Who was to Souldiers more than Triumph dear.

50.

For these to Conquest us'd, Retreats dislike;
Thy beauty want, to others Beauty's cost,
With envious rage still at the Face they strike,
And punish Youth, for what in youth they lost.

51.

Thus, though the Duke's amazement be remov'd,
It now returns, gladly on him to gaze,
Who feeds those Fighters whom his Father lov'd;
A gratitude would Virtue's self amaze.

52.

Thou art, said he, (then melted whilst he spake)
So ripe in what nice Heav'n does dearly love,
That Heav'ns remorse for Earth we should mistake,
To think it will forbear thee long above.

53.

As if thy sent for Soul already were
Upon her Wings, so much I give thee gon;
And wish thee left in some Successor here,
That might receive the kindness thou hast shown.

54.

Old *Ulfin* now (but meltingly as he)
T'inrich him, gives the Jewell of his sight;
For strait, with Father's grave authoritie,
He bids his son, young *Ulfinor* alight!

55.

Take him (said he) whose duty I release;
In whom all Heav'ns rewards included are,
For all my Justice in corrupted peace,
And for my mercy in revengeful war.

56.

The fruit Heav'ns sent me by my loyal wife,
In age, the gloomy Eve of endless night;
Which eas'd in me the pain of latter life,
And frustrates death, by fresh succession's sight.

57.

The Duke with passion did this Youth embrace;
Then luckie *Goltho* he call'd forth in view;
Who was this day in Fortun's special grace,
For though no blood he lost, yet much he drew.

58.

Him he with *Ulfinor* does strait unite;
Bids neither strive the other to precede,
Unless when danger doth them both invite,
But be, even in nice Rivalship agreed.

59.

Bids both their Breasts be eithers open book,
Where nought is writ too hard for sodain Eies;
But thought's plain Text grows easie by a look:
Study breeds doubt, where reading should suffice.

60.

But these to joyn Nature no Counsel needs;
Whom Sympathy, her secret Priest, does wed;
Much fam'd will be their loves, and Martial Deeds;
Which fill all Books that are of *Lombards* read.

61.

With gracious Eyes, and Bodie lowly bent,
The Duke his Fathers rev'rend Troops salutes;
To *Bergamo* He holds his first intent;
Which to oppose, old *Ulfin* thus disputes.

62.

Thou seest (my Prince) the faint decays of Light;
How hastily the Suns hot Steeds begin
To mend their pace, as if their longing sight
Had newly spy'd their usual Western Inn.

63.

Too far is pleasant *Bergamo* from hence,
Since Day has reach'd so near his journeys end;
Days strength and yours are at their last expence;
Do not whilst both are wasting, both misspend.

64.

You and Your wounded must with Nature strive,
Till all (whose few hours sway to day excels
Their elder Foes long reign in Camps) arrive
Where *Astragon* the wise and wealthy dwels.

65.

Rich is that Lord, and rich in learnings wealth;
Art flies his test, he all Art's test endures;
Our Cities send their sick to him for health,
Our Camps the wounded for their certain cures.

66.

Though cautious Nature, check'd by Destinie,
Has many secrets she would ne'r impart;
This fam'd Philosopher is Natures Spie,
And hireless gives th' intelligence to Art.

The

67.

The Duke with virtue (antiquated now)
Did rev'rence Counſel, and to Age did bend;
His firſt Courſe alters, and does this allow;
Then *Ulſin* as their Guide they all attend.

68.

Soon they the Pallace reach'd of *Aſtragon*;
Which had its beauty hid by envious Night,
Whoſe Cypreſs Curtain drawn before the Sun,
Seem'd to perform the Obſequies of light.

69.

Yet Light's laſt rays were not intirely ſpent,
For they diſcern'd their paſſage through a Gate,
Whoſe height and ſpace ſhew'd ancient ornament,
And Ancients there in carefull Office ſate.

70.

Who by their Weights and Meaſures did record
Such num'rous Burdens as were thither brought
From diſtant Regions, to their learned Lord;
On which his Chymicks and Diſtillers wrought.

71.

But now their common buſ'neſs they refrain,
When they obſerve a quiet ſullenneſs
And bloody marks in ſuch a civil Train;
Which ſhew'd at once their worth and their diſtr[ess]

72.

The voice of *Ulſin* they with gladneſs knew,
Whom to this houſe long neighbourhood indeer'd,
Approaching Torches perfected their view,
And taught the way till *Aſtragon* appear'd.

72.

Who ſoon did *Ulſin* chearfully embrace,
The viſits cauſe by whiſpers he receiv'd;
Which firſt he hop'd was meant him as a grace,
But being known, with manly ſileuce griev'd.

And

74.

And then with geſtures full of grave reſpect,
The Duke he to his own apartment led;
To each diſtinct retirements did direct,
And all the wounded he ordain'd to Bed.

75.

Then thin digeſtive food he did provide,
More to enable fleeting ſtrength to ſtay;
To wounds well ſearch'd he cleanſing wines apply'd,
And ſo prepar'd his rip'ning Balſoms way.

76.

Balm of the Warriour's herb, *Hypericon!*
To warriour's as in uſe, in form decreed;
For through the leaves tranſparent wounds are ſhown;
And rudely touch'd, the Golden Flower does bleed.

77.

For ſleep they juice of pale *Nymphæa* took,
Which grows (to ſhew that it for ſleep is good)
Near ſleep's abode, in the ſoft murm'ring Brook:
This cools, the yellow Flow'r reſtrains the Bloud;

78.

And now the weary world's great Med'cin, Sleep,
This learned Hoſt diſpenc'd to ev'ry Gueſt;
Which ſhuts thoſe wounds where injur'd Lovers weep,
And flies Oppreſſours to relieve th' Oppreſt.

79.

It loves the Cottage, and from Court abſtains,
It ſtills the Sea man though the Storm be high;
Frees the griev'd Captive in his cloſeſt Chains,
Stops wants loud Mouth, & blinds the treach'rous Spie!

80.

Kind Sleep, Night's welcome Officer, does ceaſe
All whom this Houſe contains till day return;
And me, Grief's Chronicler, does gently eaſe,
Who have behind ſo great a taſk to mourn.

*The end of the First Book.*

GON-

# GONDIBERT.

## The Second Book.

### *CANTO the Firſt.*

#### The ARGUMENT.

*VERONA by the Poet's Pencil drawn;*
*where* HURGONIL *did meet the early dawn:*
*Her wealth ſhown by each Dwellers early'r care,*
*Which ſoon by others peace, ſhe reap'd by war.*
*The ſlain, whoſe life her ſactue was and pride,*
*Are now in death their Fun'ral Rites den'd.*

1.

SUnk near his Evening Region was the Sun,
When *Hurgonil* with his lamented Load,
And faithfull *Tybalt* their ſad march begun
To Fair *Verona*, where the Court abode.

2.

They ſlowly rode till Night's dominion ceaſt;
When infant Morn (her ſcarce walk'd beams diſplay'd)
With a ſcant face peept ſhylie through the Eaſt,
And ſeem'd as yet of the black world afraid.

3.

But by increaſe of ſwift expanſive light,
The loſt Horizon was apparent grown,
And many Tow'rs ſalute at once their ſight;
The diſtant boaſts of an Imperial Town.

*Verona,*

4.

*Verona*, sprung from noble *Vera*'s name,
Whom careless Time (still scatt'ring old Records
Where they are loosly gather'd up by Fame)
Proclaims the chief of ancient *Tuscan* Lords.

5.

*Verona* borders on that fatal Plain,
Whose barren thirst was quench'd with valiant blood,
When the rough *Cymbrians* by fierce *Marius* slain,
Left Hills of Bodies where their Ensigns stood.

6.

So safely proud this Town did now appear,
As if it but immortal Dwellers lack'd;
As if *Theodorick* had ne'r been there,
Nor *Attila* her wealth and beauty sack'd.

7.

Here *Hargesil* might follow with his Eye
(As with deep stream it through the City pass'd)
The fruitfull and the frighted *Adice*,
Which thence from noise and nets to sea does haste.

8.

And on her peopled Bank they might behold
The toyls of conquest paid with works of pride;
The Palace of King *Agilulf* the old,
Or Monument, for ere 'twas built, he dy'd.

9.

To it that Temple joyns, whose lofty Head
The prospect of a swelling Hill commands;
In whose cool womb the City springs are bred:
On *Dorique* Pillars this tall Temple stands.

10.

This to sooth Heav'n the bloody *Clephes* built,
As if Heav'ns King so soft and easie were,
So meanly hous'd in Heav'n, and kind to guilt,
That he would be a Tyrant's Tenant here.

11.

And how they might arreſt the ſt wand'ring ſighte
With that which makes all other Objects loſt;
Makes *Lombard* greatneſs ſhrink to *Roman* height,
And Modern Builders bluſh, that elſe would boaſt;

12.

An Amphytheater which has controll'd
Unheeded conqueſts of advancing Age,
Winds which have made the trembling world look old,
And the uncivil *Goth*'s malicious rage.

13.

This great *Flaminius* did in youth erect,
Where Cities ſat to ſee whole Armies play
Death's ſerious part: but this we may neglect
To mark the buſ'neſs which begins with day.

14.

As Day now op'ning fils the *Hemiſphear*,
And all at once; ſo quickly ev'ry ſtreet
Does by an inſtant op'ning full appear,
When from their dwellings buſie Dwellers meet.

15.

From wider Gates Oppreſſours ſally there;
Here creeps th'afflicted through a narrow Door;
Groans under wrongs he has not ſtrength to bear,
Yet ſeeks for wealth to injure others more.

16.

And here the early Lawyer mends his pace,
For whom the earlier Client waited long;
Here greedy Creditours their Debtours chace,
Who ſcape by herding in th' indebted Throng.

17.

Th'advent'rous Merchant, whom a Storm did wake,
(His Ships on *Adriatick* Billows toſt)
Does hope of Eaſtern winds from Steeples take,
And haſtens there a Currier to the Coaſt.

Here

18

Here through a secret Postern issues out
The skar'd Adult'rer, who out-slept his time;
Day, and the Husbands Spie alike does doubt,
And with a half hid face would hide his crime.

19.

There from sick mirth neglectful Feasters reel,
Who cares of want in wine's false *Lethe* steep.
There anxious empty Gamsters homeward steal,
And fear to wake, ere they begin to sleep.

20.

Here stooping Lab'rers slowly moving are;
Beasts to the Rich, whose strength grows rude with ease;
And would usurp, did not their Rulers care,
With toile and tax their furious strength appease.

21.

There th' Aged walk, whose needless carefulness
Infects them past the Mindes best med'cin, sleep;
There some to Temples early vows address,
And for th'ore busie world most wisely weep.

22.

To this vast Inn, where Tydes of strangers flow,
The Morn and *Hurgonil* together came;
The Morn, whose Dewy wings appear'd but slow,
When Men the motion mark'd of swifter Fame.

23.

For Fame (whose journeys are through waies unknown,
Traceless and swift, and changing as the wind)
The Morn and *Hurgonil* had much out-gone,
Whilst temp'rate Truth mov'd patiently behind.

24

For some the Combat (to a Batail grown)
Did apprehend in such prodigious shape,
As if their living to the Dead were gone,
And onely Fame did by her Wings escape.

Some

25.

Some ſaid this Hunting falſely was deſign'd,
That by pretence both Factions might prepare
Their Armies to conteſt for *Rhodalina*,
The Crown's chief Jewel, and Reward of War.

26.

And ſome report (ſo far they range from Truth
Who for intelligence muſt follow Fame)
That then from *Bergamo* th'eneamped Youth,
With *Gondibert*, to this dire Hunting came.

27.

And ſome, that *Oſwald* had enlarg'd his Train
With the old Troops by his bold Father led;
And that of theſe the nobler half were ſlain,
The reſt were to their Camp at *Breſcia* fled.

28.

And as dire Thunder rowling ore Heav'ns vault,
By murmure threatens, ere it kills aloud;
So was this fatal news in whiſper brought,
Which menac'd, ere it ſtruck the liſt'ning Croud.

29.

But Rumour ſoon to high extreams does move,
For firſt it *Oſwald* nam'd with dreadfull voice;
Then ſaid that Death had widow'd Truth and Love,
By making *Gondibert* the ſecond choice.

30.

And to all hearts ſo dear was *Gondibert*,
So much did Pitie, *Oſwald*'s Valour priſe,
That ſtrait their early buſ'neſs they defert,
And fix on wounded *Hurgonil* their Eyes.

31.

Him when by perfect day they ſadly knew,
Through hidde wounds, whoſe blood his beauty ſtain'd,
Even from the Temples, Angels ſoon withdrew,
So fawcely th'afflicted there complain'd.

32.

The People straight united clamour gave,
Shriek'd loud like Sea-men split on a strange Coast;
As if those Pow'rs were deaf who should them save,
And Pray'rs no louder than the winds were lost.

33.

Now, with impatience urg'd, he does declare
Whom he so mournfully in Fun'ral brought;
The publick losses of a private war,
Who living, love, and valour, dying taught.

34.

For he does *Hugo* and *Arnoldo* name,
To these (said he) *Verona* Cradles gave,
And since in forreign Fields they rais'd her Fame,
They challenge here, though much too soon, a Grave.

35.

Bring sprinklings, Lamps, and th'Altar's precious breath;
All Rites which Priests have prudently devis'd,
Who gratefully a rev'rence teach to death;
Because they most by dying men are priz'd.

36.

But though our loss we justly may complain,
Though even by Priests authority we grieve;
Yet Heav'n's first bounty, Life, let none disdain,
Since *Gondibert*, our chief Delight, does live.

37.

This heard, as Sea-men near a Shore unknown,
Who their North Guide lose in a Stormy night,
His absence with distracted silence moan,
And loudly welcome his return to sight:

38.

So when their great Conductor seem'd to be
Retir'd to endless shades amongst the slain,
With silent grief they seem'd as dead as he,
But with new life welcom'd his life again.

39.

And now that cold remainder Valour left
Of theſe whom Love had loſt, and Fate forſook,
The Two that were of all but Fame bereft,
From *Hargonil* the weeping People took.

40.

Whilſt of them both ſad *Hargonil* takes leave,
Till th' univerſal meeting Faith provides;
The Day when all ſhall publickly receave
Thoſe Bodies, Death does not deſtroy, but Hides.

41.

Then to his Palace he retires by ſtealth,
His wounds from his lov'd Miſtreſs to conceal,
On whoſe dear joys ſo much depends his health;
The wounds her Tears ſhould touch would never heal.

42.

To the chief Temple ſtraight the People bear
The valiant Rivals, who for love were ſlain;
Whom all the peaceſull Prieſts behold with fear,
And griev'd ſuch Gueſts they durſt not entertain.

43.

For ſoon the Prior of their Brotherhood (pray'r)
(Who long ſerv'd Heav'n with praiſe, the world with
Cry'd out, this holy Houſe is ſhut to blood,
To all that die in combat or deſpair.

44.

Theſe by their bloody marks in Combat dy'd,
Through anger, the diſeaſe of Beaſts uncem'd;
Whoſe wrath is hunger, but in Men 'tis pride,
Yet theirs is cruelty, ours courage nam'd.

45.

Here the neglected Lord of peace does live;
Who taught the wrangling world the rules of love,
Should we his dwelling to the wrathfull give,
Our Sainted Dead would riſe, and he remove.

46.

Well by his precepts may we punish strife,
Whose pitie knew that Famine, Plague, and Time,
Are Enemies enough to humane life,
None need ore-charge Death's Quiver with a crime.

47.

To unfrequented Fields bear then your slain,
Where neither Dirge nor Requiem shall be giv'n;
To those who by usurp'd Revenge disdain
To take from Men, neglects they put on Heav'n.

48.

But now the People's passions run too far;
Their untaught love, artless extreams does wed;
Of times they like the past, and since they are
Oppress still by the living, love the Dead:

49.

And now resolve these Rivals shall not lose
The Rites of Sprinkling, Incense, Lights, and Song;
Then as the voice of all their Minds, they chuse
An Oratour, of rude, but ready Tongue:

50.

Who at the Temple Gate thus pleads aloud!
We know, though Priests are Pensioners of Heav'n,
Your Flock which yields best rent, is this dull Croud;
The learn'd examine why their Fleece is giv'n.

51.

Though by the Rich first shorn, to you they bear
A second tribute, and by zeal support
Temples which Kings for glory raise, and where
The Rich for fame, the Learn'd as Spies resort.

52.

Temples are yours, not God's lov'd Palaces,
Where Off'rings make not his, but your own Feasts;
Where you most wisely live, because at ease,
And entertain your Founders as your Guests:

53.

With eaſe you take what we provide with care;
And we (who your Legation muſt maintain)
Find all your Tribe in the Commiſſion are;
And none but Heav'n could ſend ſo large a Train.

54.

But being all Ambaſſadours from thence,
The growing charge will ſoon exceed our rent,
Unleſs you pleaſe to treat at his expence
Who ſent you; not at ours, where you are ſent.

55.

The ancient Laws liv'd in the Peoples voice;
Rites you from Cuſtom, not from Canon draw;
They are but faſhions of a graver choice,
Which yield to Laws, and now our voice is Law.

56.

This *Tybalt* heard with ſorrow and diſdain,
(Who here with *Hurgmil* a Mourner came)
And ſtrait the peacefull Fathers ſtrives to gain,
And thus the Peoples Oratour reclaim.

57.

Moſt uſefull Fathers! ſome trace ſecret things
Even to his Cloſet, who is hid in Heav'n;
Vainly as *Nilus* to his hidden ſprings,
And not enjoy, but cenſure what is giv'n.

58.

You with ſuch temper their intemp'rance bear,
To ſhew your ſolid ſcience does rely
So on it ſelf, as you no trial fear;
For Arts are weak that are of Scepticks ſhie.

59.

Though in your Office humane ſafety lies,
Which opes that Hell the vicious vulgar fear,
Yet never can the People Prieſthood priſe;
As if from Heav'n your daily errands were.

60.

Not that your meſſage, Truth, they diſeſteem,
Or think it comes from any other way,
But that they Taxes hate, and Truth does ſeem
Brought as a Tax, when they the Bringers pay.

61.

Thus we to Beaſts, fall from our noble kind,
Making our Paſtur'd Bodies all our care;
Allowing no ſubſiſtence to the Mind,
For Truth we grudge her as a coſtly fare.

62.

But if they fear (ſince daily you renew
Diſputes) your Oracles are doubtfull ſtill
As thoſe of old; yet more reward is due
To pains, where ſo uneaſie is the ſkill.

63.

Or if no ſkill they think it, but ſuppoſe
'Tis Faith (& Faith ne'r thinks Heav'n's height too hig
Yet Faiths ſo ſev'ral be, that few are thoſe
Can chuſe right wings, when they to Heav'n would fli

64.

Or if they think, Faith humane help tranſcends,
And to your Science is ſo ſtrict a bound
As Death to Valour is, where daring ends;
And none are fartheſt in that Progreſs found;

65.

Yet in our walk to our laſt home deſign'd,
'Tis ſafe by all the ſtudy'd Guides to go;
Leſt we in death, too late, the knowledge find
Of what in life 'twas poſſible to know.

66.

Your Pomp, by which your Pow'r in count'nance dures,
Though coſtly, coſts much leſs than Camps or Laws;
And more than both, Religion us ſecures;
Since Hell (your Priſon) more than dying aws.

Fo

67.

For though the plain Judge, Conscience, makes no show,
But silently to her dark Session comes,
Nowes red Law does to arraignment go,
Or War to Execution with loud Drums;

68.

Though she on Hills sets not her *Gibbets* high,
Where frightfull Law sets hers; nor bloody seems
Like War in Colours spred, yet secretly
She does her work, and many a Man condemns.

69.

Chokes in the seed, what Law, till ripe, ne'r sees;
What Law would punish, Conscience can prevent;
And so the world from many Mischiefs frees;
Known by her Cures, as Law by punishment.

70.

The weaker sighted ever look too nigh;
But their disputes have made your Charter good;
As doubted Tenures, which long pleadings trie,
Authentick grow by being much withstood.

71.

These Chiefs, for whom we holy Rites desire,
By well fought Fields begot this Cities peace;
Oft with their blood have quench'd intestine fire;
And oft our famines chang'd to glad excess.

72.

Their Rites let not the people be deny'd,
Though by unmatur'd kindness rudely fought;
Nor think they have in private Combat dy'd,
Where *Gondibert* and mighty *Oswald* fought.

73.

Both Princes of the *Lombards* royal blood;
For whom full Thrice Three Hundred number'd are,
Whose anger strove to make their anger good:
Number gives strife th'authentick name of War.

74.

This said, Wars cause these Priests no more debate,
They knew, War's Justice none could ere decide;
At that more specious name they open strait,
And sacred Rites of Fun'ral they provide.

75.

How vain is Custom, and how guilty Pow'r?
Slaughter is lawfull made by the excess;
Earth's partial Laws, just Heav'n must needs abhor,
Which greater crimes allow, and damn the less.

## CANTO the Second.

### The ARGUMENT.

*Fame's progress through* Verona, *when she brings*
*Ill news enlarg'd, as her extended wings.*
*The Combat's cause shakes* ARIBERT'S *great mind*
*And the effects more conquers* RHODALIND.
*Meek* ORNA'S *fears, proud* GARTHA'S *bold disdain*
*And* LAURA *kindly dying for the Slain.*

1.

TO Streets (the Peoples Region) early Fame
First brought this grief, which all more tragick make
And next, to the triumphant Court she came,
Where prosp'rous Pow'r sleeps long, though Sutors wake

2.

But yet the early King (from Childhood bred
To dangers, toyls, and courser wants of war)
Rose up to rule, and left soft Love in bed,
Could conquer Lands and Love, but stoopt to Care.

Cat

3.

Care, that in Cloysters onely seals her Eies,
Which Youth thinks folly, Age as wisdom owns;
Fools by not knowing her, out live the wise;
She Visits Cities, but she dwells in Thrones.

4.

Care, which King *Aribert* with Conqueſt gain'd,
And is more sure to him than Realms intail'd;
Wak'd him to know why Rumor thus complain'd,
Or who in battail bled, or who prevail'd?

5.

Young *Hurgonil* (who does his wounds conceal,
Yet knew it did his dutious care import
That some just witness should his cause reveal)
Sent *Tybalt* to appease, and taſt the Court.

6.

To that proud Palace which once low did lie
In *Parian* Quarries, now on Columes stands:
*Ionique* Props that bear their Arches high,
Which conquer'd treasure rais'd with *Tuscan* Hands.

7.

So vaſt of heighth, to which such space did fit
As if it were o're-cyz'd for Modern Men;
The ancient Giants might inhabit it;
And there walk free as winds that pass unseen,

8.

The *Monarch's* wealth this shew'd in all the parts;
But the attendant Guards denote him wise;
Who on the weather of his Peoples hearts,
For a short Course, not voyages, relies.

9.

Through many Guards(all watchful,calm,and bold)
*Tybalt* did pass the first magnifick Square;
And through ascents does enter to behold,
Where the States Head and Eies assembled are.

There

10.

There sat the King, on whose consid'rate Brow
Sixtie experienc'd Summers he discern'd,
Which made him ripe, and all of Conduct know
That from success is own'd, from losses learn'd.

11.

Near him the Empire's strict Surveyors sate;
Whose universal sight no object lose;
Who see not crimes too soon, nor worth too late;
Find dangers seed, and choke it ere it grows.

12.

He wealth nor birth preferr'd to Councels places;
For Counsel is for use, not ornament;
Souls are alike, of rich and ancient Races;
Though Bodies claim distinctions by descent.

13.

Here boyling Youth, nor frozen Age can sit:
It would in Subjects scorn of ruling Breed,
If that great work should such small ayds admit,
And make them hope that they no rulers need.

14.

Nature too oft by birth-right does prefer
Less perfect Monarchs to a busie Throne;
Yet more than her, Courts by weak Counc'lers err,
In adding Cyphers where she made but one.

15.

To this wise King, sage *Tybalt* did relate
The Combats cause, with truth's severe extent;
Reveals that fire which kindl'd *Oswald*'s hate;
For which such precious valour was misspent.

16.

Gives *Gondibert* a just record of praise;
First how unwilling, then how bold in fight;
And crowns the Conquer'd with the Victor's Bayes,
When Manhood bids him do their valour right:

17.

At last recounts the wounded and the slain;
And how Prince *Hubert* and the Duke retir'd;
From nothing brave or great he did refrain,
But his own deeds, which doing were admir'd.

18.

This *Arribert* with outward patience heats,
Though wounded by the cause for which they fought;
With mod'rate joy the death of *Oswald* hears;
Yet justly to extreams it inward wrought.

19.

*Tybalt* he now with peacefull looks discharg'd;
And then his thoughts (imprison'd in his breast)
He straight by libertie of Tongue inlarg'd;
Which thus unto his Councel he addrest.

20.

With what a diff'rence Nature's pallate tasts
The sweetest draught which Art provides her, Pow'r:
Since Pow'r, Pride's Wine, but high in relish last
Whilst fuming new, for Time does turn it sow'r?

21.

Yet Pow'r, Earth's tempting Fruit, Heav'n first did plant
From Mans first Serpent safe, Ambition's reach;
Else *Eden* could not serve Ambition's want;
Whom no command can rule, nor precept teach.

22.

Pow'r is that luscious wine, which does the bold,
The wise, and noble most Intoxicate;
Ads time to Youth, and takes it from the Old;
Yet I by surfeit this Elixer hate.

23.

I curse those Wars that make my glory last;
For which the *Tuscan* Widows curse me more;
The barren Fields where I in Arms did fast,
That I might surfeit on luxurious pow'r.

Thou

24.

Thou *Hermegild*, who art for valour Crown'd,
For honour truſted, and for wiſdom heard;
And you whom Counſel has no leſs renown'd,
Obſerve how virtue againſt peace has err'd.

25.

Still I have fought, as if in Beauty's ſight,
Out-ſuffer'd patience, bred in Captives Breaſts;
Taught faſts, till Bodies like our Souls grew light;
Out-watch'd the jealous, and out-labour'd Beaſts.

26.

Theſe were my merits, my reward is Pow'r,
An outward Trifle, bought with inward peace;
Got in an Age, and rifled in an hour;
When ſeav'riſh love, the People's Fit, ſhall ceaſe.

27.

For did not Pow'r on their frail love depend,
Prince *Oſwald* had not treated with that love;
Whoſe glory did in haſtie darkneſs end;
A ſpark which vaniſh'd, as it upward ſtrove.

28.

By ſcorn of dangers and of eaſe, he ſought
The *Lombards* hearts, my *Rhodalind*, and Crown;
And much his youth had by his practice wrought,
Had *Gondibert* not levell'd his renown:

29.

Had *Gondibert* not ſtaid the Peoples Eyes
(Whoſe virtue ſtept 'twixt *Oſwald* and their ſight)
Who knows but *Rhodalind* had been his Priſe,
Or war muſt have ſecur'd Paternal right.

30.

Sad and uneaſie is a long-kept Throne;
Not that the People think long pow'r unjuſt,
But that for change, they wiſh beſt Monarchs gone;
Fond change, the People's ſoon repented luſt!

31.
I did advance (though with ſome jealous pain)
A forward virtue to my ſubjects love;
Leſt one leſs temp'rat ſhould their favour gain;
Whom their unſtudy'd choice would more approve.

32.
To thee ſage *Hermegild* my ſelf I leave,
My fame and pow'r: Thee action cannot waſte;
Caution retard, nor promptitude deceave;
Slowneſs belate, nor Hope drive on too faſt.

33.
Think *Hubert* Heir to *Oſwald*'s bold pretence;
To whom the Camp at *Breſcia* is inclin'd;
The Duke at *Bergamo* will ſeek defence;
And theſe are ſeeds of war for *Rhodalind*.

34.
This ſaid, his Councel he diſmiſs'd, who ſpy'd
A growing rage, which he would fain conceal;
They durſt but nicely ſearch, what he would hide,
Leſt they inflame the wound that elſe might heal.

35.
They haſte to ſev'ral Cares, ſome to allay
Court's hectick Feaver, Faction (which does reign
Where Luxury, the Syre of Want, does ſway)
Some to appeaſe th'Alliance of the ſlain.

36.
But Order now bids us again purſue
Th' unweary'd Motion of unhappie Fame;
From Fields to Streets, from Streets to Court ſhe flew;
Where firſt ſhe to the Kings Apartment came.

37.
Thence through the Palace ſhe her wings did air;
And as her Wings, her Tongue too never ceas'd;
Like reſtleſs Swallows in an Evening fair:
At laſt does on a peaceſull dwelling reſt.

38.

Where Sleep does yet that gentle Sex poſſeſs,
Who ne'r ſhould more of Care's rude wakings know,
But what may help ſad Lovers to ſucceſs;
Or imp Loves wings when *Hymen* thinks them ſlow.

39.

There Lovers ſeek the Royal *Rhodalind*;
Whoſe ſecret breaſt was ſick for *Gondibert*;
And *Orna*, who had more in publick pin'd
For *Hurgonil*, the Monarch of her heart.

40.

And there the killing *Laura* did reſide;
See, of whoſe Eyes the *Lombard* Youth Complain;
Yet often ſhe for noble *Arnold* di'd;
And knew not now her Murderer was ſlain.

41.

Nor *Hugo*, who was all with love indu'd;
Whom ſtill with tears the *Lombard* Ladies name;
Eſteeming Modern Lovers falſe, and rude,
And Poets falſer when they ſing their fame.

42.

Theſe Beauties (who could ſoften Tyrant Kings)
Sleep now conceal'd within there Curtains ſhade;
Till rudely Fame, by ſhaking loud her wings
Diſturb'd their Eyes, and their wak'd hearts diſmay'd.

43.

They heard in parcels by imperfect ſound,
A tale too diſmal to be underſtood;
That all their Lovers lay in hallow'd ground;
Temples their Bodies hid, the Fields their blood.

44.

That this dire Morn to ſad *Verona* brought
The Duke and *Oſwald*, of lov'd life depriv'd;
And that of all who their fierce battel fought,
Onely the mangled *Hurgonil* ſurviv'd.

45.

This Tale, Fam's course, officious Friends convey'd,
(Which are attendant Slaves, and Palace Grooms)
Who by the Lover of some busie Maid,
From outward Courts sent it to inward Rooms.

46.

Such horrour brought, where love had onely us'd,
Did yet breed more amazement than belief;
Whilst *Orna* now, and *Laura* shie confus'd
To *Rhodalind*, Truth's Altar, for relief.

47.

There with disorder'd voyces they compare,
And then derive what each has loosly learn'd;
Each hope applies, where others most despair;
As doubting all but where her self 's concern'd.

48.

This weeping conf'rence had not lasted long,
When *Tybalt*, free from *Aribert*'s commands,
Scapes the assembling Court's inquiring Throng,
And enters here; where first he doubtfull stands.

49.

For Pitie, when he ruin'd *Laura* spi'de.
Bids his discretion artfully complain;
And shew far off, what Truth not long can hide:
Death at a distance seen, may ease fears pain.

50.

Their bus'nes now he can no more forbear;
For who on their urg'd patience can prevail,
Whose expectation is provok'd with fear?
He therefore thus their patience did assail.

51.

Kind Heav'n that gave you virtue, give you peace;
Delightfull as your Beauties be your Minds;
Still may your Lovers your renown increase,
Though he who honour seeks, first danger finds!

Still

52

Still may your beauty bear that ancient rate,
Which beautie was chaſte Honours Merchandice;
When Valor was chief Factor in Love's State;
Danger, Love's ſtamp, and Beautie's currant price.

53.

Renown'd be *Oſwald*, who in high belief
Of *Rhodalind*, her love with danger ſought;
In Love's Records be *Gondibert* the chief,
Who for her right, not for his own has fought.

54.

Though theſe for mighty minds deſerve Fame's voice;
Yet *Orna* needs muſt boaſt of *Hurgonil*;
Whoſe dangers well have juſtifi'd her choice,
And might alone Fame's publick Trumpet fill.

55.

Enlarg'd be Honor's Throne, that *Arnold* there
And *Hugo* may for ever ſit and reſt,
Free from their Valor's toyls, and *Laura's* fear;
Which more than wounds diſorder'd eithers Breaſt,

56.

This ſaid, he paws'd; finds each diſtruſts his art;
For Hope and Doubt came and return'd apace,
In chang'd Complexion from th'uncertain heart,
Like frighted Scowts for Tidings to the Face.

57.

His Eie ſeem'd moſt imploy'd on *Rhodalind*;
Whoſe love above her baſhful caution ſways;
For naming *Gondibert*, he ſoon did find,
Her ſecret Soul ſhew'd pleaſure at his praiſe.

58.

Yet when ſhe found her comforts did not laſt,
And that as Oracles, the future taught
He hid Truth's Face, and darkned what was paſt;
Thus Truth through all her mourning Vails ſhe ſought

59.

Why in these Ladies do you lengthen pain,
By giving them Grief's common med'cin, Doubt?
Ease those with death, whose Lovers now are slain;
Life's fire a Feaver is, when Love's is out.

60.

Yet think not that my cares peculiar are;
Perhaps I from religious pitie learn'd,
In Virtue's publick loss to take some share;
For there, all but the vicious are concern'd.

61.

Your Prudence, Royal Maid (he straight replies)
More than your birth, may claim the *Lombards* Crown;
Who'ere in conquest of your favour dies;
For life's lost Inch, shall find a long renown.

62.

Then happy *Oswald* who is sure to gain,
Even by Ambition that undoes the wise;
Great was th'attempt for which he's nobly slain;
And gets him praise, though he has miss the Prize.

63.

But happier *Gondibert*, who does survive
To beg your Mercy, that he thus hath dar'd
To own that cause, for which the world might strive;
And conq'ring, rakes his wounds for his reward.

64.

Be *Hurgonil* long distant from his Grave,
Whose life was so important in this cause;
Who for each wound he took, a wider gave,
And lives t' enjoy the pleasure of applause.

65.

To say, how *Hugo* and Lord *Arnold* strove
For victory; and mention their event,
Were to provide such fun'ral rites for Love,
As Death would be cloth Mourner, and repent.

65.

Now *Laura*'s blood back to her liver fled;
True Beautie's Mint: For by her Heart, Love's Throne,
Beautie's call'd in, like Coyn, when Kings are dead
As if not current, now her Lover's gone.

67.

And like her beauty, she had darkned life,
But that with sprinkled water they restore
(By sudden cold, with sudden heat at strife)
Her spirits to those walks they us'd before.

68.

She *Arnold* calls, then left that name again;
Which *Rhodaliad*, and *Orna*'s tears bemone,
Who busily would her spent strength sustain,
Though Hope has scarcely yet brought back their own.

69.

Now they her Temples chaf'd, and straight prepare
Hot Eastern Fumes to reach her Brain tool'd fence;
With Wine's fierce spirits these extracted are,
Which warm but slowly, though of swift expence.

70.

Yet now again she breath'd Lord *Arnold*'s name,
Which her apt Tongue through custom best expresst,
Then to stay Life, that so unwilling came,
With Cordial Epithems they bath'd her breast.

71.

Th' attendant Maids, by *Tybalt*'s ready aid,
To stop her Mourners tears, convey her now
Where she may ease in her own Curtain's shade
Her weary heart, and grief more Tongue allow.

72.

No sooner was this pity'd *Laura* gone,
But *Oswald*'s sister, *Gartha* the renowned!
Enters, as if the world were overthrown,
Or in the tears of the afflicted drown'd.

Un-

73.

Unconquer'd as her beauty was her mind;
Which wanted not a ſpark of *Oſwald*'s fire.
Ambition low'd, but ne'r to Love was kind;
Vex'd Thrones did more than quiet ſhades deſire.

74.

Her Garments now in looſe neglect ſhe wore,
As ſuted to her wild dis-ſhevell'd hair;
Men in her ſhape might Nature's work adore,
Yet aſk, why Art's nice dreſs was abſent there?

75.

But ſoon they found what made this change appear;
For meeting Truth, which ſlowly follows Fame,
Rage would not give her leaſure for a Tear
To quench (ere he thus ſpake) her paſſions flame.

76.

Blaſted be all your beauties *Rhodalind*,
Till you a ſhame, and terrour be to light;
Unwing'd be Love, and ſlow as he is blind,
Who with your Looks poyſon'd my Brothers light.

77.

Low and neglected be your Father's Throne,
Which like your beauty, *Oſwald* did ore-rate;
Let luckleſs war take Lands from his light Crown,
Till thoſe high cares he want that give it weight!

78.

Let Pow'rs conſumption be his long diſeaſe,
(Heav'ns vexing curb, which makes wild Monarchs tame)
And be he forc'd in froward age to pleaſe
His Favour's Monſter, who devours his Fame.

79.

May you ſoon feel (though ſecret in your love,
As if your love were Sin) the publick ſcorn!
May *Gondibert*, who is your glory, move
Your pitie, when none elſe but you ſhall mourn!

80.

To the dark Inn (where weary Valour, free
From thankleſs dangers reſts) brave *Oſwald*'s gone!
But *Hubert* may, though vanquiſh'd, live to ſee
Your Victor with his victory undone!

81.

This ſaid, ſhe mounts (with a tempeſtuous Brow)
The Chariot her *Calabrian* Courſers drew;
Lifted by Slaves (who ſtill about her bow)
As if with wings of ſwift Revenge ſhe flew.

82.

To *Brefcia's* Camp her courſe ſhe had deſign'd;
And bids her *Tuſcan* Charioter drive on,
As if his Steeds were dieted with wind:
Slow ſeems their ſpeed whoſe thoughts before them ru

83.

The pav'd Streets kindle with her Chariot wheels!
The Omen of wars fire the Citie ſpies,
Which with thoſe ſparks ſtruck by her Courſers heels,
Shine not ſo much as rage does in her Eyes.

84.

Thoſe that obſerv'd her anger, grief, and haſte,
With ancient *Roman* melancholy mourn;
She ſeem'd their Cities Genius as ſhe paſs'd,
Who by their Sins expell'd, would ne'r return.

85.

The gentle Ladies, ſhe has left in tears,
Who no example need, nor cauſe to melt;
For ſoon even grief's Alarms, our foremoſt fears,
Kill thoſe whoſe pain by Love's quick ſence is felt.

86.

And *Rhodalind* her fatal love does blame,
Becauſe ſhe finds it now by *Gartha* ſpy'd;
And does lament Love's fire, which baſhfull ſhame
Cannot reveal, nor her diſcretion hide.

87.

She would not have it waste, nor publick grow,
But last conceal'd like that in *Tullia*'s Urn;
Or that which prosp'rous *Chymists* nicely show;
Which as it thrives, must more in private burn.

88.

Yet straight (grown valiant with her Victors fate)
She would have *Hymen* hold his Torches high;
And Love's fire priz'd, as Vestals theirs did rate;
Which none durst quench, though free to every eye.

89.

Resolves her love whilst this new valour lasts,
Shall undisguis'd her Father's sight endure;
And *Oona* now to her dear Lover hastes;
Whose outward wounds stay for her inward cure.

90.

But here a wonder may arrest our thought,
Why *Tybalt* (of his usual pity void)
To such soft Ears these direfull sorrows brought,
Since to the King he onely was employ'd?

91.

But these are Ridles of mysterious Love!
*Tybalt* in private long for *Laura* pin'd;
And try'd how *Arnold* would her passion move
In death, who living ever fill'd her mind?

92.

And by this trial how she *Arnold* us'd,
He gravely meant to urge or stay his heart;
But much by Love the Cautions are abus'd,
Who his wild Ridles would reduce to Art.

## CANTO the Third.

### The ARGUMENT.

*Dead* OSWALD *to his Camp by* HUBERT *brought;*
*The Camp from pitie, ave to furie wrought;*
*Yet find, when* GARTHA's *looks does them surprise,*
*Their forward Hands diverted by their Eyes:*
*Till with her voice new urg'd, they deeds pursue*
*Which even Revenge would, had it Eyes, eschew.*

1.

WHen from the fatal Forrest *Hubert* rode,
To *Brescia* he and *Borgio* bent their way;
That their, though dead, yet much important Load,
They might with horrour to the Camp convay.

2.

Revenge, impatient *Hubert* proudly fought!
Revenge, which even when just the wise deride;
For on past wrongs we spend our time and thought,
Which scarce against the future can provide.

3.

But Fame before him came, where those are bred
Who to her dismal Tales, faint credit give;
Who could not think their mighty *Oswald* dead,
VVhilst they unconquer'd and unwounded live.

4.

Nor could Fame hope to make this Camp her Seat;
Her Tales, the talking, idle, fearfull, hear;
But these are silent as in stolne retreat,
Busie as life, and like the Dead, past fear.

5.

Near *Melas* flowry Bank this Army lay,
VVhich *Oswald*'s Syre, and *Oswald* oft had led
Against the *Vandals* King; and twice the Day
They gain'd, whilst he from them and Empire fled.

From

6.

From Youth expos'd, like Cattel in the Field;
And not taught warmth, as Citie Infants are;
But colds and fasts, to kill or to be kill'd;
Like th'Elements their birth began with war.

7.

So rev'rend now, and strong in age appear,
As if maintain'd by more than humane breath;
So grave, as if the Councellours they were,
Not Executioners of Tyrant Death.

8.

With silence (order's help, and mark of care)
They chid that noise which needless youth affect;
Still course for use, for health they cleanly were,
And save in well fix'd Arms, all niceness check'd.

9.

They thought, those that unarm'd expos'd frail life,
But naked Nature valiantly betrai'd;
Who was, though naked, safe, till pride made strife;
But made defence must use, now dangers made.

10.

And those who toyl of Armour cannot bide,
Lose Nature's force, which these in custom find;
And make (since strength's but Nature hourly tryd)
The Body weak by softness of the Mind.

11.

They seem'd so calm, and with their age so grave,
So just and civil in their killing trade,
As if all life were crime but what they save;
Or Murder were by method lawfull made.

12.

Yet now that Manhood which those Victors makes
(So weak is Man, where most he may be proud)
Pitie, the tender'st of affections, slakes,
And they become from order, loose, and loud.

13.

Fowhen they saw the Brother of their Chief
ed to their Camp by a defeated Train,
Tey soon, too late scorn'd Rumour, gave belief,
And then by *Hubert*'s wounds thought *Oswald* slain.

14.

But when disguis'd in death they *Oswald* saw,
In a slow Chariot brought with funeral pace;
Themselves in an united Croud they draw;
And give all grief one universal Face.

15.

Wonder (which grows inactive by excess)
Awhile did their unruly passion stay;
The object lasting made their wonder less,
Which fled to give their grief and anger way.

16.

Yet first their grief (which Manhood should restrain)
They vent in womens sighs, with tears allay'd;
As if those women taught them to complain
Who by their Swords are weeping widows made.

17.

As Icie Rocks which frosts together bind;
Stand silent, till as silently they melt,
But when they meet in Currents unconfin'd,
Swell, and grow loud, as if they freedom felt;

18.

So these, unmov'd before, melt quietly
In their first grief, till grief (when tears meet tears,
And sighs meet sighs from ev'ry Breast and Eye)
Unruly grows, and danger's visage bears.

19.

When luckily they heard by whose dire hand
Their Gen'ral fell, they think it cold to pause
Till anger may be guided by command;
And vain to ask of careless Death the cause.

Sor

20.

Some would to *Bergamo* their Enfignes bear
Againſt thoſe Youth which *Gondibert* had led;
Whom they in ſacrifice would offer there,
T'appeaſe the living, and revenge the dead.

21.

And ſome (to ſhew their rage more eminent)
VVould to *Verona* march, and there do deeds
Should make the ſhining Court in blacks lament,
And weep, whilſt the Victorious Faction bleeds.

22.

*Hubert* (who ſaw Revenge advance ſo faſt,
VVhilſt Prudence, ſlower pac'd was left behind)
VVould keep their anger bent, yet ſlack their haſte;
Becauſe the raſh fall oftner then the blind.

23.

He firſt their melting Pity kindly praiſ'd,
VVhich water'd Anger's forge, and urg'd their fire;
That like to Meteors laſts by being raiſ'd,
But when it firſt does ſink, does ſtrait expire.

24

Commends their anger, yet that flame he prays
May keep the temp'rate Chymicks equal heat;
That they in furie might not need allays,
Nor charge ſo raſhly as to want retreat.

25.

Begs they this diſmal night would there remain,
And make the hopeful Morn their Guid; whilſt Grief
(Which high Revenge, as tameneſs ſhould diſdain)
Sleep ſhall conceal, and give his wounds relief.

26

He *Vaſco*, *Paradine*, and *Dargonet*,
VVith *Oſwald*, to the red *Pavilion* ſent;
(Death's equal Priſoners now for Nature's debt)
And then retires with *Borgia* to his Tent.

This

27.

This is the night the *Britains* so bemoan'd;
Who left their beds, and on their walls appear'd;
As if th'oppressed World in Earth-quakes groan'd,
Or that some ruin'd Nation's sighs they heard;

28.

Admir'd what in that Damp such griefs could raise,
Where serious Death so oft had been abus'd,
When even their sportive Fencers Monthly Plays
Profan'd that shape, which States for terror us'd.

29

Yet this loud mourning will no wonder breed,
When we with life lay *Oswald's* errors by,
And use him as the Living use the Dead;
Who first allow men virtue when they die.

30.

Still lib'ral of his life, of wealth as free;
By which he chief in fighting Crowds became;
Who must their Leaders Valors often see;
And follow them for bounty more than fame.

31.

This gen'ral mourning was so loud ness rais'd,
By shewing Gifts he gave, and wounds he took;
They chid at last his life which they had prais'd,
Because such virtue it so soon forsook.

32.

Now Night, by Grief neglected, hastes away!
And they the Morn's officious Usher spie,
The close Attendant on the Lord of Day;
Who shows the warmer of the World is nigh.

33

And now the Drums, the Camps low Thunder, make
War's thick united noise from ev'ry Guard;
Though they *Reveilles* scorn, whom grief does wake,
And sleep, think Nature's curse, not toyls reward.

44.

All night proud *Borgio* (chief in *Hubert*'s truſt)
With haughtie hopes, the Camp does waking keep:
Ambition is more vigilant than Luſt,
And in hope's feaver is too hot to ſleep.

45.

Now Day, and *Hubert* haſte to publick view;
His wounds (unluckie more than dangerous)
Are ſo refreſh'd, that he the Army drew
To a wide groſs, and urg'd their Anger thus.

46.

Friends to my Father! In whoſe wounds I ſee
They envy'd Merit whence his triumphs came;
And Fathers to my Brother, and to me;
For onely you adopted us to Fame!

47.

Forgive me that I there have feebly fought,
Where *Oſwald* in your cauſe did nobly ſtrive;
Whence of his blood theſe veins ſo much have brought,
As makes me bluſh that I am ſtill alive!

48.

Gone is your fighting Youth, whom you have bred
From milkie Childhood to the years of blood!
By whom you joy'd ſo often to be led,
Where firm, as now your Trophies, then you ſtood!

49.

Gon is he now, who ſtill with low regard
Bow'd to your age, your wounds as beautie kiſt;
Knew Age was of your temp'rance the reward;
And Courts in beauty by your ſcars ſubſiſt.

50.

Yet was he not for mean pretenſions ſlain,
Who for your int'reſt, not his own has fought;
Vex'd that the Empire which your wounds did gain,
Was by a young unwounded Army ſought!

41.

For *Gondibert* (to whom the Court must bow,
Now War is with your Favorite overthrown)
Will by his Camp of Boys at *Bergamo*,
Wed her, who to your Valour ows the Crown.

42.

Blame not your Chief for his ambitious fire;
Who was but temp'rate, when he understood
He might the Empire in your right require;
The scant reward of your exhausted blood.

43.

Thus *Hubert* spake, but now so fierce they grow,
That *Borgio* strove to quench whom *Hubert* warm'd;
To *Bergamo*, they cry'd, to *Bergamo!*
And as they soon were vex'd, as soon are arm'd.

44.

For to distinct and spacious Tents they hie,
Where quick as Vests of *Persia* shifted are,
Their Arms (which there in cleanly order lie)
They take from moving Ward-robes of the War.

45.

Arm'd soon as *Porquipins!* as if like those,
Their very rage them with defence supplies;
As born with it, and must have winged Foes
That stoop from Heav'n to harm them by surprise.

46.

With Ensigns now display'd, there Force they draw
To battle order, and begin to move;
But are amus'd by something that they saw,
Which look'd like all that ere they heard of Love.

47.

Unusual to their Camp such objects were,
Yet this no ill effect from wonder wrought;
For it appeas'd them by approching near,
And fatisfi'd their Eyes in all they sought.

48.

And this was *Gartha* in her Chariot drawn;
Who through the swarthie Region of the Night
Drove from the Court; and as a second dawn
Breaks on them like the Morns Reserve of Light.

49.

Through all the Camp she moves with Funeral pace,
And still bows meekly down to all she saw;
Her grief gave speaking beautie to her Face,
Which lowly look'd, that it might pitie draw.

50.

When by her Slaves her name they understood,
Her Lines of feature heedfully they view;
In her complexion track their Gen'ral's bloud,
And find her more than what by fame they knew.

51.

They humbly her to that Pavilion guide,
Where *Hubert* his bold Chiefs with furie fir'd;
But his ambition, when he *Gartha* spy'd
(To give his sorrow place) a while retyr'd.

52.

With his respectfull help she does descend:
Where they, with dear imbraces mingle Tears,
But now her Male Revenge would grief suspend;
Revenge, through Grief, too feminine appears.

53.

But when her dear Allies, dead *Paradine*,
And *Dargonet* she saw that Manliness
Which her weak Sex assum'd, she does decline;
As bred too soft, to manage griefs excess.

54.

Then soon return'd, as loth to shew her Eyes
No more of *Oswald* than she must forsake;
But sorrow's moisture heat of anger dries;
And mounted in her Chariot, thus she spake:

If

55.

If you are those of whom I oft have heard
My Father boast, and that have *Oswald* bred;
Ah, where is now that rage our Tyrant fear'd;
Whose Darling is alive, though yours be dead?

56.

The Court shines out at *Rhodalind*'s commands,
To me (your drooping Flowre) no beam can spare;
Where *Oswald*'s name new planted by your hands,
Withers, as if it lost the Planters care.

57.

From *Rhodalind* I thus disorder'd flie;
Lest she should say, thy Fate unpity'd come!
Go sing, where now thy Fathers Fighters lie,
Thy Brothers Requiem, to their conqu'ring Drums!

58.

The happy Fields by those grave Warriours fought,
(Which from the Dictates of thy aged Syre,
*Oswald* in high Victorious Numbers wrote)
Thou shalt no more sing to thy silenc'd Lyre!

59.

Such scorns, pow'r on unlucky virtue throws,
When Courts with prosp'rous vices wanton are;
Who your Authentick age dispise for those,
Who are to you but Infants of the war.

60.

Thus though she spake, her looks did more perswade;
Like virtuous anger did her colour rise,
As if th' injurious world it would invade,
Whilst tears of rage nor pitie drown her Eyes.

61.

The sun did thus to threatned Nature show
His anger red, whilst guilt look'd pale in all;
When Clouds of Floods did hang about his Brow,
And then shrunk back to let that anger fall.

62.

And so she turn'd her Face, not as to grieve
At ruin, but to lisence what she rais'd;
Whilst they (like common Throngs) all Tongues believe
When Courts are curs'd, but none when they are prais'd.

63.

Like Comets, Courts affict the Vulgar Eye;
And when they largest in their glory blaze,
People through ignorance think plagues are nigh,
And till they waste with mourning wonder gaze.

64.

These scorn the Courts distortion for their ease;
The Active, ease impos'd, like pain endures;
For though calm rest does Ages pains allwage,
Yet few the sickness own to get the cure.

65.

To Heav'n they lift their looks: whose Sun ne'r saw
Rage so agreed, as now he does behold;
Their shining swords all at an instant draw,
And bade him judge next day if they were bold.

66.

And of *Verona* wish'd him take his leave;
Which ere his third return they will destroy,
Till none shall guess by ruins where to grieve,
No more than *Phrygians* where to weep for *Troy*.

67.

Thus *Bergamo* is soon forgot, whilst all
Aloud, *Verona* cry! *Verona* must
(That reach'd the Clouds) low as her Quaries fall!
They Court they'l bury in the Cities dust.

CANTO

## CANTO the Fourth.

### The ARGUMENT.

*At* OSWALD'S *Camp arrives wife* HERMEGILD,
*Whose presence does a new diversion yield;*
*In Council he reveals his secret Breast,*
*Would mingle Love with Empires interest;*
*From rash revenge, to peace the Camp invites,*
*Who* OSWALD'S *Fun'ral grace with Roman Rites.*

1.

IN this distempet wlslst the humours strive
T' assemble, they again diverted are;
For tow'rds their Trenches Twentie Chariots drive,
Swiftly as *Syrians* when they charge in war.

2.

They *Hermegild* with Court attendants spy'd,
Whose haste to *Hubert* does advice intend;
To warn him that just Fate can ne'r provide
For rash beginnings a successfull end.

3.

But fate for *Hermegild* provident well;
This Story else (which him the wise does call)
Would here his private ruin sadly tell,
In hastning to prevent the publick Fall.

4.

His noble blood obscurely had been shed,
His undistinguish'd Limbs torn and unknown,
As is the dust of victors long since dead,
Which *March* in *April's* watry Eyes has blown.

5.

Such was their rage when on *Verona's* way
(With his rich Train) they saw from Court he came;
Till some did their impetuous furie stay,
And gave his life protection for his fame,

To

6.

Told them his Valour had been long allow'd,
That much the *Lombards* to his conduct ow'd;
And this preserv'd him, for the very Crowd
Felt Honour here, and did to valour bow.

7.

Vain Wrath! Deform'd, unquiet Child of Pride!
Which in a few the People madness call;
But when by Number they grew dignify'd,
What's rage in one, is liberty in all.

8.

Through dangers of this lawless liberty,
He like authentick Pow'r does boldly pass;
And with a quiet and experienc'd Eye,
Through Death's foul Vizard, does despise his face.

9.

At *Hubert*'s Tent alights, where *Hubert* now
With *Gartha* of this Torrent does advise;
Which he believes does at the highest flow,
And must like Tides, sink when it cannot rise.

10.

When *Hermegild* he saw, he did disperse
Those cares assembled in his looks, and strove
(Though to his Master, and the Court perverse)
To shew him all the civil signs of Love.

11.

For him in stormy war he glorious knew;
Nor in calm Counsels was he less renown'd;
And held him now to *Ofwald*'s Faction true,
As by his love, the world's first Tenure, bound.

12.

For he (though wasted in the ebb of blood,
When Man's Meridian tow'rds his Evening turns)
Takes against Nature's Law, Lov's Charter good,
And as in raging Youth for *Gartha* burns.

13.

Who did his suit not onely disapprove,
Because the summer of his life was past;
And she fresh blown; but that even highest love
Grows tasteless to Ambition's higher taste.

14.

Yet now in such a great and single cause,
With nice Ambition, nicer Loves complies;
And she (since to revenge he usefull was)
Perswades his hope with Rhet'rick of her Eyes.

15.

A closs division of the Tent they straight
By outward Guards secure from all resort;
Then *Hermegild* does thus the cause relate,
Which to the Camp dispatch'd him from the Court.

16.

Important Prince! who justly dost succeed
To *Oswald*'s hopes, and all my loyal aid;
Virtue as much in all thy wounds does bleed,
As love in me, since wounded by that Maid.

17.

Long have I sayl'd through Times vexatious sea;
And first set out with all that Youth is worth;
The *Tropicks* pass'd of bloods hot bravery,
With all the Sayls, gay Flags, and Streamers forth!

18.

But as in hotter voyages, Ships most
Decay their trim, yet then they chiefly gain
By inward stowage, what is outward lost;
So Men, decays of youth, repair in brain.

19.

If I experience boast when youth decays,
Such vanity may *Gartha*'s pitie move,
Since so I seek your service by self-praise,
Rather than seem unusefull where I love.

20.

And never will I (though by Time supply'd
With such discretion as does Man improve)
To shew discretion, wiser Nature hide,
By seeming now asham'd to say I love.

21.

For Love his pow'r has in gray Senates shown,
Where he, as to green Courts, does freely come;
And though loud youth, his visits makes more known,
With graver Age he's privately at home.

22.

Scarce *Greece*, or greater *Rome* a Victor shows,
Whom more victorious Love did not subdue;
Then blame not me who am so weak to those;
Whilst *Gartha* all exceeds, that ere they knew.

23.

Hope (Love's first food) I ne'r till now did know;
Which Love, as yet but temp'rately devours,
And claims not love for love, since *Gartha* so
For Autumn Leaves, should barter Summer Flowers.

24.

I dare not vainly wish her to be kind,
Till for her love, my Arts and Pow'r have won
The Crown on thee, adorn'd with *Rhadalind*;
Which yet for *Gartha* is a price too low.

25.

This said, he paws'd; and now the hectick heat
Of *Oswald*'s blood, doubled their Pulses pace;
Which high, as if they would be heard, did beat;
And hot Ambition shin'd in either's face.

26.

For *Hermegild* they knew could much out-doe
His words, and did possess great *Aribert*,
Not in the Courts cheap Glass of civil show;
But by a study'd Tenure of the heart.

27.

Whilst this try'd truth does make their wishes sure,
*Hubert* on *Gartha* looks, with suing Eyes
For *Hermegild*, whose love she will endure,
And make Ambition yield what Youth denies.

28.

Yet in this bargain of her self, she knows
Not how to treat; but all her chief desires,
Bids *Hubert*, as the Twins of his, dispose
To glory and revenge; and then retires.

29.

But with such blushes *Hermegild* she leaves,
As the unclouded Evening's Face adorn;
Nor much he for her parting glory grieves,
Since such an Evening bodes a happy Morn.

30.

Now *Hermegild* by vows does *Hubert* binde,
(Vows by their fate in *Lombard* Story known)
He *Gartha* makes the price of *Rhodalind*,
And *Iribert* his Tenant to the Crown.

31.

He bids him now the Armies rage allay;
By rage (said he) onely they Masters are
Of those they chuse, when temp'rate to obay:
Against themselves th'impatient chiefly war.

32.

We are the Peoples Pilots, they our winds;
To change by Nature prone; but Art Lavers,
And rules them till they rise with Stormy Minds;
Then Art with danger against Nature Steers.

33.

Where calms have first amuz'd, Storms most prevail;
Cloe first with calms the Courts suspicious Eyes;
That whilst with all their trim they sleeping sail,
A sudden Gust may wrack them by surprize.

34.

Your Army will (though high in all esteem
That ever rev'renc'd Age to action gave)
But a small Party to *Verona* seem;
Which yearly to such Numbers yields a Grave.

35.

Nor is our vast Metropolis, like those
Tame Towns, which peace has soft'ned into fears;
But Death deform'd in all his Dangers knows;
Dangers, which he like frightfull Vizards wears.

36.

From many Camps, who forreign winters felt,
*Verona* has her conqu'ring Dwellers ta'ne;
In War's great Trade, with richest Nations dealt;
And did their Gold and Fame with Iron gain.

37.

Yet to the mighty *Aribert* it bows;
A King out-doing all the *Lombards* Line!
Whose Court (in Iron clad) by courseness shows
A growing pow'r, which fades when Courts grow fine.

38.

Scorn not the Youthfull Camp at *Bergamo*,
For they are Victors, though in years but young;
The war does them, they it by action know,
And have obedient Minds in bodies strong.

39.

Be slow, and stay for aids, which haste forsakes!
For though Occasion still does Sloth out-go,
The rash, who run from help, she ne'r ore-takes,
Whose haste thinks Time, the Post of Nature, slow.

40.

This is a cause which our Ambition fills;
A cause, in which our strength we should not waste,
Only like Giants, who did heave at Hills;
You 'Tis too unwildy for the force of haste.

41.

A cause for graver Minds that learned are
In mistick Man; a cause, which we must gain
By surer methods than depend on war;
And respite Valour, to employ the brain.

42.

In the King's Scale your merits are too light,
Who with the Duke, weighs his own partial heart;
Make then the gift of Empire publick right,
And get in *Rhodalind* the Peoples part.

43.

But this rough Tide, the meeting Multitude
If we oppose, we make our voyage long;
Yet when we with it row, it is subdu'd;
And we are wise, where Men in vain are strong.

44.

Then to the People sue, but hide your force,
For they believe the strong are still unjust;
Never to armed Suitors yield remorse;
And where they see the pow'r, the right distrust.

45.

Assault their pitie, as the weakest part,
Which the first Plaintiff never fails to move;
They search but in the face to find the heart,
And grief in Princes, more than triumph, love.

46.

And to prepare their pitie, *Gartha* now
Should in her sorrows height with me return;
For since their Eyes at all distresses flow,
How will they at afflicted beauty mourn?

47.

Much such a pledge of Peace will with the King
(Urg'd by my int'rest here) my pow'r improve;
And much my power will to your int'rest bring,
If from the watchfull Court you hide my Love.

48.

If *Gartha* deigns to love, our love must grow
Unseen, like *Mandrakes* weeded under ground;
That I (still seeming unconcern'd) may know
The Kings new depths, which length of trust may sound!

49.

Thus *Hermegild* his study'd thoughts declar'd;
Whilst *Hubert* (who believ'd, discover'd love.
A solid Pledge for hidden faith) prepar'd,
To stay the Camp so furious to remove.

50.

And now their rage (by correspondence spred)
*Borgio* allays, that else like sparks of fire
(which drops at first might drown) by matter fed,
At last to quench the flame may seas require.

51.

As with the Sun they rose in wrath, their wrath
So with his heat increas'd; but now he hastes
Down Heav'ns steep Hill, to his *Atlantick* Bath,
Where he refreshes till his Feaver wastes.

52.

With his (by *Borgio*'s help) their heat declin'd;
So soon lov'd Eloquence does Throngs subdue;
The common Mistress to each private Mind;
Painted and dress'd to all, to no Man true.

53.

To Court his *Gartha Hermegild* attends,
And with old Lovers vain poetick Eyes,
Marks how her beauty, when the Sun descends,
His pity'd Evening poverty supplies.

54.

The Army now to Neighb'ring *Brescia* bear,
With dismal pomp, the slain: In hallow'd ground
They *Paradine*, and *Dargonet* interr,
And *Vasco* much in painfull war renown'd.

55.

To *Oswald* (whose illustrious *Roman* mind
Shin'd out in life, though now in dying hid)
*Hubert* these *Roman* fun'ral rites assign'd,
Which yet the world's last law had not forbid.

56.

Thrice is his Body clean by bathing made,
And when with Victor's Oyl anointed ore,
'Tis in the Palace Gate devoutly laid,
Clad in that Vest which he in Battel wore.

57.

Whilst seven succeeding Suns pass sadly by,
The Palace seems all hid in Cypress Boughs;
From ancient Lore of Man's mortalitie
The Type, for where 'tis lopp'd it never grows.

58.

The publick fun'ral voice, till these expire,
Cries out; Here greatness, tir'd with honour, rests!
Come see what Bodies are, when Souls retire;
And visit death, ere you become his Guests!

59.

Now on a purple Bed the Corps they raise,
Whilst Trumpets summon all the common Quire
In tune to mourn him, and disperse his praise;
And then move slowly tow'rds the Fun'ral fire!

60.

They bear before him Spoils they gain'd in war,
And his great Ancestours in Sculpture wrought;
And now arrive, where *Hubert* does declare
How oft and well, he for the *Lombards* fought.

61.

Here, in an Altar's form, a Pile is made
Of Unctious Fir, and Sleepers fatal Yew;
On which the Body is by Mourners laid,
Who there sweet Gums (their last kind Tribute threw
*Hub*

62.

*Hubert* his Arm, Weſtward, averſly ſtretch'd;
Whilſt to the hopefull Eaſt his Eyes were turn'd;
And with a hallow'd Torch the Pyle he reach'd;
VVhich ſeen, they all with utmoſt clamour mourn'd.

63.

VVhilſt the full Flame aſpires, *Oſwald* (they crie)
Farewell! we follow ſwiftly as the Hours!
For with Time's wings, tow'rds Death, even Cripples flie!
This ſaid, the hungrie Flame its food devours.

64.

Now Prieſts with VVine the Aſhes quench, and hide
The Rev'renc'd Reliques in a Marble Urn.
The old diſmiſſive *Ilicet* is cry'd
By the Town voice, and all to Feaſts return.

65.

Thus Urns may Bodies ſhew; but the fled Mind
The Learn'd ſeek vainly; for whoſe Queſt we pay,
VVith ſuch ſucceſs as coſen'd Shepherds find,
VVho ſeek to VVizards when their Cattel ſtray.

---

CANTO

## CANTO the Fifth.

### The ARGUMENT.

*The house of* ASTRAGON; *where in distress*
*Of Nature,* GONDIBERT, *for Art's redress*
*Was by old* ULFIN *brought: where Arts hard strife,*
*In studying Nature for the ayd of Life,*
*Is by full wealth and conduct ease made;*
*And Truth much visited, though in her shade.*

1.

FRom *Brescia* swiftly ore the bord'ring Plain,
Return we to the House of *Astragon*;
Where *Gondibert*, and his successfull Train,
Kindly lament the Victorie they won.

2.

But though I Fame's great Book shall open now,
Expect a while, till she that *Decad* reads,
Which does this Dukes eternal Story show,
And aged *Ulfin* cites for special deeds.

3.

Where Friendship is renown'd in *Ulfinore*;
Where th' ancient musick of delightfull verse;
Does it no less in *Goltho's* Breast adore,
And th' union of their equal hearts rehearse.

4.

These wearie Victors the descending Sun
Led hither, where swift Night did them surprise;
And where, for vatiant toils, wise *Astragon*,
With sweet rewards of sleep, did fill their Eyes.

5.

When to the needie World Day did appear,
And freely op'd her Treasurie of light,
His house (where Art and Nature Tenants were)
The pleasure grew, and bus'ness of their sight.

Where

6.

Where *Vlfin* (who an old Domeſtick ſeems,
And rules as Maſter in the Owners Breaſt)
Leads *Goltho* to admire what he eſteems;
And thus, what he had long obſerv'd, expreſt.

7.

Here Art by ſuch a diligence is ſerv'd,
As does th' unwearied Planets imitate;
Whoſe motion (life of Nature) has preſerv'd
The world, which God vouchſaf'd but to create.

8.

Thoſe heights, which elſe Dwarf-life could never reach,
Here by the wings of Diligence they climb;
Truth (ſkar'd with Terms frō Canting Schools) they teach;
And buy it with their beſt ſav'd Treaſure, Time.

9.

Here all Men ſeem Recov'rers of time paſt;
As buſie as intentive *Emmets* are;
As alarm'd Armies that intrench in haſte;
Or Cities, whom unlook'd-for Sieges skare.

10.

Much it delights the wiſe obſervers Eye,
That all the toils direct to ſev'ral skils;
Some from the Mine to the hot Fornace hie,
And ſome from flowrie Fields to weeping Stils.

11.

The firſt to hopefull *Chymicks* matter bring,
Where Med'cine they extract for inſtant cure;
Theſe bear the ſweeter burthens of the Spring;
Whoſe virtues (longer known) though ſlow, are ſure.

12.

See there wet *Divers* from *Foſſene* ſent!
Who of the Seas deep Dwellers knowledge give;
Which (more unquiet than their Element)
By hungrie war, upon each other live.

Pearl

13.

Pearl to their Lord, and Cordial Coral theſe
Preſent; which muſt in ſharpeſt liquids melt;
He with *Nigella* cures that dull diſeaſe
They get, who long with ſtupid Fiſh have dwelt.

14.

Others through Quarries dig, deeply below
Where Deſart Rivers, cold, and private run;
Where Bodies conſervation beſt they know,
And Mines long growth, and how their veins begun.

15.

He ſhews them now Tow'rs of prodigious height,
Where Nature's Friends, Philoſophers, remain,
To cenſure Meteors in their cauſe and flight;
And watch the Wind's authoritie on Rain.

16.

Others with Optick Tubes the Moons ſcant face
(Vaſt Tubes, which like long Cedars mounted lie)
Attract through Glaſſes to ſo near a ſpace,
As if they came not to ſurvey, but prie.

17.

Nine haſtie Centuries are now fulfill'd,
Since Opticks firſt were known to *Aſtragon*;
By whom the Moderns are become ſo skill'd,
They dream of ſeeing to the Maker's Throne.

18.

And wiſely *Aſtragon* thus buſie grew,
To ſeek the Stars remote ſocieties;
And judge the walks of th'old, by finding new;
For Nature's law in correſpondence lies.

19.

Man's pride (grown to Religion) he abates,
By moving our lov'd Earth; which we think fix'd;
Think all to it, and it to none relates;
With others motion ſcorn to have it mix'd:

As

20.

As if 'twere great and ſtately to ſtand ſtill
Whilſt other Orbs dance on; or elſe think all
Thoſe vaſt bright Globes (to ſhew God's needleſs skill)
Were made but to attend our little Ball.

21.

Now near a ſever'd Building they diſcern'd
(Which ſeem'd, as in a pleaſant ſhade, retir'd)
A Throng, by whoſe glad diligence they learn'd,
They came from Toils which their own choice deſir'd.

22.

This they approch, and as they enter it
Their Eyes were ſtay'd, by reading ore the Gate,
*Great Natures Office*, in large letters writ;
And next, they mark'd who there in office ſate.

23.

Old buſie Men, yet much for wiſdom ſam'd;
Haſtie to know, though not by haſte beguild;
Theſe fitly, *Natures Regiſters* were nam'd;
The Throng were their *Intelligencers* ſtyl'd:

24.

Who ſtop by ſnares, and by their chace ore take
All hidden Beaſts the cloſſer Forreſt yields;
All that by ſecret ſence their reſcue make,
Or truſt their force, or ſwiftneſs in the Fields.

25.

And of this Throng, ſome their imployment have
In fleeting Rivers, ſome fixed Lakes beſet;
Where Nature's ſelf, by ſhifts, can nothing ſave
From trifling Angles, or the ſwall'wing Net.

26.

Some, in the ſpacious Ayr, their Prey ore take,
Cos'ning, with hunger, Faulcons of their wings;
Whilſt all their patient obſervations make,
Which each to *Natures Office* duely brings.

And

27.

And there of ev'ry Fish, and Foul, and Beast,
The wiles these learned *Registers* record,
Courage, and fears, their motion and their rest;
Which they prepare for their more learned Lord.

28.

From hence to **Nature's Nurseries** they go;
Where seems to grow all that in *Eden* grew;
And more (if Art her mingled *Species* show)
Than th'Hebrew King, Nature's Historian, knew.

29.

Impatient *Simplers* climb for Blossoms here:
When **Dews** (Heav'n's secret milk) in unseen showrs
First feed the early Childhood of the year;
And in ripe Summer, stoop for Hearbs and Flowers.

30.

In Autumn, Seed, and Berries they provide;
Where Nature a remaining force preserves;
In Winter dig for Roots, where she does hide
That stock, which if consum'd, the next Spring starves.

31.

From hence (fresh Nature's flowrishing Estate!)
They to her wither'd Receptacle come;
Where she appears the loathsome Slave of Fate;
For here her various Dead possess the Room.

32.

This dismall Gall'ry, lofty, long and wide;
Was hung with *Skeletons* of ev'ry kind;
Humane, and all that learned humane pride
Thinks made t'obey Man's high immortal Mind.

33.

Yet on that Wall hangs he too, who so thought;
And she dry'd by him, whom that He obay'd;
By her an *Elephant* that with Heards had fought,
Of which the smallest Beast made her afraid.

Next

34

Next it, a Whale is high in Cables ry'd,
VVhose strength might Herds of Elephants controul;
Then all, (in payres of every kind) they spyd,
VVhich Death's wrack leaves, of Fishes, Beasts & Fowl.

35.

These *Astragn* (to watch with curious Eie
The diff'rent Tenements of living breath)
Collects, with what far Travailers supplie;
And this was call'd, **The Cabinet of wrath.**

36.

VVhich some the *Monument of Bodies*, name;
The Ark, which saves from Graves all dying kinds;
This to a structure led, long known to Fame,
And call'd, **The Monument of vanish'd Minds.**

37.

VVhere, when they thought they saw in well sought Books,
Th'assembled souls of all that Men held wise,
It bred such awful rev'rence in their looks,
As if they saw the buryd writers rise.

38.

Such heaps of written thoughts (Gold of the Dead,
VVhich Time does still disperse, but not devour)
Made them presume all was from Deluge free'd,
Which long-liv'd Authours writ ere *Noah's* Showr.

39.

They saw *Egyptian* Roles, which vastly great,
Did like faln Pillars lie, and did display
The tale of Natures life, from her first heat,
Till by the Flood ore-cool'd, she felt decay.

40.

And large as these (for Pens were Pencils then)
Others that *Egypts* chiefest Science show'd;
VVhose River forc'd Geometry on Men,
VVhich did distinguish what the *Nyle* o're-flow'd.

Neer

41.

Near them, in Piles, *Chaldean* Cof'ners lie;
Who the hid bus'neſs of the Stars relate;
Who make a Trade of worſhipp'd Propheſie;
And ſeem to pick the Cabinet of Fate.

42.

There *Perſian Magi* ſtand, for wiſdom prais'd;
Long ſince wiſe States-men, now *Magicians* thought;
Altars and Arts are ſoon to fiction rais'd,
And both would have, that miracles are wrought.

43.

In a dark Text, theſe States-men left their Minds;
For well they knew, that Monarch's Miſterie
(Like that of Prieſts) but little rev'rence finds,
When they the Curtain ope to ev'ry Eye.

44.

Behind this Throng, the talking *Greeks* had place;
Who Nature turn'd to Art, and Truth diſguiſe,
As ſkill does native beautie oft deface;
With *Terms* they charm the weak, and poſe the wiſe.

45.

Now they the *Hebrew*, *Greek*, and *Roman* ſpie;
Who for the Peoples eaſe, yoak'd them with Law;
Whom elſe, ungovern'd luſts would drive awrie;
And each his own way frowardly would draw.

46.

In little Tomes theſe grave firſt Lawyers lie,
In Volumes their Interpreters below;
Who firſt made Law an Art, than Miſterie;
So cleareſt ſprings, when troubled, cloudie grow.

47.

But here, the Souls chief Book did all precede;
Our Map tow'rds heav'n to common Crowds deny'd;
VVho proudly aym to teach, ere they can read;
And all muſt ſtray, where each will be a Guide.

48.

About this sacred little Book did stand
Unwieldy Volumes, and in number great;
And long it was since any Readers hand
Had reach'd them from their unfrequented Seat.

49.

For a deep Dust (which Time does softly shed,
Where onely Time does come) their Covers bear;
On which, grave Spiders, streets of webs have spred,
Subtle, and slight, as the grave Writers were.

50.

In these, Heav'ns holy fire does vainly burn;
Nor warms, nor lights, but is in sparkles spent,
Where froward Authours, with disputes, have torn
The Garment seamless as the Firmament.

51.

These are the old *Polemicks*, long since read,
And shut by *Aftragon*; who thought it just,
They, like the Authours (Truth's Tormentors) dead,
Should lie unvisited, and lost in dust.

52.

Here the *Arabian's* Gospel open lay,
(Men injure Truth, who Fiction nicely hide)
Where they the *Monk's* audacious stealth survay,
From the World's first, and greater second Guide.

53.

The Curious much perus'd this, then, new Book,
As if some secret ways to Heav'n it taught;
For straying from the old, men newer look,
And prise the found, not finding those they sought.

54.

We, in Tradition (Heav'ns dark Map) descrie
Heav'n worse than ancient Maps *far Indian* show;
Therefore in new, we search where Heav'n does lie;
The Minds sought Ophir, which we long to know.

55.

Or as a Planter, though good Land he spies,
Seeks new, and when no more so good he finds,
Doubly esteems the first; so Truth men prize;
Truth, the discov'ry made by trav'ling Minds.

56.

And this false Book, till truly understood
By *Astragon*, was openly display'd
As counterfeit; false Princes, rather shou'd
Be shewn abroad, than in close Prison laid.

57.

Now to the old *Philosophers* they come;
Who follow'd Nature with such just despair,
As some do Kings far off; and when at home,
Like Courtiers boast, that they deep secret share.

58.

Near them are grave dull *Moralists*, who give
Counsel to such, as still in publick dwell;
At Sea, in Courts, in Camps, and Cities live,
And scorn experience from th' unpractis'd Cell.

59.

*Æsop* with these stands high, and they below;
His pleasant wisdom mocks their gravitie;
Who Virtue like a tedious Matron show,
He dresses Nature to invite the Eye.

60.

High skill their *Ethicks* seems, whilst he stoops down
To make the People wisely their learned pride
Makes all obscure, that Men may prise the Gown,
With ease he teaches, what with pain they hide.

61.

And next (as if their bus'nes rul'd Mankind)
*Historians* stand, big as their living looks;
Who thought swift Time they could in fetters bind;
Till his Confessions they had ta'ne in books.

62.

But Time oft scap'd them in the shades of Night;
And was in Princes Closets oft conceal'd,
And hid in Battels smoke; so what they write
Of Courts and Camps, is oft by guess reveal'd.

63.

Near these, *Physitians* stood, who but reprieve
Life like a Judge, whom greater pow'r does awe;
And cannot an Almighty pardon give;
So much yields Subject Art to Nature's Law.

64.

And not weak Art, but Nature we upbraid,
When our frail essence proudly we take ill;
Think we are rob'd, when first we are decay'd,
And those were murder'd whom her law did kill.

65.

Now they refresh, after this long survay,
With pleasant *Poets*, who the Sort sublime;
Fame's *Heraulds*, in whose Triumphs they make way;
And place all those whom Honour helps to climb.

66.

And he, who seem'd to lead this ravish'd Race,
Was Heav'ns lov'd *Laureat*, that in *Jewry* writ;
Whose Harp approach'd Gods Ear, though none his Face
Durst see, and first made inspiration, wit.

67.

And his Attendants, such blest Poets are,
As make unblemish'd Love, Courts best delight;
And sing the prosp'rous Battels of just War;
By these the loving, Love, and valiant, fight.

68.

O hireless Science! and of all alone
The liberal! Meanly the rest each State
In pension treats, but this depends on none;
Whose worth they rev'rendly forbear to rate.

## CANTO the Sixth.

### The ARGUMENT.

*How* ASTRAGON *to Heav'n his duty pays*
*In Pray'r, and Penitence, but most in Praise:*
*To these he sev'ral Temples dedicates:*
*And* ULFIN *their distinguish'd use relates.*
*Religion's Rites, seem here, in Reasons sway;*
*Though Reason must Religion's Laws obey.*

1.

THe noble Youths (reclaim'd by what they saw)
Would here unquiet war, as pride, forsake;
And study quiet Nature's pleasant Law,
Which Schools, through pride, by Art uneasie make.

2.

But now a sudden Shout their thoughts diverts!
So chearfull, general, and loud it was,
As past'd through all their Ears, and fill'd their Hearts;
Which lik'd the joy, before they knew the cause.

3.

This *Ulfin* by his long Domestick skill
Does thus explain, The Wise I here observe,
Are wise tow'rds God; in whose great service still,
More than in that of Kings, themselves they serve.

4.

He who this Building's Builder did create,
As an Apartment here Triangular;
Where *Astrages* Three Fanes did dedicate,
To days of *Praise*, of *Penitence*, and *Pray'r*.

5.

To these, from diff'rent motives, all proceed;
For when discov'ries they on Nature gain,
They praise high Heav'n which makes their work succeed
But when it fails, in Penitence complain.

6.

If after *Praiſe*, new bleſſings are not giv'n,
Nor mourning *Penitence* can ills repair;
Like practis'd Beggers, they ſolicite Heav'n,
And will prevail by violence of *Pray'r*.

7.

The Temple built for *Pray'r*, can neither boaſt
The Builder's curious Art, nor does declare
By choice Materials he intended coſt;
To ſhew, that nought ſhould need to tempt to *Pray'r*.

8.

No Bells are here! Unhing'd are all the Gates!
Since craving in diſtreſs is natural,
All lies ſo ope that none for ent'rance waits,
And thoſe whom Faith invites, can need no call.

9.

The Great have by diſtinction here no name;
For all ſo cover'd come, in grave diſguiſe,
(To ſhew none come for decency or fame)
That all are ſtrangers to each others Eyes.

10.

But *Penitence* appears unnatural;
For we repent what Nature did perſwade;
And we lamenting Man's continu'd fall,
Accuſe what Nature neceſſary made.

11.

Since the requir'd extream of Penitence
Seems ſo ſevere, this Temple was deſign'd,
Solemn and ſtrange without, to catch the ſenſe,
And diſmal ſhew'd within, to aw the mind.

12.

Of ſad black Marble was the outward Frame,
(A mourning Monument to diſtant ſight)
But by the largeneſs when you near it came,
It ſeem'd the Palace of Eternal Night.

13.

Black beauty (which in black *Mercons* had prais'd
Above their own) gravely adorn'd each part;
In Stone, from *Nyle*'s head Quarries, slowly rais'd,
And slowlyer polish'd by *Numidian* Art.

14.

Hither a loud Bells tole, rather commands,
Than seems t'invite the persecuted Ear;
A summons Nature hardly understands;
For few, and slow are those who enter here.

15.

Within a dismal Majesty they find!
All gloomy great, all silent does appear!
As *Chaos* was, ere th'Elements were design'd;
Man's evil fate seems hid and fashion'd here.

16.

Here all the Ornament is rev'rend black;
Here, the check'd Sun his universal Face
Stops bashfully, and will no enterance make;
As if he spy'd Night naked through the Glass.

17.

Black Curtains hide the Glass; whilst from on high
A winking Lamp still threatens all the Room;
As if the lazy flame just now would die:
Such will the Sun's last light appear at Doom!

18.

This Lamp was all, that here inform'd all Eyes;
And by reflex, did on a Picture gain
Some few false Beams, that thence from *Sodom* rise;
Where Pencils feign the fire which Heav'n did rain.

19.

This on another Tablet did reflect,
Where twice was drawn the am'rous *Magdaline*;
Whilst beauty was her care, then her neglect;
And brightest through her Tears she seem'd to shine.

Next

20.

Neat her, ſeem'd crucifi'd, that lucky Thief
(In Heav'ns dark Lot'ry proſp'rous, more than wiſe)
Who groap'd at laſt, by chance, for Heav'ns relief,
And Throngs undoes with Hope, by one drawn Prize.

21.

In many Figures by reflex were ſent,
Through this black Vault (inſtructive to the mind)
That early, and this tardy Penitent;
For with *Obſidian* ſtone 'twas chiefly lin'd.

22.

The Seats were made of *Ethiops* ſwarthy wood,
Abſterſive Ebony, but thinly fill'd;
For none this place by nature underſtood;
And practiſe, when unpleaſant, makes few ſkill'd.

23.

Yet theſe whom Heav'ns myſterious choice fetch'd in,
Quickly attain Devotion's utmoſt ſcope;
For having ſoftly mourn'd away their ſin,
They grow ſo certain, as to need no Hope.

24.

At a low Door they enter'd, but depart
Through a large Gate, and to fair Fields proceed;
Where *Aſtragon* makes Nature laſt by Art,
And ſuch long Summers ſhews, as aſk no ſeed.

25.

Whilſt *Ulfin* this black Temple thus expreſt
To theſe kind Youths, whom equal ſoul endeers;
*Galibo* and *Ulfinore*, (in friendſhip bleſt)
A ſecond gen'ral ſhout ſalutes their Ears.

26.

To the glad Houſe of *Praiſe* this ſhout does call!
To Pray'r (ſaid he) no Summons us invites,
Becauſe diſtreſs does thither ſummon all)
As the loud tole to Penitence excites.

27.

But since dull Men, to gratitude are slow,
And joy'd consent of Hearts is high Heav'ns choice;
To this of Praise, shouts summon us to go;
Of Hearts assembled, the unfeigned Voice.

28.

And since, wise *Astragon*, with due applause,
Kind Heav'n, for his success, on Nature pays;
This day, Victorious Art, has given him cause,
Much to augment Heav'ns lov'd reward of praise.

29.

For this effectual day his Art reveal'd,
What has so oft made Nature's spies to pine,
The Load-stones mystick use, so long conceal'd
In close allyance with the courser Mine.

30.

And this in sleepy Vision, he was bid
To register in Characters unknown;
Which Heav'n will have from Navigators hid,
Till *Saturn's* walk be twenty Circuits grown.

31.

For as Religion (in the warm East bred)
And Arts (which next to it most needfull were)
From Vices sprung from their corruption, fled;
And thence vouchsaf'd a cold Plantation here;

32.

So when they here again corrupted be,
(For Man can even his Antidotes infect)
Heav'ns reserv'd world they in the West shall see;
To which this stone's hid virtue will direct.

33.

Religion then (whose Age this world upbraids,
As scorn'd deformitie) will thither steer;
Serv'd at fit distance by the Arts, her Maids,
Which grow too bold, when they attend too neer.

And

34.

And ſome, whom Traffick thither tempts, ſhall thence
In her exchange (though they did grudge her ſhrines,
And poorly baniſh'd her to ſave expence)
Bring home the Idol, Gold, from new-found Mines.

35.

Till then, ſad Pilots muſt be often loſt,
VVhilſt from the Ocean's dreaded Face they ſhrink;
And ſeeking ſafetie near the cos'ning Coaſt,
VVith winds ſurpris'd, by Rockie Ambuſh ſink.

36

Or if ſucceſs rewards, what they endure,
The VVorlds chief Jewel, Time, they then ingage
And forfeit (truſting long the *Cynoſure*)
To bring home nought but wretched Gold, and Age.

37.

Yet when this plague of ignorance ſhall end,
(Dire ignorance, with which God plagues us moſt;
Whilſt we not feeling it, him moſt offend)
Then lower'd Sayls no more ſhall tie the Coaſt.

38.

They with new Tops to Fore-maſts and the Main,
And Miſens new, ſhall th' Ocean's Breaſt invade;
Stretch new ſayls out, as Arms to entertain
Thoſe winds, of which their Fathers were afraid.

39.

Then (ſure of either Pole) they will with pride,
In ev'ry ſtorm, ſalute this conſtant Stone!
And ſcorn that Star, which ev'ry Cloud could hide;
The Sea-men's ſpark! which ſoon, as ſeen, is gone!

40.

'Tis ſung, the Ocean ſhall his bonds untie,
And Earth in half a Globe be pent no more;
*Typhis* ſhall ſail, till *Thube* he diſcrie,
But a domeſtick ſtep to diſtant Shore!

This

41.

This *Astragon* had read; and what the *Greek*,
Old *Cretias* in *Egyptian* Books had found;
By which, his travail'd soul, new Worlds did seek,
And div'd to find the old *Atlantis* drown'd.

42.

Grave *Ulfin* thus discours'd; and now he brings
The Youths to view the Temple built for *Praise*;
Where *Olive*, for th'*Olimpian* Victor Springs;
*Mirtle*, for Love's; and for War's triumph, *Bays*.

43.

These, as rewards of praise about it grew;
For lib'ral praise from an aboundant Mind
Does even the Conqueror of Fate subdue;
Since Heav'n's good King is Captive to the Kind.

44.

Dark are all Thrones to what this Temple seem'd,
Whose Marble veins out-shin'd Heav'n's various Bow;
And would (eclipsing all proud *Rome* esteem'd)
To Northern Eies, like Eastern Mornings show.

45.

From *Paros* Isle, was brought the milkie white;
From *Sparta*, came the Green, which cheers the view;
From *Araby*, the blushing *Onichite*,
And from the *Misnian* Hills, the deeper Blew.

46.

The arched Front did on vast Pillars fall;
Where all harmonious Instruments they spie
Drawn out in Bos's; which from the *Astrigall*
To the flat *Frise* in apt resemblance lie.

47.

Toss'd *Cymbals* (which the sullen Jews admir'd)
Were figur'd here, with all of ancient choice
That joy did ere invent, or breath inspir'd,
Or flying Fingers touch'd into a voice.

In

48.

In Statue o're the Gate, God's Fav'rite-King
The author of Celestial praise) did stand;
His Quire (that did his sonnets set and Sing)
In *Niches* rang'd, attended either Hand.

49.

From these, old *Greeks* sweet Musick did improve;
The Solemn *Dorian* did in Temples charm,
The softer *Lydian* sooth'd to Bridal Love,
And warlick *Phrygian* did to Battail warm!

50.

They enter now, and with glad rev'rence saw
Glory, too solid great to taste of pride;
So sacred pleasure, as preserves an awe;
Though jealous Priests, it neither praise nor hide,

51.

Tapers and Lamps are not admitted here;
Those, but with shadows, give false beauty grace;
And this victorious glory can appear
Unvayl'd before the Sun's Meridian Face:

52.

Whose Eastern lustre rashly enters now;
Where it his own mean Infancy displays;
Where it does Man's chief obligation show,
In what does most adorn the House of Praise;

53.

The great Creation by bold Pencils drawn;
Where a feign'd Curtain does our Eies forbid,
Till the Sun's Parent, Light, first seem to dawn
From quiet *Chaos*, which that Curtain hid.

54.

Then this all-rev'renc'd Sun (God's hasty Spark
Struck out of *Chaos*, when he first struck Light)
Flies to the Spheres, where first he found all dark,
And kindled there th'unkindled Lamps of Night.

Then

55.

Then Motion, Nature's great Preſervative,
Tun'd order in this World, Life's reſtleſs Inn;
Gave Tydes to Seas, and caus'd ſtretch'd Plants to live;
Elſe Plants but Seeds, and Seas but Lakes had bin.

56

But this Fourth *Fiat*, warming what was made,
(For Light ne'r warm'd, till it did motion get)
The Picture fills the World with woodie ſhade;
To ſhew how Nature thrives by Motion's heat.

57.

Then to thoſe Woods the next quick *Fiat* brings
The Feather'd kind; where merrily they fed,
As if their Hearts were lighter than their Wings;
For yet no Cage was fram'd, nor Net was ſpred.

58.

The ſame Fifth voice does Seas and Rivers Store;
Then into Rivers Brooks the Painter powres,
And Rivers into Seas; which (rich before)
Return their gifts, to both exhal'd in Showrs.

59.

This voice (whoſe ſwift diſpatch in all it wrought,
Seems to denote the Speaker was in haſte,
As if more Worlds were framing in his thought)
Ads to this World one *Fiat*, as the laſt.

60.

Then ſtraight an univerſal Herd appears;
Firſt gazing on each other in the ſhade;
Wond'ring with levell'd Eyes, and lifted Ears,
Then play, whilſt yet their Tyrant is unmade.

61.

And Man, the Painter now preſents to view;
Haughtie without, and buſie ſtill within;
Whom, when his Furr'd and Horned Subjects knew,
Their ſport is ended, and there fears begin.

62.

But here (to cure this Tyrant's fullenneſs)
The Painter has a new falſe Curtain drawn;
Where Beauty's hid, Creation to expreſs;
From thence, harmleſs as light, he makes it dawn.

63.

From thence breaks lovely forth, the Worlds firſt Maid;
Her Breaſt, Love's Cradle, where Love quiet lies;
Nought yet had ſeen ſo foul, to grow afraid,
Nor gay, to make it crie with longing Eyes,

64.

And thence, from ſtupid ſleep, her Monarch ſteals;
She wonders, till ſo vain his wonder grows,
That it his feeble ſov'reignty reveals;
Her Beautie then, his Manhood does depoſe.

65.

Deep into ſhades the Painter leads them now;
To hide their future deeds; then ſtorms does raiſe
Ore Heav'n's ſmooth face, becauſe their life does grow
Too black a ſtorie for the Houſe of *Praiſe*.

66.

A noble painted Viſion next appears;
Where all Heav'ns Frowns in diſtant proſpect waſte;
And nought remains, but a ſhort ſhowre of Tears,
Shed, by its pitie, for Revenges paſt.

67.

The Worlds one Ship, from th' old to a new World bound,
Fraighted with Life (chief of uncertain Trades!)
After Five Moons at drift, lies now aground;
Where her frail Stowage, ſhe in haſte unlades.

68.

On *Perſian Caucaſus* the Eight deſcend,
And ſeem their trivial eſſence to deplore,
Griev'd to begin this World in th' others end,
And to behold wrack'd Nations on the Shore.

Each

69.

Each humbled thus his Beasts led from aboard,
As fellow-Passengers, and Heirs to breath;
Joynt Tenants to the VVorld, he not their Lord;
Such likeness have we in the Glass of Death.

70.

Yet this humilitie begets their joy;
And taught, that Heav'n (which fully sin survays)
VVas partial where it did not quite destroy;
So made the whole VVorld's Dirge their song of praise.

71.

This first redemption to another led,
Kinder in deeds, and nobler in effects;
That but a few did respit from the Dead,
This all the Dead from second Death protects.

72.

And know, lost Nature, this resemblance was
Thy frank Redeemer in ascension shown;
VVhen Hell he conquer'd in thy desp'rate cause;
Hell, which before Man's common Grave was grown.

73.

By an Imperial Pencil this was wrought;
*Rounded* in all the Curious would behold;
VVhere life *Came out*, and *Met* the Painters thought;
The *Force* was *tender*, though the strokes were *bold*.

74.

The holy Mourners, who this Lord of Life
Ascending saw, did seem with him to rise;
So well the Painter drew their Passions strife,
To follow him with Bodies, as with Eyes.

75.

This was the chief which in this Temple did,
By Pencils Rhethorick to praise perswade;
Yet to the living here, compar'd, seems hid;
VVho shine all painted Glory into shade.

76.

Lord *Astragon* a Purple Mantle wore,
Where Nature's storie was in Colours wrought;
And though her ancient Text seem'd dark before,
'Tis in this pleasant Comment clearly taught.

77.

Such various Flowrie Wreaths th' Assembly wear,
As shew'd them wisely proud of Natures pride;
Which so adorn'd them, that the courtest here
Did seem a prosp'rous Bride-groom, or a Bride.

78.

All shew'd as fresh, and fair, and innocent,
As Virgins to their Lovers first survay;
Joy'd as the Spring, when *March* his sighs has spent,
And *April*'s sweet rash Tears are dry'd by *May*.

79.

And this consed'rate joy so swell'd each Breast,
That joy would turn to pain without a vent;
Therefore their voices Heav'n's renown expresst;
Though Tongues ne'r reach, what minds so nobly ment.

80.

Yet Musick here shew'd all her Art's high worth;
Whilst Virgin-Trebbles, seem'd, with bashfull grace,
To call the bolder marry'd Tenor forth;
Whose manly voice challeng'd the Giant Base.

81.

To these the swift soft Instruments reply;
Whisp'ring for help to those whom winds inspire;
Whose louder Notes, to Neighb'ring Forrests flie,
And summon Nature's Voluntarie Quire.

82.

These *Astragon*, by secret skill had taught,
To help, as if in artfull Consort bred;
Who sung, as if by chance on him they thought,
Whose care their careless merry Fathers Fed.

Hither

83.

Hither, with borrow'd strength, Duke *Gondibert*
Was brought, which now his rip'ning wounds allow;
And high Heav'ns praise in musick of the heart,
He inward sings, to pay a Victor's vow.

84.

*Praise*, is devotion fit for mightie Minds!
The diff'ring World's agreeing Sacrifice;
VVhere Heav'n divided Faiths united finds;
But Pray'r in various discord upward flies.

85.

For *Pray'r* the Ocean is, where diversly
Men steer their Course, each to a sev'ral Coast;
VVhere all our int'rests so discordant be,
That half beg winds by which the rest are lost.

86.

By *Penitence*, when we our selves forsake,
'Tis but in wise design on pitious Heav'n;
In Praise we nobly give, what God may take,
And are without a Beggers blush forgiv'n.

87.

Its utmost force, like Powder's, is unknown!
And though weak Kings excess of Praise may fear,
Yet when 'tis here, like Powder, dang'rous grown,
Heav'ns Vault receives, what would the Palace tear.

---

CANTO

## CANTO the Seventh.

### The ARGUMENT.

*The Dukes wish'd health in doubtfull wounds assur'd;*
*who gets new wounds before the old are cur'd:*
*Nature in* BIRTHA, *Art's weak help derides,*
*which strives to mend, what it at best but hides:*
*Shews Nature's courser works, so hid, more course,*
*As Sin conceal'd, and unconfess'd, grows worse.*

1.

LEt none our *Lombard* Authour rudely blame,
Who from the Story has thus long digrest;
But for his righteous pains, may his fair Fame
For ever travel, whilst his ashes rest.

2.

Ill could he leave Art's Shop of Nature's Store;
Where she the hidden Soul would make more known;
Though common Faith seeks Souls, which is no more
Than long Opinion to Religion grown.

3.

A while then let this sage Historian stay
With *Astragon*, till he new wounds reveals,
And such (though now the old are worn away)
As *Balm*, not juice of *Pyrol*, never heals.

4.

To *Astragon*, Heav'n for succession gave
One onely Pledge, and *Bertha* was her name;
Whose Mother slept, where Flowers grew on her Grave,
And she succeeded her in Face, and Fame.

5.

Her beauty, Princes, durst not hope to use,
Unless, like Poets, for their Morning Theam;
And her Minds beauty they would rather chuse,
Which did the light in Beauties Lanthorn seem.

6.

She ne'r saw Courts, yet Courts could have undone
With untaught looks, and an unpractis'd heart;
Her Nets, the most prepar'd, could never shun;
For Nature spred them in the scorn of Art.

7.

She never had in busie Cities bin,
Ne'r warm'd with hopes, nor ere allay'd with fears;
Not seeing punishment, could guess no Sin;
And Sin not seeing, ne'r had use of tears.

8.

But here her Father's precepts gave her skill,
Which with incessant busie cares fill'd the Hours;
In spring, she gather'd Blossoms for the Still,
In Autumn, Berries; and in Summer, Flow'rs.

9.

And as kind Nature with calm diligence
Her own free virtue silently employs,
Whilst she, unheard, does sip ning growth dispence,
So were her virtues busie without noise.

10.

Whilst her great Mistress, Nature, thus she tends,
The busie Houshold waits no less on her;
By secret law, each to her beauty bends;
Though all her lowly Mind to that prefer.

11.

Gracious and free, she breaks upon them all
With Morning looks; and they when she does rise,
Devoutly at her dawn in homage fall,
And droop like Flow'rs, when Evening shuts her Eyes.

12.

The sooty *Chymist* (who his sight does waste,
Attending lesser Fires) she passing by,
Broke his low'd Lymbick, through enamour'd haste,
And let, like common Dew, th' Elixar flie.

An

13.

And here the grey Philoſophers reſort,
Who all to her, like crafty Courtiers, bow;
Hoping for ſecrets now in Nature's Court;
Which onely ſhe (her favrite Maid) can know.

14.

Theſe, as the Lords of Science, ſhe reſpects,
And with familiar beams their age ſhe cheers;
Yet all thoſe civil forms ſeem but neglects
To what ſhe ſhews, when *Aſtragon* appears.

15.

For as ſhe once from him her being took,
She hourly takes her Laws; reads with ſwift ſight
His will, even at the op'ning of his look,
And ſhews, by haſte, obedience her delight.

16.

She makes (when ſhe at diſtance to him bows)
His int'reſt in her Mother's beauty known,
For that's th' *Orig'nal* whence her *Copy* grows,
And near *Orig'nals*, *Copies* are not ſhown.

17.

And he, with dear regard, her gifts does weare
Of Flow'rs, which ſhe in myſtick order ties;
And with the ſacrifice of many a tear
Saluges her loyal Mother in her Eyes.

18.

The juſt Hiſtorians, *Britha* thus expreſs,
And tell how by her Syres Example taught,
She ſerv'd the wounded Duke in Life's diſtreſs,
And his fled Spirits back by Cordials brought.

19.

Black melancholy Miſts, that fed deſpair
Through wounds long rage, with ſprinkled *Vervin* cleer'd
Brew'd Leaves of *willow* to refreſh the air,
And with rich Fumes his fallen ſenſes chear'd.

20.

He that had serv'd great Love with rev'rend heart,
In these old wounds, worse wounds from him endures,
For Love, makes *Birtha* shift with Death, his Dart,
And she kills faster than her Father cures.

21.

Her heedless innocence as little knew
The wounds she gave, as those from Love she took;
And Love lifts high each secret Shaft he drew;
Which at their Stars he first in triumph shook!

22.

Love he had lik'd, yet never lodg'd before;
But finds him now a bold unquiet Guest;
Who climbs to windows, when we shut the Door;
And enter'd, never lets the Master rest.

23.

So strange disorder, now he pines for health,
Makes him conceal this Reveller with shame;
She not the Robber knows, yet feels the stealth,
And never but in Songs had heard his name.

24.

Yet then it was, when she did smile at Hearts
Which Countrey Lovers wear in bleeding Seals;
Ask'd where his pretty Godhead found such Darts,
As make those wounds that onely *Hymen* heals.

25.

And this, her ancient Maid, with sharp complaints
Heard, and rebuk'd; shook her experienc'd Head,
With tears besought her not to jest at Saints,
Nor mock those Martyrs, Love had Captive led.

26.

Nor think the pious Poets ere would waste
So many tears in Ink, to make Maids mourn,
If injur'd Lovers had in ages past
The lucky Mirtle, more than Willow worn.

27.

This grave rebuke, Officious Memory
Presents to *Bertha*'s thought; who now believ'd
Such sighing Songs, as tell why Lovers die,
And prais'd their faith, who wept, when Poets griev'

28.

She, full of inward questions, walks alone,
To take her heart aside in secret Shade;
But knocking at her breast, it seem'd, or gone,
Or by confed'racie was useless made;

29.

Or else some stranger did usurp its room;
One so remote, and new in ev'ry thought,
As his behaviour shews him not at home,
Nor the Guide sober that him thither brought.

30.

Yet with this forreign Heart, she does begin
To treat of Love, her most unstudy'd Theam;
And like young conscienc'd Casuists, thinks that sin,
Which will by talk and practise lawfull seem.

31.

With open Ears, and ever-waking Eyes,
And flying Feet, Love's fire she from the sight
Of all her Maids does carry, as from Spies;
Jealous, that what burns her, might give them light.

32.

Beneath a Mirtle Covert now does spend
In Maids weak wishes, her whole stock of thought;
Fond Maids! who Love, with Minds fine stuff would mend,
Which Nature purposely of Bodies wrought,

33.

She fashions him she lov'd of Angels kind,
Such as in holy Story were employ'd
To the first Fathers from th' Eternal Mind,
And in short vision onely are enjoy'd.

34.

As Eagles then, when nearest Heav'n they flie;
Of wild impossibles soon weary grow;
Feeling their bodies find no rest so high,
And therefore pearch on Earthly things below:

35.

So now she yields; him she an Angel deem'd
Shall be a Man; the Name which Virgins fear;
Yet the most harmless to a Maid he seem'd,
That ever yet that fatal name did bear.

36.

Soon her opinion of his hurtless heart,
Affection turns to faith; and then Loves fire
To Heav'n, though bashfully, she does impart;
And to her Mother in the Heav'nly Quire.

37.

If I do love, (said she) that love (O Heav'n!)
Your own Disciple, Nature, bred in me;
Why should I hide the passion you have given,
Or blush to shew effects which you decree?

38.

And you, my alter'd Mother (grown above
Great Nature, which you read, and rev'rence here)
Chide not such kindness, as you once call'd Love,
When you as mortal as my Father were.

39.

This said, her Soul into her breasts retires!
With Love's vain diligence of heart she dreams
Her self into possession of desires,
And trusts unanchor'd Hope in fleeting Streams.

40.

Already thinks, the Duke her own spous'd Lord,
Cur'd, and again from bloody battel brought,
Where all false Lovers perish'd by his sword,
The true to her for his protection fought.

She

41.

She thinks how her imagin'd Spouſe and ſhe,
So much from Heav'n, may by her virtues gain;
That they by Time ſhall ne'r o'retaken be,
No more than Time himſelf is overta'ne.

42.

Or ſhould he touch them as he by does paſs,
Heav'ns favour may repay their Sommer's gone,
And he ſo mix their ſand in a ſlow Glaſs,
That they ſhall live, and not as *Time*, but *One*.

43.

She thinks of *Eden*-life; and no rough wind,
In their pacifique Sea ſhall wrinkles make;
That ſtill her lowlineſs ſhall keep him kind,
Her cares keep him aſleep, her voice awake.

44.

She thinks, if ever anger in him ſway
(The Youthfull Warriours moſt excus'd diſeaſe)
Such chance her Tears ſhall calm, as ſhowres allay
The accidental rage of winds and Seas.

45.

She thinks that Babes proceed from mingling Eyes,
Or Heav'n from Neighbourhood increaſe allows,
As *Palm*, and the *Mamora* fructifies,
Or they are got, by cloſe exchanging vows.

46.

But come they (as ſhe hears) from Mothers pain,
(Which by th'unlucky firſt-Maids longing, groves
A laſting curſe) yet that ſhe will ſuſtain,
So they be like this Heav'nly Man ſhe loves.

47.

Thus to her ſelf in day-dreams *Birtha* talks;
The Duke (whoſe wounds of war are healthfull grown)
To cure Love's wounds, ſeeks *Birtha* where he walks;
Whoſe wandring Soul, ſeeks him to cure her own.

48.

Yet when her ſolitude he did invade,
Shame (which in Maids is unexperienc'd fear)
Taught her to wiſh Night's help to make more ſhade,
That Love (which Maids think guilt) might not appear.

49.

And ſhe had fled him now, but that he came
So like an aw'd, and conquer'd Enemy,
That he did ſeem offenceleſs, as her ſhame;
As if he but advanc'd for leave to flie.

50.

Firſt with a longing Sea-mans look he gaz'd,
Who would ken Land, when Seas would him devour;
Or like a fearfull Scout, who ſtands amaz'd
To view the Foe, and multiplies their pow'r.

51.

Then all her knowledge which her Father had
He dreams in her, through purer Organs wrought;
Whoſe Soul (ſince there more delicately clad)
By leſſer weight, more active was in thought.

52.

And to that Soul thus ſpake, with trembling voice,
The world will be (O thou, the whole world's Maid!)
Since now 'tis old enough to make wiſe choice,
Taught by thy mind, and by thy beauty ſway'd.

53.

And I a needleſs part of it, unleſs
You'd think me for the whole a Delegate,
To treat, for what they want of your exceſs,
Virtue to ſerve the univerſal State.

54.

Nature (our firſt example) and our Queen,
Whoſe Court this is, and you her Minion Maid,
The World, thinks now, is in her ſickneſs ſeen,
And that her noble influence is decay'd.

55.

And the Records ſo worn of her firſt Law,
That Men, with Art's hard ſhifts, read what is good;
Becauſe your beautie many never ſaw,
The Text by which your Mind is underſtood.

56.

And I with the apoſtate world ſhould grow,
From ſov'reign Nature, a revolted Slave,
But that my luckie wounds brought me to know,
How with their cure, my ſicker mind to ſave.

57.

A mind ſtill dwelling idly in mine Eyes,
Where it from outward pomp could ne'r abſtain;
But even in beautie, coſt of Courts did priſe,
And Nature unaſſiſted, thought too plain.

58.

Yet by your beautie now reform'd, I find
All other onely currant by falſe light;
Or but vain Viſions of a feav'riſh mind;
Too ſlight to ſtand the teſt of waking ſight.

59.

And for my healthfull Mind (diſeas'd before)
My love I pay; a gift you may diſdain,
Since Love to you, Men give not, but reſtore;
As Rivers to the Sea reſtore the Rain.

60.

Yet Eaſtern Kings, who all by birth poſſeſs,
Take gifts, as gifts, from Vaſſals of the Crown;
So think in love, your propertie not leſs,
By my kind giving what was firſt your own.

61.

Lifted with Love, thus he with Lovers grace,
And Love's wild wonder, ſpake, and he was rais'd
So much with rev'rence of this learned place,
That ſtill he fear'd to injure all he prais'd.

62.

And she in love unpractis'd and unread,
(But for some hints her Mistress, Nature, taught)
Had it, till now, like grief with silence fed;
For Love and grief are nourish'd best with thought.

63.

But this clos Diet Love endures not long;
He must in sighs, or speech, take ayr abroad;
And thus, with his Interpreter, her Tongue,
He ventures forth, though like a stranger aw'd.

64.

She said, those virtues now she highly needs,
Which he so pow'rfully does in her praise,
To check (since vanitie on praises feed)
That pride, which his authentick words may raise.

65.

That if her Pray'rs, or care, did ought restore
Of absent health, in his bemoan'd distress;
She beg'd, he would approve her duty more,
And so commend her feeble virtue less,

66.

That she, the payment he of love would make,
Less understood, than yet the debt she knew;
But coyns unknown suspitiously we take,
And debts, till manifest, are never due.

67.

With bashfull Looks besought him to retire,
Lest the sharp Ayr should his new health invade;
And as she spake, she saw her reverend Syre
Approach to seek her in her usual shade.

68.

To whom with filial homage she does bow;
The Duke did first at distant duty stand,
But soon imbrac'd his knees; whilst he more low
Does bend to him, and then reach'd Birtha's hand.

PAGINATION INCORRECT

69.

Her Face, o recast with thought, does soo'thing tray
Th'assembled spirits, which his Eies detect
By her pale look, as by the Milkie way,
Men first did the assembled Stars suspect.

70.

Or as a Prisoner, that in Prison pines,
Still at the utmost window grieving lies;
Even so her Soul, imprison'd, sadly shines,
As if it watch'd for freedom at her Eys!

71.

This guides him to her Pulse, th'Alarum Bell,
Which waits the insurrections of desire;
And rings so fast, as if the *Cittadell*,
Her newly conquer'd Breast, were all one fire!

72.

Then on the Duke, he casts a short survay;
Whose Veins, his Temples, with deep purple grace;
Then Love's dispair gives them a pale allay;
And shifts the whole complexion of his Face.

73.

Nature's wise Spie does outward with them walk;
And finds, each in the midst of thinking starts;
Breath'd short, and swiftly in disorder'd talk,
To cool, beneath Love's Torrid Zone, their hearts,

74.

When all these Symptomes he observ'd, he knows
From *Alga*, which is rooted deep in Seas,
To the high Cedar that on Mountains grows,
No sov'raign hearb is found for their disease.

75.

He would not Nature's eldest Law resist,
As if wise Nature's Law could be impure;
But *Birtha* with indulgent Looks dismist,
And means to counsel, what he cannot cure.

With

76.

With mourning *Gondibert* he walks apart,
To watch his Passions force, who seems to bear
By silent grief, Two Tyrants ore his Heart,
Great Love, and his inferiour Tyrant, Fear.

77.

But *Astragon* such kind inquiries made,
Of all which to his Art's wise cares belong,
As his sick silence he does now dissuade,
And midst Love's fears, give courage to his Tongue.

78.

Then thus he spake with Love's humilities;
Have pitie Father! and since first so kind,
You would not let this worthless Bodie die,
Vouchsafe more nobly to preserve my Mind!

79.

A Mind so lately luckie, as it here
Has Virtue's Mirrour found, which does reflect
Such blemishes as Custom made it wear,
But more authentick Nature does detect.

80.

A Mind long sick of Monarchs vain disease;
Not to be fill'd, because with glorie fed;
So busie it condemn'd even War of Ease,
And for their useless rest despis'd the Dead.

81.

But since it here has Virtue quiet found,
It thinks (though Storms were wish'd by it before)
All sick at least at Sea, that scape undrown'd,
Whom Glory serves as wind to leave the shore.

82.

All Virtue is to yours but fashion now,
Religion, Art; Internals are all gone,
Or outward turn'd, to satisfie with show,
Not God, but his inferiour Eye, the Sun.

83.

And yet, though Virtue be as fashion sought,
And now Religion rules by Art's prais'd skill;
Fashion is Virtue's Mimmick, falsly taught,
And Art, but Nature's Ape, which plays her ill.

84.

To this blest House (great Nature's Court) all Courts
Compar'd, are but dark Closets for retreat
Of private Minds, Battels but Childrens sports;
And onely simple good, is solid Great.

85.

Let not the Mind, thus freed from Errour's Night,
(Since you reprievd my Body from the Grave)
Perish for being now in love with light,
But let your Virtue, Virtue's Lover save.

86.

*Eurtha* I love; and who loves wisely so,
Steps far tow'rds all which Virtue can attain;
But if we perish, when tow'rds Heav'n we go,
Then have I learnt that Virtue is in vain.

87.

And now his Heart (extracted through his Eyes
In Love's Elixar, Tears) does soon subdue
Old *Astragon*; whose pitie, though made wise
With Love's false *Essences*, likes these as true.

88.

The Duke he to a secret Bowr does lead,
Where he his Youths first Storie may attend;
To guesse, ere he will let his love proceed;
By such a dawning, how his day will end.

89.

For Virtue, though a rarely planted Flow'r,
Was in the seed now by this Florist known;
Who could foretel, even in springing hour,
What colours she shall wear when fully blown.

## CANTO the Eighth.

### The ARGUMENT.

BIRTHA *her first unpractis'd Love bewails,*
*whilst* GONDIBERT *on* ASTRAGON *prevails*
*By shewing, high Ambition is of use,*
*And Glory in the Good needs no excuse.*
GOLTHO *a grief to* ULFINORE *reveals,*
*whilst he a greater of his own conceals.*

1.

*Birtha* her griefs to her Apartment brought,
Where all her Maids to Heav'n were us'd to raise
Their voices, whilst their busie Fingers wrought
To deck the Altar of the House of Praise.

2.

But now she finds their Musick turn'd to care;
Their looks allay'd, like beautie over-worn;
Silent and sad as with'ring Fav'rites are,
Who for their sick indulgent Monarch mourn.

3.

*Thula* (the eldest of this silenc'd Quire)
When *Birtha* at this change astonish'd was,
With hastie whisper, begg'd her to retire;
And on her knees thus tells their sorrows cause.

4.

Forgive me such experience, as too soon,
Shew'd me unluckie Love; by which I guess
How Maids are by their innocence undone,
And trace those sorrows that them first oppress.

5.

Forgive such Passion as to Speech perswades,
And to my Tongue my observation brought,
And then forgive my Tongue, which to your Maids,
Too rashly carry'd, what Experience taught.

6.

For since I saw this wounded stranger here,
Your inward musick still untun'd has been;
You, who could need no hope, have learnt to fear,
And practis'd grief, ere you did know to Sin.

7.

This being Love, to *Agatha* I told;
Did on her Tongue, as on still Death relie;
But winged Love, she was too young to hold,
And, wanton-like, let it to others flie.

8.

Love, who in whisper scap'd, did publick grow;
Which makes them now their time in silence waste;
Makes their neglected Beedles move so slow,
And through their Eyes, their Hearts dissolve so fast.

9.

For oft, dire tales of Love his silf'd their Heads;
And while they doubt you in that Tyrant's pow'r,
The Spring (they think) may vile Woods and Meads,
But scarce shall hear a Bird, or see a Flow'r.

10.

Ah how (said *Birtha*) shall I dare confess
My griefs to thee, Love's rash, impatient Spies
Thou (*Thula*) who didst run to tell thy guests,
With secrets known, wilt to confession rise.

11.

But if I love this Prince, and have in Heav'n
Made any Friends by vows, you need not fear
He will make good the feature, Heav'n has given,
And be as harmless as his looks appear.

12.

Yet I have heard, that Men whom Maids think kind,
Calm, as forgiven Saints, at their last Hour,
Oft prove like Seas, inrag'd by ev'ry wind,
And all who to their Bosoms trust, devour.

How

26.

Howere Heav'n knows, (the witness of the Mind)
My heart bears Men no malice, nor esteems
Young Princes of the common cruel kind,
Nor Love so foul as it in Story seems.

27.

Yet if this Prince brought Love, what ere it be,
I must suspect, though I accuse it not;
For since he came, my medic'nal Huswiferie,
Confections, and my Stils, are all forgot.

28.

*Blossoms* in winds, *Berries* in Frosts may fall!
And *Flow'rs* sink down in Rain! For I no more
Shall Maids to woods, for early gath'rings call,
Nor haste to Gardens to prevent a showre.

29.

This said, retires; and now a lovely flame
That she reveal'd so much, possess'd her Cheeks;
In a dark Lanthorn she would bear Love's flame,
To hide her self, whilst she her Lover seeks.

30.

And to that Lover let our Song return:
Whose Tale so well was to her Father told,
As the Philosopher did seem to mourn
That Youth had reach'd such worth, and he so old.

31.

Yet *Birtha* was so precious in his Eyes,
Her vanish'd Mother still so near his mind,
That farther yet he thus his prudence tries,
Ere such a Pledge he to his trust resign'd.

32.

Whoere (said he) in thy first story looks,
Shall praise thy wise conversing with the Dead;
For with the Dead he lives, who is with Books,
And in the Camp (Death's moving Palace) bred.

20.

Wise Youth, in books and battels early finds
what thoughtless lazy Men perceive too late;
Books shew the utmost conquests of our Minds;
Battels, the best of our lov'd Bodies fate.

21.

Yet this great breeding, joyn'd with Kings high blood
(Whose blood Ambition's feaver over-heats)
May spoil digestion, which would else be good,
As stomachs are deprav'd with highest Meats.

22.

For though Books serve as Diet of the Mind,
If knowledge, early got, self-value breeds,
By false digestion it is turn'd to wind;
And what should nourish, on the Eater feeds.

23.

Though Wars great shape best educates the sight,
And makes small soft'ning objects less our care;
Yet War, when urg'd for glory, more than right,
Shews Victors but authentick Murd'rers are.

24.

And I may fear that your last Victories,
Where Glory's Toyls, and you will ill abide
(Since with new Trophies still you fed your Eyes)
Those little objects which in Shades we hide.

25.

Could you in Fortunes smiles, foretel her frowns,
Our old Foes slain, you would not hunt for new;
But Victors, after wreaths, pretend at Crowns,
And such think *Rhodalind* their Valour's due.

26.

To this the gentle *Gondibert* replies;
Think not Ambition can my duty sway,
I look on *Rhodalind* with Subjects Eyes,
Whom he that conquers, must in right obey.

27.

And though I humanely have heretofore
All beauty lik'd, I never lov'd till now;
Nor think a Crown can raise his value more,
To whom already Heav'n does Love allow.

28.

Though, since I gave the *Huns* their last defeat,
I have the *Lombards* Ensigns outward led,
Ambition kindled not this Victors heat,
But 'tis a warmth my Fathers prudence bred.

29.

Who cast on more than Wolvish Man his Eye,
Man's necessary hunger judg'd, and law
That caus'd not his devouring Maladie;
But like a wanton whelp he loves to gnaw.

30.

Man still is sick for pow'r, yet that disease
Nature (whose Law is Temp'rance) ne'r inspires;
But 'tis a humour, does his Manhip please,
A luxury, fruition onely tires.

31.

And as in persons, so in publick States,
The lust of Pow'r provokes to cruel war;
For wisest Senates it intoxicates,
And makes them vain, as single persons are.

32.

Men into Nations it did first divide;
Whilst place, scarce distant, gives them diff'rent stiles;
Rivers, whose breadth Inhabitants may stride,
Parts them as much as Continents, and Iles.

33.

On equal, smooth, and undistinguish'd Ground,
The lust of pow'r does liberty impair,
And limits by a border and a bound,
What was before as pathless as Air.

Whi

34.

Whilſt change of Languages oft breeds a war,
(A change which Faſhion does as oft obtrude
As womens dreſs) and oft Complexions are,
And diff'rent names, no leſs a cauſe of feud.

35.

Since Men ſo cauſelelly themſelves devour,
(And haſt'ning ſtill, their elfe too haſty Fates,
Act but contin'u'd Maſſacres for pow'r,)
My Father meant to chaſtiſe Kings, and States.

36.

To overcome the world, till but one Crown
And univerſal Neighbourhood he ſaw;
Till all were rich by that alliance grown,
And want no more ſhould be the cauſe of Law.

37.

One family the world was firſt deſign'd,
And though ſome fighting Kings ſo ſever'd are;
That they muſt meet by help of Seas and wind,
Yet when they fight, 'tis but a civil war.

38.

Nor could Religions heat, if one rul'd all,
To bloody war the unconcern'd allure;
And haſten us from Earth, ere Age does call,
Who are (alas) of Heav'n ſo little ſure.

39.

Religion, ne'r till divers Monarchies,
Taught that almighty Heav'n needs Armies aid;
But with contentious Kings ſhe now complies,
Who ſeem for their own cauſe, of God's afraid.

40.

To joyn all ſever'd Pow'rs (which is to end
The cauſe of War) my Father onward fought;
By war the *Lombard* Scepter to extend
Till peace were forc'd, where it was ſlowly ſought.

41.

He lost in this attempt his last dear blood;
And I (whom no remoteness can deterre,
If what seems difficult, be great and good)
Thought his Example could not make me erre.

42.

No place I merit in the Book of Fame!
Whose leaves are by the *Greeks* and *Romans* fill'd;
Yet I presume to boast, she knows my name,
And she has heard to whom the *Hunns* did yield.

43.

But let not what so needfully was done,
Though still pursu'd, make you ambition fear;
For could I force all Monarchies to one,
That Universal Crown I would not wear.

44.

He who does blindly soar at *Rhodalind*,
Mounts like seel'd Doves, still higher from his ease;
And in the lust of Empire he may find,
High Hope does better than Fruition please.

45.

The Victor's solid recompence is rest;
And 'tis unjust, that Chiefs who pleasure shun,
Toyling in Youth, should be in Age oppress
With greater Toyls, by ruling what they won.

46.

Here all reward of conquest I would find,
Leave shining Thrones for *Birtha* in a shade,
With Nature's quiet wonders fill my mind;
And praise her most, because she *Birtha* made.

47.

Now *Astragon* (with joy sufficid) perceiv'd
How nobly Heav'n for *Birtha* did provide;
Oft had he for her vanish'd Mother griev'd,
But can this joy, less than that sorrow hide.

48.

With tears, bids *Gondibert* to Heav'ns Eye make
All good within, as to the World he seems;
And in gain'd *Birtha* then from *Hymen* take
All youth can wish, and all his age esteems.

49.

Straight to his lov'd Philosophers he hies,
Who now at Nature's Counsel busie are
To trace new Lights, which some old Gazer spies,
Whilst the Duke seeks more busily his Star.

50.

But in her search, he is by *Goltho* stay'd,
Who in a close dark Covert folds his Arms;
His Eyes with thought grow darker than that shade,
Such thought as brow and breast with study warms.

51.

Fix'd to unheeded object is his Eye!
His sences he calls in, as if t'improve
By outward absence inward extasie,
Such as makes Prophets, or is made by Love.

52.

Awake (said *Gondibert*) for now in vain
Thou dream'st of sov'reignty, and War's success;
Hope, nought has left, which Worth should wish to gain,
And all Ambition is but Hope's excess.

53.

Bid all our Worthies to unarm, and rest!
For they have nought to conquer worth their care;
I have a Father's right in *Birtha*'s breast,
And that's the peace for which the wise make war.

54.

At this starts *Goltho*, like some Armie's Chief,
Whom unintrench'd, a midnight Larum wakes,
By pawse then gave disorder'd sence relief,
And this reply with kindled passion makes:

55.

What means my Prince to learn so low a boast,
Whose merit may aspire to *Rhodalind*?
For who could *Birtha* miss if she were lost,
That shall by worth the others treasure find?

56.

When your high blood, and conquests shall submit
To such mean joys, in this unminded shade,
Let Courts, without Heav'ns Lamps, in darkness sit,
And war become the lowly Shepheard's Trade.

57.

*Birtha*, (a harmless Cottage Ornament!)
May be his Bride, that's born himself to serve;
But you must pay that blood your Army spent,
And wed that Empire which our wounds deserve.

58.

This brought the Dukes swift anger to his Eyes;
Which his consid'rate Heart rebuk'd as fast;
He *Goltho* chid, in that he nought replies;
Leaves him, and *Birtha* seeks with Lovers haste.

59.

Now *Goltho* mourns, yet not that *Birtha*'s fair;
Or that the Duke shuns Empire for a Bride,
But that himself must joyn love to despair;
Himself who loves her, and his love must hide.

60.

He curs'd that him the wounded hither brought
From *Oswald*'s field; where though he wounds did fear
In tempting Death, and here no danger sought,
Yet here met worse than Death in Beauty's shape.

61.

He was unus'd to love, as bred in wars,
And not till now for beauty leasure had;
Yet bore Love's load, as Youth bears other Cares,
Till now despair makes Love's old weight too sad.

62.

But *Ulfmere*, does hither aptly come,
His second breast, in whom his griefs exceſs
He may ebb out, when they ore-flow at home;
Such griefs, as thus in Throngs for ut'rance preſs.

63.

Forgive me that ſo falſly am thy Friend!
No more our Hearts for kindneſs ſhall conteſt;
Since mine I hourly on another ſpend,
And now imbrace thee with an empty breſt.

64.

Yet pard'ning me, you cancel Nature's faule;
Who walks with her firſt force in *Birtha*'s ſhape,
And when ſhe ſpreads the Net to have us caught,
It were in youth preſumption to eſcape.

65.

When *Birtha*'s grief ſo comly did appear,
Whilſt ſhe beheld our wounded Duke's diſtreſs;
Then firſt my alter'd Heart began to fear,
Leſt too much Love ſhould friendſhip diſpoſſeſs;

66.

But this whilſt *Ulfmere* with ſorrow hears,
Him *Goltho*'s buſier ſorrow little heeds;
And though he could reply in ſighs and tears,
Yet governs both, and *Goltho* thus proceeds.

67.

To Love's new dangers I have gone unarm'd;
I lack'd experience why to be afraid,
Was too unlearn'd to read how Love had harm'd,
But have his will as Nature's law obay'd.

68.

Th'obedient and defenceleſs, ſure, no law
Afflicts, for law is their defence, and pow'r;
Yet me, Loves ſheep, whom rigour needs not aw,
Wolf-Love, becauſe defenceleſs, does devour:

69.

Gives me not time to periſh by degrees,
But with deſpair does me at once deſtroy;
For none who *Gondibert* a Lover ſees,
Thinks he would love, but where he may enjoy.

70.

*Birtha* he loves; and I from *Birtha* fear
Death that in rougher Figure I deſpiſe!
This *Ulfinore* did with diſtemper hear,
Yet with diſſembled temp'rance thus replies:

71.

Ah *Goltho!* who Love's Feaver can aſſwage?
For though familiar ſeems that old diſeaſe;
Yet like Religion's fit, when Peoples rage,
Few cure thoſe evils which the Patient pleaſe.

72.

Natures Religion, Love, is ſtill perverſe;
And no commerce with cold diſcretion hath,
For if Diſcretion ſpeak when Love is fierce,
'Tis wav'd by Love, as Reaſon is by Faith.

73.

As *Gondibert* left *Goltho* when he heard
His Saint profan'd, as if ſome Plague were nigh;
So *Goltho* now leaves *Ulfinore*, and fear'd
To ſhare ſuch veng'ance, if he did not flie.

74.

How each at home ore-rates his miſerie,
And thinks that all are muſical abroad,
Unfetter'd as the Winds, whilſt onely he
Of all the glad and licenc'd world is aw'd?

75.

And as Cag'd Birds are by the Fowler ſet
To call in more, whilſt thoſe that taken be,
May think (though they are Priſ'ners in the Net)
Th'incag'd, becauſe they ne'r complain, are free.

76.

So *Soltho* (who by *Ulfinore* was brought
Here where he first Love's dangers did perceive
In Beautie's Field) thinks though himself was caught,
Th' inviter safe, because not heard to grieve.

77.

But *Ulfinore* (whom neighbourhood led here)
Impressions took before from *Birtha*'s sight;
*Ideas*, which in silence hidden were,
As Heav'n's designs before the birth of Light.

78.

This from his Father *Ulfin* he did hide,
Who, strict to Youth, would not permit the best
Reward of worth, the Bosom of a Bride,
Should be but after Virtuous toils possest.

79.

For *Ulfinore* (in blooming honour yet)
Though he had learnt the count'nance of the Foe,
And though his courage could dull Armies whet,
The care ore Crouds, nor Conduct could not know;

80.

Nor varie Battels shapes in the Foes view;
But now in forreign Fields means to improve
His early Arts, to what his Father knew,
That merit so might get him leave to love.

81.

Till then, check'd passion, shall not venture forth:
And now retires with a disorder'd Heart;
Griev'd, lest his Rival should by early'r worth
Get Love's reward, ere he can gain desert.

82.

But stop we here, like those who day-light lack;
Or as misguided Travellers that rove,
Oft find their way by going somewhat back;
So let's return, thou ill Conductour Love!

83.

Thy little *Gretian* Godhead as my Guide
I have attended many a Winter night;
To seek whom Time for honour's sake would hide,
Since in mine age sought by a wasted light:

84.

But ere my remnant of Life's Lamp be spent,
Whilst I in Lab'rinths stray amongst the Dead;
I mean to recollect the paths I went,
And judge from thence the steps I am to tread.

85.

Thy walk (though as a common Deitie
The Croud does follow thee) misterious grows:
For *Rhodalind* may now clos Mourner die,
Since *Gondibert*, too late, her sorrow knows.

86.

Young *Hurgonil* above dear light prefers
Calm *Orna*, who his highest Love out-loves;
Yet envious Clouds in *Lombard* Registers
Orecast their Morn, what ere their Evening proves.

87.

For fatal *Laura* trustie *Tybalt* pines;
For haughtie *Gartha*, subtle *Hermegild*;
Whilst she her beautie, youth, and birth declines;
And as to Fate, does to Ambition yield.

88.

Great *Gondibert*, to bashfull *Birtha* bends;
Whom she adores like Virtue in a Throne;
Whilst *Ulfinore*, and *Goltho* (late vow'd Friends
By him) are now his Rivals, and their own.

89.

Through ways thus intricate to Lovers Urns,
Thou lead'st me, Love, to shew thy Trophies past;
Where time (less cruel than thy Godhead) mourns
In ruins, which thy pride would have to last.

Whe

90.

While I on *Lombard* Monuments have read
Old Lovers names, and their fam'd Aſhes ſpy'd;
But leſs can learn by knowing they are dead,
And ſuch their Tombes; than how they liv'd and dy'd.

91.

To *Paphos* flie! and leave me ſullen here!
This Lamp ſhall light me to Records, which give
To future Youth, ſo juſt a cauſe of fear,
That it will Valour ſeem to dare to live.

*The End of the Second Book.*

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# GONDIBERT.

## The Third Book.

*Written by the Authour during his Imprisonment.*

### *CANTO the First.*

The ARGUMENT.

*The People, left by* GARTHA, *leave to mourn,*
*And worship* HERMEGILD *for her return.*
*The wounded* HURGONIL *by* ORNA *cur'd;*
*Their loyal loves by marriage plight assur'd.*
*In* LAURA'S *hasty change, Love's pow'r appears,*
*And* TYBALT *seeks the kindness which he fears.*

1.

When sad *Verona* saw in *Gartha*'s shape (prais'd;
Departed Peace brought back, the Court they
And seem'd so joy'd as Cities which escape
A Siege, even by their own brave Sallys rais'd.

2.

And *Hermegild*, to make her triumph long,
Through all the streets his Chariot slowly drove;
Whilst she endures the kindness of the Throng,
Though rude, as was their rage, is now their love.

3.

On *Hermegild* (so longingly desir'd
From *Hubert*'s Camp) with Childish Eyes they gaze;
They worship now, what late they but admir'd,
And all his Arts to mightie Magick raise.

On

4.

On both they such shouts and Blessings throw,
As if those num'rous Priests who here reside,
(Earth to out-live this joy) assembled now
In haste to bless the Bayte e're they dy'd.

5.

Thus dignify'd, and Crown'd through all the Streets
To Court they come; where them wife *Aribert*
Not weakly with a publick passion meets;
But in his open'd Face conceal'd his heart.

6.

With mod'rate joy he took this Pledge of Peace,
Because great joys infer to judging Eys
The mind distress'd before; and in distress,
Thrones, which are jealous Forts, think all are Spies.

7.

Yet, by degrees, a Soul delighted shows
To *Gartha*, whom he leads to *Rhodalind*;
And soon to *Hermegild* as artless grows
As Maids, and like successfull Lovers kind.

8.

And *Rhodalind*, though bred to daily fight
Of Courts feign'd Faces, and pretended hearts;
(In which disguises Courts take no delight,
But little mischiefs shun by little Arts.)

9.

She, when she *Gartha* saw, no kindness faign'd;
But faithfully her former rage excus'd;
For now she others sorrows entertain'd,
As if to love, a Maid's first sorrow us'd.

10.

Yet did her first with cautious gladness meet;
Then soon from grave respect to fondness grew;
To kisses in their taste and odour sweet,
As *Hybla* Hony, or *Arabian* Dew.

And

11.

And *Gartha* like an Eastern Monarch's Bride,
His publick love with bashfull homage took,
For she had learn'd from *Hermegild* to hide
A rising Heart, behind a falling Look.

12.

Thus, mask'd with meekness, she does much intreat
A pardon for that Storm her sorrow rais'd;
Which *Rhodalind* more sues she would forget,
Unless to have so just a sorrow prais'd.

13.

Soon is this joy through all the Court dispers'd;
So high they value peace, who daily are
In Prides invasions, private faction, vers'd;
The small, but fruitfull seed of publick war.

14.

Whilst thus sweet Peace had others joys assur'd,
*Orna* with hopes of sweeter Love was pleas'd;
For of war's wounds brave *Hargosill* was cur'd;
And those of love, which deeper reach'd, were eas'd.

15.

In both these cures her Sov'raign help appears,
Since as her double Patient he receiv'd
For War's wounds, Balm, dropp'd in her precious tears,
And Love's, her more accepted vows, relievd.

16.

She let no medc'nal Flow'r in quiet grow,
No Art he hid, nor Artist ease his thought,
No Fane be shut, no Priest from Altars go,
Nor in Heav'n's Quire no Saint remain unsought,

17.

Nor more her Eys could ease of sleep esteem
Than sleep can the world's Eye, the Sun, conceal;
Nor breath'd she but in vows to Heav'n, or him,
Till Heav'n, and she, his diff'rent wounds did heal.

18.

But now she needs those ayds she did dispence;
For scarce her cures were on him perfect grown,
E're shame afflicts her for that diligence,
Which Love had in her fits of pity shown.

19.

When she (though made of shunning bashfulness)
Whilst him in wounds a smarting Feaver burn'd,
Invok'd remotest aydes to his redress,
And with a loud ungovern'd kindness mourn'd.

20.

When o're him then, whilst parting life She tu'd,
Her kisses faster (though unknown before)
Then Blossoms fall on parting Spring, she strew'd;
Than Blossoms sweeter, and in number more.

21.

But now when from her busie Maid she knew
How wildly Grief had led her Love abroad,
Unmask'd to all, she her own Pris'ner grew;
By shame, a Virgin's Native Conscience, aw'd.

22.

With undirected Eies which careless rove,
With thoughts too singly to her self confin'd,
She blushing starts at her remember'd love,
And grievs the world had Eyes, when that was blind.

23.

Sad darkness, which does other Virgins fright,
Now boldly and alone, she entertain'd;
And shuns her Lover, like the Traytor, light,
Till he her curtains drew, and thus complain'd.

24.

Why, bashfull Maid, will you your beauty hide,
Because your fairer Mind, your Love, is known?
So Jewellers conceal with artfull pride
Their second wealth, after the best is shown.

In

25.

In pity's paſſion you unvail'd your mind;
Let him not fall, whom you did help to climb;
Nor ſeem by being baſhfull ſo unkind,
As if you think your pity was a crime.

26.

Ouſeleſs ſhame! Officious baſhfulneſs!
Virtues vain ſign, which onely there appears
where Virtue grows erroneous by exceſs,
And ſhapes more ſins, than frighted Conſcience feart.

27.

Your bluſhes, which to meer complexion grow,
You muſt, as Nature, not as Virtue own;
And for your open'd Love, you but bluſh ſo
As guiltleſs Roſes bluſh that they are blown.

28.

As well the Morn (whoſe eſſence Poets made,
And gave her baſhfull Eyes) we may believe
Does bluſh for what ſhe ſees through Night's thin ſhade,
As that you can for love diſcover'd grieve.

29.

Ariſe! and all the Flow'rs of ev'ry Mead
(Which weeping through your Stils my health reſtor'd)
Bring to the Temple to adorn your Head,
And there where you did worſhip, be ador'd.

30.

This with a low regard (but voice rais'd high
By joys of Love) he ſpake; and not leſs kind
Was now (ent'ring with native harmony,
Like forward ſpring) the blooming *Rhodalind*:

31.

Like Summer, goodly *Gartha*, fully blown;
*Laura*, like Autumn, with as ripe a look;
But ſhew'd, by ſome chill griefs, her Sun was gone,
*Arnold*, from whom ſhe Life's ſhort glory took.

32.

Like Winter, *Hermegild*, yet not so gray
And cold, but that his fashion seem'd to boast,
That even weak Winter is allow'd some day,
And the Air clear, and healthfull in a Frost.

33.

All these, and *Tybalt* too (unless a Spie
He be, watching who thrives in *Laura*'s sight)
Came hither, as in kind conspiracy,
To hasten *Orna* to her marriage plight.

34.

And now the Priests prepare for this high vow
All Rites that to their Laws can adde a grace;
To which the frequent knot they not allow,
Till a spent Morn recovers all her Face.

35.

And now the streets like Summer Meads appear!
For with sweet strewings Maids left Gardens bare,
As Lovers wish their sweetest Bosoms were,
When hid unkindly by dis-shevell'd Hair.

36.

And *Orna* now (importun'd to possess
Her long wish'd joys) breaks through her blushes so,
As the fair Morn breaks through her rosyness;
And from a like guile did their blushes grow.

37.

She thinks her Love's high sickness now appears
A fit so weak, as does no medicine need;
So soon societie can cure those fears
On which the Coward, Solitude, does feed.

38.

They with united joy blest *Hargenil*
And *Orna* to the sacred Temple bring;
Whilst all the Court in triumph shew their Skill,
As if long bred by a triumphant King.

So

39.

Such days of joy, before the marriage day,
The *Lombards* long by custom had embrac't;
Custom, which all, rather than Law obay,
For Laws by force, Customs, by pleasure last.

40.

And wisely Ancients by this needfull snare
Of guilded joys, did hide such bitterness
As most in marriage swallow with that care,
Which bashfully the wise will ne'r confess.

41.

'Tis Sates-mens musick, who States Fowlers be,
And singing Birds, to catch the wilder, set;
So bring in more to tame societie;
For wedlock, to the wild, is the States Net.

42.

And this loud joy, before the marriage Rites,
Like Battels Musick which to fights prepare,
Many to strife and sad success invites;
For marriage is too oft but civil war.

43.

A truth too amply known to those who read
Great *Hymen's* Roles; though he from Lovers Eyes
Hides his most Tragick stories of the Dead,
Lest all, like *Gotbs*, should 'gainst his Temples rise.

44.

And thou (what ere thou art, who dost perchance
With a hot Reader's haste, this Song pursue)
May'st find, too soon, thou dost too far advance;
And wish it all unread, or else untrue.

45.

For it is sung (though by a mourning voice)
That in the *Ides* before these Lovers had,
With *Hymens* publick hand, confirm'd their choice,
A cruel practise did their peace invade.

46.

For *Hermegild*, too ſtudiouſly foreſaw
The Counts alliance with the Duke's high blood,
Might from the *Lombards* ſuch affection draw,
As could by *Hubert* never be withſtood.

47.

And he in haſte with *Gartha* does retire,
Where thus his breaſt he opens to prevent,
That *Hymen*'s hallow'd Torch may not take fire,
When all theſe leſſer lights of joy are ſpent.

48.

High Heav'n (from whoſe beſt Lights your beauty grow
Born high, as higheſt Minds) preſerve you ſtill
From ſuch, who then appears reſiſtleſs Foes,
When they allyance joyn to Arms and Skill!

49.

Moſt by conjunction Planets harmfull are;
So Rivers joyning overflow the Land,
And Forces joyn'd make that deſtructive war,
Which elſe our common conduct may withſtand.

50.

Their Knees to *Hurgonil* the People bow
And worſhip *Orna* in her Brothers right;
They muſt be ſever'd, or like Palms will grow,
Which planted near, out-climb their native hight.

51.

As Winds, whoſe violence out-does all art,
Act all unſeen: ſo we as ſecretly
Theſe branches of that Cedar *Gondibert*
Muſt force, till his deep Root in riſing die.

52.

If we make noiſe whilſt our deep workings laſt,
Such rumour through thick Towns unheeded flies,
As winds through woods, and we (our great work paſt)
Like winds will ſilence Tongues, and ſcape from Eye

53.

Ere this dark lesson she was clearer taught,
Hy'enter'd Slaves place at her rev'renc'd Feet
A spacious Cabinet, with all things fraught,
Which seem'd for wearing artfull, rich, and sweet.

54.

With leisurely delight, she by degrees
Lifts ev'ry Till, does ev'ry Drawer draw,
But nought which to her Sex belongs she sees;
And for the Male all nice adornments saw.

55.

This seem'd to breed some strangeness in her Eyes,
Which like a wanton wonder there began;
But straight she in the lower Closet spies
Th'accomplish'd dress, and Garments of a Man.

56.

Then starting, she her Hand shrunk nicely back,
As if she had been stung; or that she fear'd
This Garment was the skin of that old Snake,
Which at the fatal Tree like Man appear'd.

57.

Th'ambitious Maid at scornfull distance stood,
And bravely seem'd of Love's low vices free;
Though vicious in her mind, not in her blood:
Ambition is the Minds immodestie!

58.

He knew great minds disorder'd by mistake,
Defend through pride, the errours they repent;
And with a Lovers fearfulness he spake
Thus humbly, that extreams he might prevent.

59.

How ill (delightfull Maid!) shall I deserve
My Life's last flame, fed by your beauty's fire,
If I shall vex your virtues, that preserve
Others weak virtues, which would else expire.

60.

How, more than death, shall I my life despise,
When your fear'd frowns, make me your service fear.
When I scarce dare to say, that the disguise
You shrink to see, you must vouchsafe to wear.

61.

So rude a Law your int'rest will impose;
And solid int'rest must not yield to shame:
Vain shame, which fears you should such honour lose,
As lasts but by intelligence with Fame.

62.

Number, which makes opinion Law, can turn
This shape to fashion, which you scorn to use,
Because not by your Sex as fashion worn;
And fashion is but that which Numbers chuse.

63.

If you approve what Numbers lawfull think,
Be bold, for Number cancels bashfulness;
Extreams, from which a King would blushing shrink,
Unblushing Senates act as no excess.

64.

Thus he his thoughts (the picture of his mind)
By a dark Vayl to sudden sight deny'd;
That she might prise, what seem'd so hard to find;
For Curtains promise worth in what they hide.

65.

He said her Manhood would not strange appear
In Court, where all the fashion is disguise;
Where *Masquerades* are serious all the year,
None known but strangers, nor secure but Spies.

66.

All rules he reads of living great in Courts,
Which some the Art of wise dissembling call;
For Pow'r (born to have Foes) much weight supports
By their false strength who thrust to make it fall.

67.

He bids her wear her beauty free as light;
Her Ears as open be to all endeer'd;
For the unthinking Croud judge by their sight,
And seem half eas'd, when they are fully heard.

68.

He shuts her breast even from familiar Eyes;
For he who secrets (Pow'rs chief Treasure) spends
To purchase Friendship, friendship dearly buys:
Since Pow'r seeks great Confed'rates, more than friends.

69.

And now with Counsels more particular,
He taught her how to wear tow'rds *Rhodalind*
Her looks, which of the Mind false pictures are,
And then how *Orna* may believe her kind.

70.

How *Laura* too may be (whose practis'd Eyes
Can more detect the shape of forward love)
By treaty caught though not by a surprize;
Whose aid would precious to her faction prove.

71.

But here he ends his Lecture, for he spy'd
(Adorn'd, as if to grace Magnifick Feasts)
Bright *Rhodalind*, with the elected Bride;
And with the Bride, all her selected Guests.

72.

They *Gartha* in their civil pitie sought,
Whom they in midst of triumphs mis'd, and fear
Left her full breast (with *Hubert's* sorrows fraught)
She, like a Mourner, come to empty here.

73.

But she, and *Hermegild*, are wild with haste,
As Traitors are whom Vigilants surprise;
Decyphring that which fearfully they cast
In some dark place, where worser Treason lies.

74.

So open they the fatal Cabinet,
To ſhut things ſlighter with the Conſequent;
Then ſoon their rally'd looks in poſture ſet;
And boldly with them to their triumphs went.

75.

*Tybalt*, who *Laura* gravely ever led,
With ceaſeleſs whiſpers laggs behind the Train;
Tries, ſince her wary Governour is dead,
How the fair Fort he may by Treaty gain.

76.

For now unhappy *Arnold* ſhe forſakes;
Yet he is bleſt that ſhe does various prove,
When his ſpent heart for no unkindneſs akes;
Since from the Light as ſever'd as from Love.

77.

Yet as in ſtorms and ſickneſs newly gone,
Some Clouds a while, and ſtrokes of faintneſs laſt;
So, in her brow, ſo much of grief is ſhown,
As ſhews a Tempeſt, or a ſickneſs paſt.

78.

But him no more with ſuch ſad Eyes ſhe ſeeks,
As even at Feaſts would make old Tyrants weep;
Nor more attempts to wake him with ſuch ſhreeks,
As threatned all where Death's deaf Priſoners ſleep.

79.

*Hugo* and him, as Leaders now ſhe names,
Not much as Lovers does their fame approve;
Nor her own fate, but chance of battel blames,
As if they dy'd for honour, not for love.

80.

This *Tybalt* ſaw, and finds that the turn'd Stream
Came fairly flowing to refreſh his heart;
Yet could he not forget the kind eſteem
She lately had of *Arnold*'s high deſert.

81.

Nor does it often ſcape his memorie,
How gravely he had vow'd, that if her Eyes,
After ſuch Show'rs of Love, were quickly drie,
He would them more than Lamps in Tombs deſpiſe.

82.

And Whilſt he watch'd like an induſtrious Spie
Her Sexes changes, and revolt of Youth;
He ſtill reviv'd this vow as ſolemnly,
As Senates Count'nance Laws or Synods, Truth.

83.

But men are frail, more Glaſs than Women are!
*Tybalt* who with a ſtay'd judicious heart
Would love, grows vain amidſt his graveſt care:
Love, free by nature, ſcorns the Bonds of Art!

84.

*Laura* (whoſe Fort he by approch would gain)
With a weak ſigh blows up his Mine, and Smiles;
Gives fire but with her Eye, and he is ſlain;
Or treats, and with a whiſper him beguiles.

85.

Nor force of Arms or Arts (O Love!) endures
Thy mightineſs; and ſince we muſt diſcern
Diſeaſes fully ere we ſtudie cures;
And our own force by othes, weakneſs learn;

86.

Let me to Courts and Camps thy Agent be,
Where all their weakneſs and diſeaſes ſpring
From their not knowing, and not honouring thee
In thoſe who Nature in thy triumphs ſing.

*CANTO*

## CANTO the Second.

### The ARGUMENT.

*whilſt* BIRTHA *and the Duke their joyes purſue*
*In conqu'ring Love, Fate doth them both ſubdue*
*With triumphs, which from Court young* ORGO *brought;*
*And have in* GOLTHO *greater triumphs wrought:*
*Whoſe hopes the quiet* ULFINORE *does bear*
*With patience feign'd, and with a hidden fear.*

1.

THe proſp'rous *Gondibert* from *Birtha* gains
All baſhfull plights a Maids firſt bounties give;
Faſt vows, which bind Love's Captives more than chains,
Yet free Love's Saints in choſen bondage live.

2.

Few were the days, and ſwiftly ſeem'd to waſte,
Which thus he in his minds fruition ſpent;
And leſt ſome envious Cloud ſhould overcaſt
His Lov's fair Morn, oft to his Camp he ſent

3.

To *Bergamo*, where ſtill intrenched were
Thoſe Youth, whom firſt his Father's Army bred;
Who ill the rumour of his wounds did bear,
Though he that gave them, of his own be dead.

4.

And worſe thoſe haughtie threat'nings they abhor,
Which Fame, from *Breſcia*'s ancient Fighters brought;
Vain Fame, the Peoples truſted Orator,
Whoſe ſpeech (too fluent) their miſtakes has wrought.

5.

Oft *Goltho* with his temp'rate Counſels went,
To quench whom Fame to dang'rous furie warm'd;
Till temp'rately his dangers they reſent,
And think him ſafeſt in their patience arm'd.

6.

As safe now is his love, as love could be,
If all the World like old *Arcadia* were;
Honour the Monarch, and all Lovers free
From jealosie, as safetie is from fear.

7.

And *Birtha*'s heart does to his civil Breast
As much for ease and peace, as safetie, come;
For there 'tis serv'd and treated as a Guest,
But watch'd, and taught, and often chid at home.

8.

Like great and good Confed'rates, whose design
Invades not others, but secures their own:
So they in just and virtuous hopes combine,
And are, like new Confed'rates, busie grown.

9.

With whisper earnest, and now grave with thought
They walk consulting, standing they debate;
And then seek shades, where they in vain are sought,
By servants who intrude, and think they wait.

10.

In this great League, their most important care
Was to dispatch their Rites; Yet so provide,
That all the Court might think them free as air,
When fast as faith, they were by *Hymen* ty'd.

11.

For if the King (said he) our love surprise,
His stormie rage will it Rebellion call;
Who claims to chuse the Brides of his Allies;
And in that storm our joys in blossom fall.

12.

Our love, your cautious Father, onely knows
(On whose safe prudence, Senates may depend)
And *Goltho*, who to time few reck'nings ows,
Yet can discharge all duties of a Friend.

Such

13.

Such was his mind, and hers (more buſie) ſhows
That bonds of love does make her longer faſt
Than *Hymen*'s knot, as plain Religion does,
Longer than Rites (Religion's faſhions) laſt.

14.

That her diſcretion ſomewhat does appear,
Since ſhe can Love, her minds chief beautie, hide;
Which never farther went than *Thula*'s Ear,
Who had (alaſs) but for that ſecret dy'd.

15.

That ſhe alreadie had diſguiſes fram'd,
And ſought out Caves where ſhe might cloſs reſide;
As being, nor unwilling nor aſham'd
To live his Captive, ſo ſhe die his Bride.

16.

Full of themſelves, delight them onward leads,
Where in the Front was to remoter view
Exalted Hills, and nearer proſtrate Meads,
With Forreſts flanck'd, where ſhade to darkneſs grew.

17.

Beneath that ſhade, Two Rivers ſlily ſteal,
Through narrow walks, to wider *Adice*,
Who ſwallows both, till ſhe does proudly ſwel,
And haſts to ſhew her beautie to the Sea.

18.

And here, whilſt forth he ſends his raging Eye,
*Orgo* he ſpies, who plies the ſpur ſo faſt,
As if with news of Victo'rie he would flie
To leave ſwift Fame behind him by his haſte.

19.

If (ſaid the Duke) becauſe the Boy is come,
I ſecond gladneſs ſhew, do not ſuppoſe
I ſpread my Breaſt to give new Comforts room,
That were to welcome rain where *Nilus* flows.

Though

20.

Though the unripe appearance of a Page
For weightie truſt, may render him too weak,
Yet this is he, who more than cautious Age,
Or like calm Death, will bury what we ſpeak.

21.

This, *Birtha*, is the Boy, whoſe ſkilleſs face
Is ſafe from jealouſie of oldeſt ſpies;
In whom, by whiſper, we from diſtant place
May meet, or wink our meaning to his Eyes.

22.

More had he ſaid to gain him her eſteem,
But *Orgo* enters ſpeechleſs with his Speed;
And by his looks more full of haſte did ſeem,
Than when his ſpurs provok'd his flying Steed.

23.

And with his firſt recover'd breath he cries,
Hail my lov'd Lord, whom Fame does value ſo,
That when ſhe ſwift with your ſucceſſes flies,
She fears to wrong the World in being ſlow.

24.

I bring you more than taſts of Fortune's love,
Yet am afraid I err, in having dar'd
To think her favours could your gladneſs move;
Who have more worth than Fortune can reward.

25.

The Duke, with ſmiles, forewarns his haſtie Tongues
As loth he ſhould proceed in telling more;
Kindly afraid to do his kindneſs wrong,
By hearing what he thought he knew before.

26.

Thy diligence (ſaid he) is high deſert;
It does in Youth ſupply defects of ſkill;
And is of dutie the moſt uſefull part;
Yet art thou now but ſlow to *Hurgonil*.

27.

Who hither by the Moons imperfect light
Came and return'd, without the help of day,
To tell me he has *Orna*'s Virgin plight,
And that their Nuptials for my presence stay.

28.

*Orgo* reply'd, though that a triumph be
Where all false Lovers are, like savage Kings,
Led Captive after Love's great Victorie,
It does but promise what your triumph brings.

29.

It was the Eve to this your Holy-day,
And now *Verona* Mistress does appear
Of *Lombardy*, and all the Flow'rs which *May*
Ere wore, does as the Countrie's favours wear.

30.

The wearie Eccho from the Hills makes hastes
Vex'd that the Bells still calls for her replies
When they so many are, and ring so fast;
Yet oft are silenc'd by the Peoples cries:

31.

Who send to Heav'n the name of *Rhodalind*,
And then Duke *Gondibert* as high they raise,
To both with all their publick passion kind,
If kindness shine in wishes and in praise.

32.

The King this day made your adoption known,
Proclaim'd you to the Empire next ally'd,
As heir to all his Conquests and his Crown,
For royal *Rhodalind* must be your Bride.

33.

Not all the dangers valour finds in war,
Love meets in Courts, or pride to Courts procures
When sick with Peace the hot in Faction are,
Can make such fears as now the Duke endures.

34.

No all those fears which ev'ry Maid has found,
On whose first Guards, Love by surprises steals,
(Whose sightless Arrow makes a cureless wound)
Are like to this which doubtfull *Bertha* feels.

35.

She from his looks wild wonder strives to chace;
Strives more to teach his Manhood to resist
Death in her Eyes, and then with all the grace
Of seeming pleasure, *Orgo* he dismist.

36.

And *Orgo* being gone, low as her knees
Could fall, she fells; and soon he bends as low
With weight of heart; griev'd that no Grave he sees,
To sink, where love no more can sorrow know.

37.

Her sighs as show'rs lay winds, are calm'd with tears;
And parting life seems stay'd awhile to take
A civil leave, whilst her pale visage wears
A cleatie Skie, and thus the weeping spake.

38.

Since such a Prince has forfeited his pow'r,
Heav'n give me leave to make my dutie less,
Let me my vows, as sodden oaths abhor,
Which did my passion, not my truth express.

39.

Yet yours I would not think were counterfeit,
But rather ill and rashly understood;
For 'tis impossible I can forget
So soon, that once you fatally were good.

40.

Though cruel now as Beasts where they have pow'r,
Chusing, like them to make the weakest bleed;
For weakness soon invites you to devour,
And a submission gives you ease to feed.

Nor To

41.

To fighting Fields, send all your honour back,
To Courts your dang'rous Tongue and civil shape,
That Country Maids may Men no more mistake,
Nor seek dark Death, that they may Love escape.

42.

Now soon to Heav'n her Soul had found the way,
(For there it oft had been in pray'r and praise)
But that his vows did life with loudness stay,
And life's warm help did soon her Body raise.

43.

And now he gently leads her; for no more
He lets th'unhallow'd Ground a false Flow'r wear,
Sweeter than Nature's Bosom ever wore;
And now these vows sends kindly to her Ear.

44.

If (*Birtha*) I am false, think none too blame
For thinking Truth (by which the Soul subsists)
No farther to be found than in the name;
Think humane kind betraid ev'n by their Priests.

45

Think all my Sex so vile, that you may chide
Those Maids who to your Mothers Nuptials ran;
And praise your Mother who so early dy'd,
Remembring whom she marry'd was a Man.

46.

This great Court miracle you strait receive
From *Orgo*, and your faith the whole allows;
Why since you *Orgo*'s words so soon believe
Will you less civilly suspect my vows?

47.

My Vows, which want the Temples seal, will bind
(Though private kept) surer than publick Laws;
For Laws but force the Body, but my Mind
Your Virtue Counsels, whilst your beauty draws.

48.

Thus spake he, but his mourning looks did more
Attest his grief, and fear does hers renew;
Now losing (were he lost) more than before,
For then she fear'd him false, now thinks him true.

49.

As sick Physicians seldom their own Art
Dare trust to cure their own disease; so these
Were to themselves quite useless, when apart;
Yet by consult, each can the other ease.

50.

But from themselves they now diverted stood;
For *Orgo*'s News (which need not borrow wings,
Since *Orgo* for his Lord believ'd it good)
To *Astragon* the joyfull Houshold brings.

51.

But *Astragon*, with a judicious thought,
This days glad news took in the dire portent;
A day, which mourning Nights to *Birtha* brought;
And with that fear in search of *Birtha* went.

52.

And here he finds her in her Lovers Eyes,
And him in hers; both more afflicted grown
At his approach; for each his sorrow spies;
Who thus would counsel theirs, and hide his own.

53.

Though much this fatal joy to anger moves,
Yet reason's aids shall anger's force subdue;
I will not chide you for your hasty Loves,
Nor ever doubt (great Prince) that yours is true.

54.

In chiding Love, because he hasty was,
Or urging errours, which his swiftness brings,
I find effects, but dare not tax the cause;
For Poets were inspir'd, who gave him wings.

55.

When low I dig, where defart-Rivers run,
Dive deep in Seas, through Forrests follow winds,
Or reach with Optick Tubes the ragged Moon,
My sight no cause of Love's swift motion finds.

56.

Love's fatal haste, in yours, I will not blame,
Because I know not why his wings were giv'n;
Nor doubt him true, not knowing whence he came,
Nor *Birtha* chide, who thought you came from Heav'n.

57.

If you lay snares, we erre when we escape;
Since evil practise learns Men to suspect
Where falshood is, and in your noble shape,
We should by finding it, our skill detect.

58.

Yet both your griefs I'le chide, as ignorance;
Call you unthankfull; for your great griefs show
That Heav'n has never us'd you to mischance,
Yet rudely you repine to feel it now.

59.

If your contextures be so weak, and nice,
Weep that this windy world you ever knew;
You are not in those Calms of Paradice,
Where sleeder Flow'rs as safe as Cedars grew.

60.

This which your Youth calls grief, was frowardness
In flatter'd Infancy, and as you bear
Unkindly now amidst Youth's joys distress,
So then, unless still rock'd, you froward were.

61.

Griefs conflicts gave these Hairs their silver shine;
(Torn Ensigns which victorious Age adorn)
Youth is a Dress too garish, and too fine
To be in foul tempestuous weather worn.

62.

Grief's want of use does dang'rous weakness make;
But we by use of Burdens are made strong:
And in our practis'd Age can calmly take
Those sorrows, which like Fevers, vex the young.

63.

When you in Love's fair Books (which Poets keep)
Read what they hide, his Tragick History,
You will rejoyce that half your time is sleep,
And smile at Love when Nature bids you die.

64.

Learn then that Love's diseases common are;
Do not in sickness known (though new to you)
Whilst vital heat does last, of cure despair:
Love's vital heat does last, whilst Love is true.

65.

Thus spake the kind and prudent *Alfragon*:
And much their kind impatience he appeas'd,
For of his griefs (which heavier than their own
Were born by both) their dutious fears are eas'd.

66.

She begs that he would pardon her distress,
Thought that even sin which did her sorrows move;
And then with all her Mothers lowliness,
His pardon craves for asking leave to love.

67.

The Duke who saw fair Truth so undisguis'd,
And love in all, but love so unconcern'd,
Pity'd the studious world, and all despis'd
Who did not here unlearn, what they had learn'd.

68.

I am reform'd (said he) not that before
I wanted love, or that my love was ill;
But I have learnt to perfect Nature more
By giving innocence a little skill.

69.

For 'tis some skill in innocence to bear
With temper the distempers of our Stars;
Not doubting griefs already come by fear
Of more, for fears but hasten threat'ned Wars.

70.

But we will bravely suffer to intire
Our strength to weights against the new are laid;
That when 'tis known how much we can endure,
Our sufferings may make our Foes afraid.

71.

This Comet Glory shines but in portent;
Which from the Court does send her threatning Beam
And looks as if it were by malice meant
To hasten *Oswald*'s Faction to extreams.

72.

Since *Hurgonil*, who just fore-ran the Boy
Could not instruct us, we as much may know
Of the first light, as of these fires of joy;
Which is, that both did out of darkness grow.

73.

Yet this the King might hide in Kingly skill,
Wisely to make his bounty more his own:
Kings stoop for Counsel, who impart their will;
His Acts, like Heav'ns, make not their Causes known.

74.

Yet with as plain a heart as love untaught
In *Birtha* wears, I here to *Birtha* make
A vow, that *Rhodalind* I never sought,
Nor now would with her love her greatness take.

75.

Love's bonds are for her greatness made too straight;
And me Ambition's pleasures cannot please;
Ev'n Priests, who on the higher Altar wait;
Think a continu'd rev'rence loss of ease.

76.

Let us with secrecy our love protect;
Hiding such precious wealth from publick view;
The proffer'd glory I will first suspect
As false, and shun it when I find it true.

77.

They now retire, because they *Goltho* saw,
Who hither came to watch with *Ulfinore*
If much the Duke's woo'd Mistress did him aw;
Since love woo'd him, and in the shape of Pow'r.

78.

But when he mark'd that he did from them move
With sudden shyness, he suppos'd it shame
Of being seen in chase of *Birtha*'s love;
As if above it grown since *Orgo* came.

79.

*Goltho* by nature was of Musick made,
Chearfull as Victors warm in their success;
He seem'd like Birds created to be glad,
And nought but love could make him taste distress.

80.

Hope, which our cautious Age scarce entertains,
Or as a Flatt'rer gives her cold respect,
He runs to meet, invites her, and complains
Of one hours absence as a years neglect.

81.

Hope, the world's welcome, and his standing Guest,
Fed by the Rich, but feasted by the Poor;
Hope, that did come in triumph to his breast,
He thus presents in boast to *Ulfinore*.

82.

Well may I (Friend) auspicious Love adore,
Seeing my mighty Rival takes no pride
To be with *Birtha* seen; and he before
(Thou knowst) enjoyn'd that I his love should hide.

83.

Nor do I break his trust when 'tis reveal'd
To thee, since we are now so much the same,
That when from thee, it is from me conceal'd,
For we admit no difference but in name.

84.

But be it still from ev'ry other Ear
Preserv'd, and strictly by our mutual vow:
His Laws are still to my obedience dear,
Who was my Gen'ral, though my Rival now.

85.

And well thou knowst how much mine Eyes did melt
When our great Leader they did first perceive
Love's Captive led; whose sorrows then I felt,
Though now for greater of mine own I grieve.

86.

Nor do I now by love in duty erre;
For if I get what he would fain possess,
Then he a Monarch is, and I preferre
Him who undoes the world in being less.

87.

When Heav'n (which hath preferr'd me to thy brest
Where Friendship is inthron'd) shall make it known
That I am worth thy love, which is expresst
By making Heav'nly *Birtha* all mine own.

88.

Then at this quiet *Eden* thou wilt call,
And stay a while, to mark if Love's prais'd Plant
Have after Spring a ripeness, and a Fall,
Or never of the first abundance want.

89.

And I shall tell thee then if Poets are
In using Beauty's Pencil false, or blind;
For they have *Birtha* drawn but sweet and fair;
Stills of her Face, the Curtain of her Mind!

90.

And thou at parting shalt her picture wear,
For Nature's honour, not to shew my pride;
Try if like her, the teeming World does bear,
Then bring that Copy hither for thy Bride.

91.

And they shall love as quietly as we;
Their Beauty's pow'r no civil War will raise;
But flourish, and like neighb'ring Flow'rs agree;
Unless they kindly quarrel in our praise.

92.

Then we for change will leave such luscious peace;
In Camps their Favours shall our Helms adorn;
For we can no way else our joys increase,
But by beholding theirs at our return.

93.

Thus cloath'd in Feathers, he on Steeples walks;
Not guessing yet, that silent *Ulsinore*,
Had study'd her of whom he loosly talks,
And what he likes, did solidly adore.

94.

But *Ulsinore* with cold discretion aw'd
His passion, and did grave with Love become;
Though youthfully he sent his Eyes abroad,
Yet kept with manly care, his Tongue at home.

95.

These Rival's hopes, he did with patience hear;
His count'nance not uneasie seem'd, nor strange;
Yet meant his cares should more like Love appear,
If in the Duke Ambition bred a change.

96.

But as the Duke shun'd them for secrecy,
So now they from approaching Orgo more,
Made by Discretion (Love's strict Tyrant) fly,
Which is to Lovers painfull as their Love.

97.

But *Orgo* they did ill suspect, whose Youth
And nature yielded Lovers no offence;
Us'd by his Lord for kindness and for truth;
Both native in him as his innocence:

98.

And here pass'd by in haste, to Court employ'd,
That *Birtha* may no more have cause to mourn:
Full was his little Breast, and over-joy'd
That much depended on his quick return!

99.

Many like Orgo, in their Manhoods Morn,
As Pages, did the Noble Duke attend;
The Sons of Chiefs, whom beauty did adorn,
And fairer Virtue did that beauty mend.

100.

These in his *Horse*'s Schools he bred (which were
In Peace his Palace, and in War his Tent)
As if Time's self had read sage Lecture there
How he would have his hours (Life's Treasure) spent.

101.

No action, though to shorten dreaded war,
Nor needfull Counsels, though to lengthen Peace,
Nor Love, of which wise Nature takes such care,
Could from this usefull work his cares release.

102.

But with the early Sun he rose, and taught
These Youths, by growing virtue to grow great;
Shew'd greatness is without it blindly sought,
A desp'rate charge which ends in base retreat.

103.

He taught them shame, the sudden fence of ills!
Shame, Nature's hasty Conscience, which forbids
Weak inclination ere it grow to will,
And stays rash will, before it grow to deeds.

104.

He taught them Honour, Virtue's bashfulness;
A Fort so yieldless, that it fears to treat;
Like Pow'r, it grows to nothing, growing less;
Honour, the moral Conscience of the Great!

105.

He taught them kindness, Souls civilities;
In which, nor Courts, nor Cities have a part;
For theirs is fashion, this from falshood free;
Where Love, and pleasure, know no Lust nor Art.

106.

And Love he taught; the Soul's stoln Visit made,
Though froward Age watch hard, and Law forbid;
Her walks no Spie has trac'd, nor mountain staid;
Her friendship's cause, is as the Loadstone's hid.

107.

He taught them love of Toyl, Toyl which does keep
Obstructions from the Mind, and quench the blood;
Ease but belongs to us like sleep, and sleep
Like *Opium*, is our Med'cine, not our Food.

108.

To dangers us'd them, which Death's Visards are,
More uglie than himself, and often chace
From Battel Coward-life; but when we dare
His Vizard see, we never fear his face.

---

CANTO

## CANTO the Third.

### The ARGUMENT.

*The Poet takes the wise aside, to prove*
*Ev'n them concern'd in all he writes of Love.*
*The duteous* ORGO *from the Court returns*
*With joys, at which again fair* BIRTHA *mourns.*
*The Duke with open Arms does entertain*
*Those Guests whom he receives with secret pain.*

1.

THou, whom some Ages hence these Roles dost read
(Kept as Records by Lovers of Love's pow'r)
Thou who dost live, when I have long been dead,
And feed'st from Earth, when Earth does me devour.

2.

Who liv'st, perhaps, amidst some Cities joys,
Where they would fall asleep with Lazie peace,
But that their triumphs make so great a noise,
And their loud Bells cannot for Nuptials cease:

3.

Thou, who perhaps, proudly thy bloomie Bride
Lead'st to some Temple, where I withered lie;
Proudly, as if the Age's Frosts defy'd;
And that thy springing self could never die:

4.

Thou, to whom then the chearfull Quire will sing,
Whilst hallow'd Lamps, and Tapers, brave the Sun
As a Lay-Light; and Bells in triumph ring,
As when from sallies the Besiegers run.

5.

Then when the Priest has ended, if thine Eyes
Can but a little space her Eyes forbear,
To shew her where my Marble Coffin lies;
Her Virgin Garlands she will offer there:

6.

Confeſs, that reading me ſhe learnt to Love;
That all the good behaviour of her heart,
Even tow'rds thy ſelf, my doctrine did improve;
Where Love by Nature is forewarn'd of Art.

7.

She will confeſs, that to her Maiden ſtate
This Storie ſhew'd ſuch Patterns of great Life,
As though ſhe then could thoſe but imitate,
They an Example make her now a Wife.

8.

And thy life's fire could ſhe a while out-live
(Which were, though lawfull, neither kind nor good)
Then, even her ſorrows would examples give;
And ſhine to others through dark widowhood.

9.

And ſhe will boaſt, how ſpite of *Quick* Age,
Of buſ'neſs, which does Pow'r uncivil make,
Of ruder Cells, where they Love's Fire aſſwage
By ſtudying Death, and Fear for Virtue take:

10.

And ſpite of Courts (where loving now is made
An Art, as dying is in Cells) my Laws
Did teach her how by Nature to perſwade,
And hold by virtue whom her beautie draws.

11.

Thus when by knowing me, thou know'ſt to whom
Love ows his Eyes, who has too long been blinds;
Then in the Temple leave my Bodies Tomb,
To ſeek this Book, the Mon'ment of my Mind.

12.

Where thou may'ſt read, who with impatient Eyes
For *Orgo* on the guilded *Tarras* ſtay;
Which high, and golden ſhews, and open lies,
As the Morn's Window when ſhe lets out Day.

Whoſe

13.

Whose heighth Two rising Forrests over-looks;
And on *Pine*-tops the Eye-sight downward casts;
Where distant Rivers seem bestrided Brooks,
Churches but Anchor'd Ships, their Steeples, Masts.

14.

Hence, by his little *Regian* Courser brought,
*Orgo* they spie, with diligence indu'd,
As if he would oretake fore-running Thought;
And he by many swiftly seem'd pursu'd.

15.

But his light speed left those awhile behind;
Whilst with rais'd Dust, their swiftness hide the way;
Yet *Birtha* will, too soon, by *Orgo* find
What she by distance lost in this survay.

16.

*Orgo* a precious *Casket* did present
To his dear Lord, of *Podian Saphyr* wrought;
For which, unknown to *Birtha*, he was sent,
And a more precious Pledge was in it brought.

17.

Then thus proclaim'd his joy, Long may I live!
Sent still with blessings from the Heav'nly Powers;
And may their bounties shew what they can give;
And full as fast as long expected Showers!

18.

Behold the King, with such a shining Train
As dazles sight, yet can inform the Blinds
But there the Rich, and Beauteous shine in vain,
Unless they distance keep from *Rhodalind*.

19.

Me thinks, they through the Middle Region come;
Their Chariots hid in Clouds of Dust below,
And ore their Heads, their Coursers scatter'd Fome
Does seem to cover them like falling Snow.

T

20.

This *Birtha* heard, and she on *Orgo* cast
A pitious look (for she no anger knew)
But griev'd he knows not, that he brings too fast
Such joys, as fain she faster would eschew.

21.

So *Gondibert* this Gust of glorie took,
As Men whose Sayls are full, more weather take;
And she so gaz'd on him, as Sea-men look
On long sought shore, when Tempests drive them back.

22.

But now these glories more apparent be;
And justly all their observation claim'd;
Great, as in greatest Courts less Princes see,
When entertain'd to be eclips'd, and sham'd.

23.

West from *Verona*'s Road, through pleasant Meads,
Their Chariots cross, and to the Palace steer;
And *Aribert* this winged triumph leads;
Which like the Planets Progress did appear.

24.

So shin'd they, and so noiseless seem'd their speed;
Like *Spartans*, touching but the silken Reins;
Was all the conduct which their Coursers need,
And proudly to sit still, was all their pains.

25.

With *Aribert* sat royal *Rhodalind*;
Calm *Orna* by the Count, by *Hermegild*
(Silver'd with time) the Golden *Gartha* shin'd;
And *Tybalt*'s Eyes were full by *Laura* fill'd.

26.

The lesser Beauties, numberless as Stars,
Shew'd sickly and far off, to this Noon-day;
And lagg'd like Baggage Treasure in the Wars;
Or onely seem'd another *Milkie-way*.

The

27.

The Duke perceiv'd, the King design'd to make
This visit more familiar by surprise;
And with Court art, he would no notice take
Of that which Kings are willing to disguise.

28.

But as in heedless sleep, the House shall seem
New wak'd with this Alarm; and *Vision* strait
(Whose fame was precious in the Courts esteem)
Must, as with casual sight, their entrance wait.

29.

To *Astragon* he doubles all his Vows;
To *Birtha*, through his Eies, his Heart reveal'd;
And by some civil jealousies he shows
Her beauty from the Court must be conceal'd.

30.

Prays her, from Envy's danger to retire;
The Palace war; which there can never cease,
'Till Beauty's force in age or death expire:
A War disguis'd in civil shapes of Peace.

31.

Still he the precious Pledge kept from her view;
Who guess'd not by the *Casket* his intent;
And was so willing not to fear him true,
That she did fear to question what it ment.

32.

Now hasts she to be hid; and being gon,
Her Lover thinks the Planet of the day;
So leaves the mourning World to give the Moon
(Whose Train is mark'd but for their number) way.

33.

And entring in her Closet (which took light
Full in the Palace Front) she finds her Maids
Gather'd to see this gay unusuall sight;
Which Comnet-like, their wondring Eyes invades

Where

34.

Where *Thula* would by climbing highest be,
Though ancient grown, and was in Stature short;
Yet did protest, she came not there to see,
But to be hid from dangers of the Court.

35.

Their curious longing *Birtha* durst not blame
(Boldness, which but to seeing did aspire)
Since she her self, provok'd with Courts great Fame,
Would fain a little see what all admire.

36.

Then through the Casement ventur'd so much Face,
As Kings depos'd shew when through Grates they peep
To see Deposers in their Crowding pass;
But strait shrink back, and at the triumph weep.

37.

Soon so her Eyes did too much glory find;
For ev'n the first she saw was all; for she
No more would view, since that was *Rhodalind*;
And so much beauty could none others be.

38.

Which with her Virtue weigh'd (no less renown'd)
Afflicts her that such worth must fatal prove;
And be in tears of the Possessor drown'd,
Or she depose her Lover by her love.

39.

But *Thula* (wildly earnest in the view
Of such gay sights as she did ne'r behold)
Mark'd not when *Birtha* her sad Eyes withdrew;
But dreamt the world was turn'd again to Gold.

40.

Each Lady most, till more appear'd, ador'd;
Then with rude liking prais'd them all aloud;
Yet thought them foul and course to ev'ry Lord;
And civilly to ev'ry Page she bow'd.

The

41.

The objects paſt, out-ſigh'd ev'n thoſe that woo;
And ſtrait her Miſtris at the Window miſt;
Then finding her in grief, out-ſigh'd her too;
And her fair Hands with parting paſſion kiſt:

42.

Did with a Servants uſual art profeſs
That all ſhe ſaw was, to her beauty, black;
Confeſs'd their Maids well bred, and knew to dreſs,
But ſaid thoſe Courts are poor which painting lack.

43.

Thy praiſe (ſaid *Birtha*) poyſon'd is with ſpite;
May bliſters ſeiz on thy uncivil Tongue,
Which ſtrives ſo wickedly to do me right,
By doing *Rhodalind* and *Orna* wrong.

44.

False Fame, thy Miſtris tutor'd thee amiſs;
Who teaches School in ſtreets, where Crowds reſort;
Fame, falſe, as that their beauty painted is;
The common Country ſlander on the Court.

45.

With this rebuke, *Thula* takes gravely leave;
Pretends ſhe'll better judge ere they be gon;
At leaſt ſee more, though they her ſight deceive;
Whilſt *Birtha* finds wilde Fear feeds beſt alone.

46.

*Ulfin* receives, and through Art's Palace guides
The King; who owns him with familiar grace;
Though Twice ſeven Yeats from firſt obſervance hides
Thoſe Marks of valour which adorn'd his Face.

47.

Then *Aſtragon* with haſty homage bows:
And ſays, when thus his Beams he does diſpence
In lowly viſits, like the Sun he ſhows
Kings made for univerſal influence.

H

48.

Him with renown the King for Science pays,
And Virtue; which Gods likeſt pictures bee
Drawn by the Soul, whoſe onely hire is praiſe;
And from ſuch Salary not Heav'n is free.

49.

Then kindly he inquires for *Gondibert*;
When, and how far his wounds in danger were?
And does the cautious progreſs of his Art
Alike with wonder and with pleaſure hear.

50.

Now *Gondibert* advanc'd, but with delay,
As fetter'd by his love; for he would fain
Diſſembled weakneſs might procure his ſtay,
Here where his Soul does as in Heav'n remain.

51.

Him, Creature like, the King did boldly uſe
With publick love; to have it underſtood
That Kings, like God, may chuſe whom they will chuſe;
And what they make, judge with their own Eyes good.

52.

This grace the Duke at baſhfull diſtance takes;
And *Rhodalind* ſo much concern'd is grown,
That his ſurpriſal ſhe her trouble makes;
Bluſhing, as if his bluſhes were her own.

53.

Now the bright Train with *Aſtragon* aſcend;
Whilſt *Hermegild*, with *Gartha* moves behind;
Whom much this gracious viſit did offend;
But thus he practis'd to appeaſe her mind.

54.

Judge not you ſtrangely in this viſit ſhow;
As well in Courts think wiſe diſſembling new;
Nor think the kindneſs ſtrange, though to your Foe,
Till all in Courts where they are kind are true.

55.

Why should your closser mourning more be worn!
Poor Priests invented Blacks for lesser cost;
Kings for their Syres in Regal Purple mourn,
Which shews what they have got, not what they lost.

56.

Though rough the way to Empire be, and steep,
You look that I should level it so plain,
As Babes might walk it barefoot in their sleep;
But Pow'r is the reward of patient pain!

57.

This high Hill Pow'r, whose Bowels are of Gold,
Shews near to greedy and unpractis'd sight;
But many grow in travel to it, old,
And have mistook the distance by the height.

58.

If those old Travellers may thither be
Your trusted Guides, they will your haste reform;
And give you fears of Voyages by Sea;
Which are not often made without a storm.

59.

Yet short our Course shall prove, our passage fair,
If in the *Steerage* you will quiet stand,
And not make storms of ev'ry sigh of Air;
But think the Helm safe in the Pilots hand.

60.

You, like some fatal King (who all Men hears,
Yet trusts entirely none) your trust mistake,
As too much weight for one: One Pillar bears
Weight that would make a thousand shoulders ake.

61.

Your Brothers storm I to a calm have turn'd;
Who lers this guilded Sacrifice proceed
To *Hymen*'s Altar, by the King adorn'd,
As Priests give Victims Garlands ere they bleed.

*Hubert*

62.

*Hubert* to triumph would not move so fast;
Yet you (though but a kind Spectator) mean
To give his triumph Laws, and make more haste
To see it pass, than he does to be seen.

63.

With patience lay this Tempest of your heart!
For you, ere long, this Angels form shall turn
To fatal Man's; and for that shape of Art,
Some may, as I for yours of Nature, mourn!

64.

Thus by her Love-sick States-men she was taught;
And smil'd with joy of wearing Manly shape;
Then smil'd, that such a smile his Heart had caught;
Whose Nets camps break not through, nor Senates scape.

## CANTO the Fourth.

### The ARGUMENT.

*The King to* GONDIBERT *is grown so kind,*
*That he prevents the bounteous* RHODALIND
*In giving of her love; and* GONDIBERT
*Laments his Breast, holds but a single heart;*
*Which* BIRTHA *grieves her beauty did subdue,*
*Since he undoes the world in being true.*

1.

Full grows the Presence now, as when all know
Some stranger Prince must be receiv'd with state,
When Courts shew those, who come to see the *Show*;
And all gay Subjects like Domesticks wait.

2.

Nor *Ulfinore* nor *Goltho* absent were;
Whose hopes expect what list'ning *Birtha* (hid
In the adjoyning Closet) fears to hear;
And begs kind Heav'n in pitie would forbid.

3.

The King (who never time nor pow'r misspent
In Subjects bashfulness, whiling great deeds
Like Coward Councels, who too late consent)
Thus to his secret Will aloud proceeds.

4.

If to thy fame (brave Youth) I could adde wings,
Or make her Trumpet louder by my voice,
I would (as an example drawn for Kings)
Proclaim the cause, why thou art now my choice.

5.

But this were to suspect the world asleep,
Or all our *Lombards* with their envy blind,
Or that the *Huns* so much for bondage weep,
As their drown'd Eyes cannot thy Trophies find.

Who

6.

When this is heard, none dare of what I give
Presume their equal merit might have shar'd;
And to say more, might make thy Foes believe,
Thy dang'rous worth is grown above reward.

7.

Reward even of a Crown, and such a Crown,
As by Heav'n's Model ancient Victors wore;
When they, as by their Coyn, by Laws were known;
For Laws but made more currant Victors pow'r.

8.

A Crown soon taught, by whom Pow'r first was given;
When Victors (of Dominion cautious made
By hearing of that old revolt in Heaven)
Kept Pow'r too high for Subjects to invade.

9.

A Crown, which ends by Armies their debate,
Who question height of Pow'r; who by the Law
(Till plain obedience they make intricate)
Would not the People, but their Rulers aw.

10.

To Pow'r, adoption makes thy Title good;
Preferring worth, as birth gives Princes place;
And Virtue's claim exceeds the right of blood,
As Souls extraction does the Bodies Race.

11.

Yet for thy Bloods long walk through Princes veins,
Thou maist with any *Lombard* measure time;
Though he his hidden house in *Ilium* feigns;
And not step short, when *Hubert* self would climb.

12.

And *Hubert* is of highest Victors Breed;
Whose worth I shall for distant Empire chuse;
If he will learn, that you by Fate precede,
And what he never had, he cannot lose.

13.

His Valour ſhall the *Gothick* Conqueſt keep:
And would to Heav'n that all your mighty Minds
As ſoon were pleas'd, as Infants are with ſleep,
And you had Muſick common as the winds.

14.

That all the Year your Seaſons were like Spring;
All joy'd as Birds, and all as Lovers kind;
That ev'ry famous Fighter were a King,
And each, like you, could have a *Rhodalind*.

15.

For ſhe is yours, as your adoption, free;
And in that gift my remnant Life I give;
But 'tis to you, brave Youth! Who now are ſhe;
And ſhe that Heav'n where ſecondly I live.

16.

And richer than that Crown (which ſhall be thine,
When Life's long Progreſs I am gone with Fame)
Take all her love; which ſcarce forbears to ſhine
And own thee, through her Virgin-Curtain, *Shame*.

17.

Thus ſpake the King, and *Rhodalind* appear'd
Through publiſh'd Love, with ſo much baſhfulneſs,
As young Kings ſhew, when by ſurprize ore-heard,
Moaning to Fay'rite Ears a deep diſtreſs.

18.

For Love is a diſtreſs, and would be hid
Like Monarchs grief, by which they baſhfull grow;
And in that ſhame beholders they forbid;
Since thoſe bluſh moſt, who muſt their bluſhes ſhow.

19.

And *Gondibert* with dying Eyes did grieve
At her vail'd love (a wound he cannot heal)
As great Minds mourn, who cannot then relieve
The virtuous, when through ſhame they want, conceal.

And

10.

And now cold *Birtha*'s rosie looks decay;
Who in Fear's Frost had like her beauty dy'd,
But that Attendant Hope perswades her stay
A while, to hear her Duke, who thus reply'd:

21.

Victorious King! Abroad your Subjects are
Like Legats safe, at home like Altars free!
Ev'n by your fame they conquer as by war;
And by your Laws safe from each other be.

22.

A King you are ore Subjects, so as wife
And noble Husbands seem ore Loyal Wives;
Who claim not, yet confess their liberties,
And brag to strangers of their happy lives.

23.

To Foes a winter storm; whilst your Friends bow
Like Summer Trees, beneath your bounty's load;
To me (next him whom your great self, with low
And chearfull duty serves) a giving God.

24.

Since this is you, and *Rhodalind* (the Light
By which her Sex fled virtue find) is yours;
Your *Diamond*, which tests of jealous sight,
The stroke, and fire, and *Oistel*'s juice endures;

25.

Since she so precious is, I shall appear
All counterfeit, of Art's disguises made;
And never dare approach her Lustre near;
Who can scarce hold my value in the shade.

26.

Forgive me that I am not what I seem;
But falsly have dissembled an excess
Of all such virtues as you most esteem;
And now grow good but as I ills confess.

27.

Far in Ambition's Feaver am I gone!
Like raging Flame aſpiring is my Love;
Like flame deſtructive too, and like the Sun
Does round the world tow'rds change of Objects m[illegible]

28.

Nor is this now through virtuous ſhame confeſs'd;
But *Rhodalind* does force my conjur'd fear,
As Men whom evil ſpirits have poſſeſs'd,
Tell all when ſaintly Votaries appear.

29.

When ſhe will grace the Bridal dignitie,!
It will be ſoon to all young Monarchs known;
Who then by poſting through the World, will trie
Who firſt can at her Feet preſent his Crown.

30.

Then will *Verona* ſeem the Inn of Kings;
And *Rhodalind* ſhall at her Palace Gate
Smile, when great Love theſe royal Sutors brings;
Who for that ſmile would as for Empire wait.

31.

Amongſt this ruling Race ſhe choice may take
For warmth of Valour, coolneſs of the mind,
Eyes that in Empires drowſie Calms can wake,
In ſtorms look out, in darkneſs dangers find.

32.

A Prince who more inlarges pow'r than lands;
Whoſe greatneſs is not what his Map contains;
But thinks that his, where he at full commands,
Not where his Coyn does paſs, but pow'r remains.

33.

Who knows that Pow'r can never be too high
When by the Good poſſeſt; for 'tis in them
The ſwelling *Nyle*, from which, though people flie,
They proſper moſt by riſing of the ſtream.

Thus

34.

Thus (Princeſs) you ſhould chuſe, and you will find,
Even he, ſince Men are Wolves, muſt civilize
(As light does tame ſome Beaſts of ſavage kind)
Himſelf yet more, by dwelling in your Eyes.

35.

Such was the Duk's reply, which did produce
Thoughts of a divers ſhape through ſev'ral Ears:
His jealous Rivals mourn at his excuſe;
But *Aſtragon* it cures of all his fears.

36.

*Birtha* his praiſe of *Rhodalind* bewails;
And now her hope a weak Phyſician ſeems,
For Hope, the common Comforter prevails
Like common Med'cines, ſlowly in extreams.

37.

The King (ſecure in off'rd Empire) takes
This forc'd excuſe, as troubled baſhfulneſs,
And a diſguiſe which ſuddain paſſion makes,
To hide more joy than prudence ſhould expreſs.

38.

And *Rhodalind* (who never lov'd before,
Nor could ſuſpect his love was giv'n away)
Thought not the treaſure of his Breaſt ſo poor,
But that it might his debts of honour pay.

39.

To haſten the rewards of his deſert,
The King does to *Verona* him command;
And kindneſs ſo impoſ'd, not all his Art
Can now inſtruct his duties to withſtand.

40.

Yet whilſt the King does now his time diſpoſe
In ſeeing wonders, in this Palace ſhown,
He would a parting kindneſs pay to thoſe
Who of their wounds are yet not perfect grown.

And

41.

And by this fair pretence, whilſt on the King
Lord *Aſtragon* through all the houſe attends,
Young *Orgo* does the Duke to *Birtha* bring;
Who thus her ſorrows to his boſom ſends.

42.

Why ſhould my Storm your Life's calm voyage vex?
Deſtroying wholly Virtues Race in one;
So by the firſt of my unluckie Sex,
All in a ſingle ruin were undone.

43.

Make Heav'nly *Rhodalind* your Bride! Whilſt I
Your once Joy'd Maid, excuſe you, ſince I know
That virtuous Men forſake ſo willingly
Long cheriſh'd life, becauſe to Heav'n they go.

44.

Let me her ſervant be! A dignitie,
Which if your pitie in my fall procures;
I ſtill ſhall value the advancement high,
Not as the Crown is hers, but ſhe is yours.

45.

Ere this high ſorrow up to dying grew,
The Duke the Caſket op'ned, and from thence
(Form'd like a Heart) a chearfull *Emrauld* drew;
Chearfull, as if the lively ſtone had ſence.

46.

The Thirti'th *Charract* it had doubled Twice;
Nor taken from the *Attick* ſilver Mine,
Nor from the Braſs, though ſuch (of nobler price)
Did on the Necks of *Parthian* Ladies ſhine:

47.

Nor yet of thoſe which make the *Ethiop* proud;
Nor taken from thoſe Rocks where *Bactrians* climb;
But from the *Scithian*, and without a *Cloud*;
Not *ſick* at *fire*, nor *languiſhing* with time.

48.

Then thus he ſpake, This (*Birtha*) from my Male
Progenitours, was to the loyal ſhe
On whoſe kind Heart they did in love prevail,
The Nuptial Pledge, and this I give to thee!

49.

Seven Centuries have paſt'd ſince it from Bride
To Bride did firſt ſucceed; and though 'tis known
From ancient lore, that Gems much virtue hide,
And that the *Emrauld* is the Bridal Stone.

50.

Though much renown'd becauſe it chaſtens loves,
And will, when worn by the neglected wife,
Shew when her abſent Lord diſloyal proves,
By faintneſs, and a pale decay of life;

51.

Though *Emrauld*s ſerve as Spies to jealous Brides,
Yet each compar'd to this does counſel keep;
Like a falſe Stone, the Husbands falſhood hides,
Or ſeems born blind, or feigns a dying ſleep.

52.

With this take *Orgo*, as a better Spy;
Who may in all your kinder fears be ſent
To watch at Court, if I deſerve to die
By making this to fade, and you lament.

53.

Had now an artfull Pencil *Birtha* drawn
(With grief all dark, then ſtraight with joy all light)
He muſt have fancy'd firſt in early dawn,
A ſudden break of beautie out of Night.

54.

Or firſt he muſt have mark'd what Paleneſs, Fear,
Like nipping Froſt, did to her viſage bring;
Then think he ſees, in a cold backward year,
A Roſie Morn begin a ſudden Spring.

Her

55.

Her joys (too vaſt to be contain'd in ſpeech)
Thus ſhe a little ſpake, Why ſtoop you down,
My plighted Lord, to lowly *Birtha*'s reach,
Since *Rhodalind* would lift you to a Crown?

56.

Or why do I, when I this plight imbrace,
Boldly aſpire to take what you have given?
But that your virtue has with Angels place,
And 'tis a virtue to aſpire at Heav'n.

57.

And as tow'rds Heav'n all travel on their Knees,
So I tow'rds you, though Love aſpire, will move:
And were you Crown'd, what could you better pleaſe
Than aw'd obedience led by bolder Love?

58.

If I forget the depth from whence I riſe,
Far from your boſom baniſh'd be my heart;
Or claim a right by beautie to your Eyes,
Or proudly think my chaſtitie deſert.

59.

But thus aſcending from your humble Maid
To be your plighted Bride, and then your Wife,
Will be a Debt that ſhall be hourly paid,
Till Time my dutie cancel with my life.

60.

And fruitfully if Heav'n ere make me bring
Your Image to the World, you then my pride
No more ſhall blame, than you can tax the Spring
For boaſting of thoſe Flowr's ſhe cannot hide.

61.

*Ergo*, I ſo receive as I am taught
By dutie to eſteem what ere you love;
And hope the joy he in this Jewel brought,
Will luckier than his former triumphs prove.

62.

For though but Twice he has approach'd my ſight,
He Twice made haſte to drown me in my Tears:
But now I am above his Planets ſpite,
And as for ſin beg pardon for my fears.

63.

Thus ſpake ſhe; and with fix'd continu'd ſight,
The Duke did all her baſhfull beauties view;
Then they with kiſſes ſeal'd their ſacred plight;
Like Flow'rs ſtill ſweeter as they thicker grew.

64.

Yet muſt theſe pleaſures feel, though innocent,
The ſickneſs of extreams, and cannot laſt;
For Pow'r (Love's ſhun'd Impediment) has ſent
To tell the Duke, his Monarch is in haſt:

65.

And calls him to that triumph which he fears
So as a Saint forgiven (whoſe Breaſt does all
Heav'n's joys contain) wiſely lov'd Pomp for bears,
Leſt tempted Nature ſhould from bleſſings fall.

66.

He often takes his leave, with Love's delays;
And bids her hope, he with the King ſhall find,
By now appearing forward to obay,
A means to ſerve him leſs in *Rhodalind*.

67.

She weeping to her Cloſet-window hies;
Where ſhe with tears does *Rhodalind* ſurvay;
As dying Men, who grieve that they have Eyes,
When they through Curtains ſpie the riſing Day.

68.

The King has now his curious ſight ſuffic'd
With all loſt Arts, in their revival view'd;
Which when reſtor'd, our pride thinks new deviſ'd:
Faſhions of Minds, call'd new when but renew'd!

The

69.

The buſie Court prepares to move; on whom
Their ſad offended Eyes the Countrey caſt;
Who never ſee enough where Monarchs come,
And nothing ſo uncivil ſeems as haſte.

70.

As Men move ſlow, who know they loſe their way,
Ev'n ſo the Duke tow'rd *Rhodalind* does move;
Yet he does duteous fears, and wonder pay,
Which are the firſt, and dang'rous ſigns of Love.

71.

All his addreſſes much by *Goltho* were
And *Ulſinore* obſerv'd, who diſtant ſtand,
Not daring to approch his preſence near;
But ſhun his Eyes to ſcape from his command:

72.

Leſt to *Verona* he ſhould both require;
For by remaining here, both hope to light
Their *Hymen*'s Torches at his parting fire,
And not deſpair to kindle them to night.

73.

The King his Golden Chariot now aſcends;
Which near fair *Rhodalind* the Duke contains,
Though to excuſe that grace he lowly bends;
But honour ſo refus'd more honour gains.

74.

And now their Chariots (readie to take wing)
Are ev'n by weakeſt breath, a whiſper ſtay'd;
And but ſuch whiſper as a Page does bring
To *Laura*'s Woman from a Houſhold Maid.

75.

But this low voice did raiſe in *Laura*'s Ear
An Eccho, which from all redoubled ſoon;
Proclaiming ſuch a Countrey beautie here,
As makes them look like Ev'ning to her Noon.

76.

And *Laura* (of her own high beautie proud,
Yet not to others cruel) ſoftly prays
She may appear: but *Gartha*, bold, and loud,
With Eyes impatient as for conqueſt, ſtays.

77.

Though *Alfragon* now owns her, and excus'd
Her preſence, as a Maid but rudely taught,
Infirm in health, and not to greatneſs us'd;
Yet *Gartha* ſtill calls out to have her brought.

78.

But *Rhodalind* (in whoſe relenting Breaſt
Compaſſion's ſelf might ſit at School, and learn)
Knew bashfull Maids with publick view diſtreſt;
And in their Glaſs, themſelves with fear diſcern;

79.

She ſtopt this Challenge which Court Beautie made
To Countrey ſhape, not knowing Nature's hand
Had *Birtha* dreſs'd, nor that her ſelf obay'd
In vain, whom conqu'ring *Birtha* did command.

80.

The Duke (whom virtuous Kindneſs ſoon ſubdues)
Though him his Bonds from *Birtha* highly pleaſe,
Yet ſeems to think, that luckie he, who ſues
To wear this royal Maid's, will walk at eaſe.

81.

Of theſe a brief ſurvey ſad *Birtha* takes;
And *Orgo*'s help directs her Eye to all;
Shews her for whom grave *Tybalt* nightly wakes;
Then at whoſe feet wife *Hermegild* does fall.

82.

And when calm *Orna* with the Count ſhe ſaw,
Hope (who though weak, a willing Painter is,
And buſily does ev'ry Pattern draw)
By that example could not work amiſs.

83.

For ſoon ſhe ſhap'd her Lord and her ſo kind,
So all of love; till fancie wrought no more
When ſhe perceiv'd him ſit with *Rhodalind*;
But froward-Painter-like the Copie tore.

84.

And now they move; and ſhe thus robb'd, believes
(Since with ſuch haſte they bear her wealth away)
That they at beſt are but judicious Thieves,
And know the noble value of their prey.

85.

And then ſhe thus complain'd, Why royal Maid!
Injurious Greatneſs! Did you hither come
Where Pow'r's ſtrong Nets of Wire were never laid?
But childiſh Love took Cradle as at home.

86.

Where can we ſafe our harmleſs bleſſings keep,
Since glorious Courts our ſolitude invade?
Bells which ring out, when th' unconcern'd would ſleep;
Falſe lights to ſcare poor Birds in Countrey ſhade!

87.

Or if our joys their own diſcov'rie make,
Envie (whoſe Tongue firſt kills whom ſhe devours)
Calls it our Pride; Envie, The poys'nous ſnake,
Whoſe breath blaſts Maids, as innocent as Flow'rs!

88.

Forgive me beautious Greatneſs, if I grow
Diſtemper'd with my fears, and rudely long
To be ſecure; or praiſe your beautie ſo
As to believe that it may do me wrong.

89.

And you my plighted Lord, forgive me too,
If ſince your worth and my defects I find,
I fear what you in juſtice ought to do;
And praiſe your judgement when I doubt you kind.

90.

Now ſuddain fear ore all her beauty wrought
The pale appearance of a killing Froſt;
And carefull *Orgo*, when ſhe ſtarted, thought
She had her Pledge, the precious *Emrauld*, loſt.

91.

But that kind Heart, as conſtant as her own,
She did not miſs; 'twas from a ſuddain ſence,
Leſt in her Lover's heart ſome change was grown,
And it grew pale with that intelligence.

92.

Soon from her boſom ſhe this *Emrauld* took;
If now (ſaid ſhe) my Lord my Heart deceives,
This Stone will by dead paleneſs make me look
Pale as the Snowy ſkin of Lilly Leaves.

93.

But ſuch a chearfull green the Gem did ſling
Where ſhe oppos'd the Rays, as if ſhe had
Been dy'd in the complexion of the Spring,
Or were by Nimphs of *Brittain* Valleys clad.

94.

Soon ſhe with earneſt paſſion kiſt the Stone;
Which ne'r till then had ſuffer'd an eclips;
But then the Rays retir'd, as if it ſhone
In vain, ſo near the Rubies of her Lips.

95.

Yet thence remov'd, with publick glory ſhines!
She *Orgo* bleſt, who had this Relique brought;
And kept it like thoſe Reliques lock'd in ſhrines,
By which the lateſt Miracles were wrought.

96.

For ſoon reſpect was up to rev'rence grown;
Which fear to Superſtition would ſublime,
But that her Father took Fear's Ladder down;
Loſe ſteps by which diſtreſs to Heav'n would climbe.

97.

He knew, when Fear ſhapes Heav'nly Pow'r ſo juſt,
(And terrible parts of that ſhape drawn true)
It vails Heav'n's beauty, Love; which when we truſt
Our courage honours him to whom we ſue!

## CANTO the Fifth.

### The ARGUMENT.

*The deep Deſigns of* BIRTHA *in diſtreſs;*
*Her Emvauld's virtue ſhews her Love's ſucceſs.*
*Wiſe* ASTRAGON *with reaſon cures deſpair,*
*And the Afflicted chides for partial Pray'r.*
*With grief the ſecret Rivals take their leave,*
*And but dark hope for hidden love receive.*

1.

TO ſhew the Morn her paſſage to the Eaſt,
Now *Birtha*'s dawn, the Lover's Day, appears!
So ſoon Love beats *Revellies* in her Breaſt,
And like the Dewy Morn, ſhe roſe in tears:

2.

So much ſhe did her jealous dreams diſlike,
Her Maids ſtraight kindle by her light their Eyes;
Which when to hers compar'd, Poets would ſtrike
Such ſparks to light their Lamps, ere Day does riſe.

3.

But, O vain Jealouſie! why doſt thou haſte
To find thoſe evils which too ſoon are brought?
Love's frantick Valour! which ſo raſhly faſt
Seeks dangers, as if none would come unſought.

4.

As often faireſt Morns ſoon cover'd be,
So ſhe with dark'ning thoughts is clouded now;
Looks ſo, as weaker Eyes ſmall objects ſee;
Or ſtudious States-men who contract the Brow.

5.

Or like ſome thinking *Sybill* that would find
The ſence of myſtick words by Angels giv'n!
And this fair Politick bred in her mind
(Reſtleſs as Seas) a deep deſigne on Heav'n.

6.

To Pray'rs plain Temple ſhe does haſt unſeen;
Which though not grac'd with curious coſt for ſhow,
Was nicely kept; and now muſt be as clean,
As Tears make thoſe who thence forgiven go.

7.

For her own Hands (by which beſt Painter drew
The Hands of Innocence) will make it ſhine;
Penance, which newly from her terrors grew;
And was (alas!) part of her deep deſigne.

8.

And when this holy huſwifry was paſt,
Her vows ſhe ſends to Heav'n, which thither fly
Intire; not broken by unthinking haſt;
Like Sinners Sparks that in aſcending dye.

9.

Thence ſhe departs; but at this Temple Gate
A needy Crowd (call'd by her Summons there)
With ſuch aſſurance for her bounty waite;
As if ne'r failing Heav'n their Debtor were.

10.

To theſe ſhe ſtore of Antique Treaſure gave
(For ſhe no Money knew) Medals of Gold,
Which curious *Gath'rers* did in travell ſave,
And at high worth were to her Mother ſold.

11.

Figures of fighting Chiefs, born to orecome
Thoſe who without their leave would all deſtroy;
Chiefs, who had brought renown to *Athens*, *Rome*,
To *Carthage*, *Tyre*, and to lamented *Troy*.

12.

Such was her wealth, her Mothers Legacy;
And well ſhe knew it was of ſpecial price;
But ſhe has begg'd what Heav'n muſt not deny;
So would not make a common Sacrifice.

13.

To the black Temple ſhe her Sorrow bears;
Where ſhe out-begg'd the tardy begging Thief;
Made weeping *Magdaline* but poor in Tears,
Yet Silent as their Pictures was her Grief.

14.

Her purpos'd penance ſhe did here fulfill;
Thoſe Pictures dreſs'd, and the ſpent Lamp reliev'd
With fragrant Oyls, dropp'd from her Silver Still;
And now for thoſe that there ſat mourning, griev'd.

15.

Thoſe Penitents, who knew her innocence,
Wonder what Parents ſin ſhe did bemoan;
And venture (though they go unpardon'd thence)
More ſighs for her redreſs than for their own.

16.

Now jealouſie no more benights her face,
Her courage beauteous grows, and grief decays;
And with ſuch joy as ſhipwrack'd Men imbrace
The Shore, ſhe haſtens to the Houſe of Praiſe.

17.

And there the Gem ſhe from her boſom took,
(With which till now ſhe trembled to adviſe)
So far from pale, that *Gondibert* would look
Pale, if he ſaw, how it out-ſhin'd her Eyes.

18.

Theſe Rays ſhe to a Miracle preſers;
And luſtre that ſuch beauty ſo defies,
Had Poets ſeen (Love's partial Jewellers,
Who count nought precious but their Miſtreſs Eyes)

19.

They would with grief a miracle confeſs!
She enters ſtraight to pay her gratitude;
And could not think her beauty in diſtreſs,
Whilſt to her Love, her Lord is ſtill ſubdu'd.

20.

The Altar ſhe with Imag'ry array'd;
Where Needles boldly, as a Pencil, wrought
The Story of that humble *Syrian* Mayd,
Who Pitchers bore, yet Kings to *Juda* brought.

21.

And there ſhe of that precious Linnen ſpreds,
Which in the conſecrated Moneth is ſpun
By *Lombard* Brides; for whom in empty Beds
Their Bridegrooms ſigh till the ſucceeding Moon.

22.

'Tis in that Moon, bleach'd by her fuller Light;
And waſh'd in Suds of Amber, till it grow
Clean as this ſpreaders Hands, and thoſe were white
As riſing Lilies, or as falling Snow.

23.

The voluntary Quire of Birds ſhe feeds,
Which oft had here the Virgin-Conſort fill'd;
She diets them with *Aromatick* ſeeds;
And quench'd their Thirſt with *Rainbowe-Dew* diſtill'd.

24.

Lord *Aſtragon*, whoſe tender care did wait
Her progreſs, ſince her Morn ſo cloudy broke,
Arreſts her paſſage at this Temple Gate,
And thus, he with a Father's licenſe, ſpoke.

25.

Why art thou now, who haſt ſo joyfull liv'd
Ere love thou knew'ſt, become with Love ſo ſad?
If thou haſt loſt fair Virtue, then be griev'd;
Elſe ſhew thou know'ſt her worth, by being glad.

26.

Thy love's high ſoaring cannot be a crime;
Nor can we, if a Spinſter loves a King,
Say that her love ambitiouſly does climb:
Love ſeeks no honour, but does honour bring;

27.

Mourns others value, and her own lets fall!
Kings honour is but little, till made much
By Subjects Tongues! *Elixar*-Love turns all
To pow'rfull Gold, where it does onely touch.

28.

Thou lov'ſt a Prince above thine own degree:
Degree is Monarch's Art; Love, Nature's Law;
In Love's free State all Pow'rs ſo levell'd be,
That there, affection governs more than aw.

29.

But thou doſt love where *Rhodalind* does love;
And thence thy griefs of jealouſie begin;
A cauſe which does thy ſorrow vainly move;
Since 'tis thy noble fate, and not thy Sin.

30.

This vain and voluntary Load of grief
(For Fate ſent Love, thy will does ſorrow bear)
Thou to the Temple carry'ſt for relief,
And ſo to Heav'n art guided by thy fear.

31.

Wild Fear! Which has a Common-wealth deviſ'd
In Heav'n's old Realm, and Saints in Senates fram'd;
Such as by which, were Beaſts well civilliz'd,
They would ſuſpect their Tamer Man, untam'd.

Wild

32.

Wild Fear! Which has the *Indian* worſhip made,
Where each unletter'd Prieſt the Godhead draws
In ſuch a form, as makes himſelf afraid;
Diſguiſing Mercy's ſhape in Teeth and Claws.

33.

This falſe Guide, Fear, which does thy Reaſon ſway,
And turns thy valiant virtue to deſpair,
Has brought thee here, to offer, and to pray;
But Temples were not built for Cowards pray'r.

34.

For when by Fear thy noble Reaſon's led
(Reaſon, not Shape gives us ſo great degree
Above our Subjects, Beaſts) then Beaſts may plead
A right in Temples helps as well as we.

35.

And here, with abſent Reaſon thou doſt weep
To beg ſucceſs in love; that *Rhodalind*
May loſe, what ſhe as much does beg to keep,
And may at leaſt an equal audience find.

36.

Mark *Birtha*, this unrighteous war of prayer!
Like wrangling States, you aſk a Monarch's aid,
When you are weak, that you may better dare
Lay claim, to what your paſſion would invade.

37.

Long has th'ambitious World rudely preferr'd
Their quarrels, which they call their pray'rs, to Heav'n;
And thought that Heav'n would like themſelves have err'd,
Depriving ſome, of what's to others giv'n.

38.

Thence Modern Faith becomes ſo weak and blind,
Thinks Heav'n in ruling other Worlds employ'd,
And is not mindfull of our abject Kind,
Becauſe all Suites are not by all enjoy'd.

39.

How firm was Faith, when humbly Sutes for need,
Not choice were made? then (free from all deſpair
As mod'rate Birds, who ſing for daily ſeed)
Like Birds, our Songs of praiſe included pray'r.

40.

Thy Hopes are by thy Rivals virtue aw'd;
Thy Rival *Rhodalind*, whoſe virtue ſhines
On Hills, when brighteſt Planets are abroad;
Thine privately, like Miners Lamps, in Mines.

41.

The Court (where ſingle Patterns are diſgrac'd;
Where glorious Vice, weak Eyes admire;
And Virtue's plainneſs is by Art out-fac'd)
She makes a Temple by her Veſtal Fire.

42.

Though there, Vice ſweetly dreſs'd, does tempt like bliſs
Even Cautious Saints; and ſingle Virtue ſeem
Fantaſtick, where brave Vice in faſhion is;
Yet ſhe has brought plain Virtue in eſteem.

43.

Yours is a virtue of inferiour rate,
Here in the dark a Pattern, where 'tis barr'd
From all your Sex that ſhould her imitate,
And of that pomp which ſhould her Foes reward.

44.

Retir'd, as weak Monaſticks flie from care;
Or devout Cowards ſteal to Forts, their Cells,
From pleaſures, which the worlds chief dangers are:
Hers paſſes yours, as Valour Fear excels.

45.

This is your Rival in your ſuit to Heav'n:
But Heav'n is partial if it give to you
What to her bolder Virtue ſhould be giv'n;
Since yours, pomps, Virtue's dangers, never knew.

Your

46.

Your ſuit would have your love with love repay'd;
To which Arts conqueſts, when all ſcience flows,
Compar'd, are Students dreams; and triumphs made
By glorious Courts and Camps, but painted ſhows.

47.

Even Art's Dictators, who give Laws to Schools,
Are but dead Heads; States-men, who Empire move,
But proſp'rous Spies; and Victors, fighting Fools,
When they their Trophies rank with thoſe of Love.

48.

And when againſt your fears I thus declame,
(Yet make your danger more, whilſt I decry
Your worth to hers) then wiſely fear I blame;
For fears are hurtfull'ſt when attempts are high.

49.

And you ſhould think your noble dangers leſs,
When moſt my praiſe does her renown prefer;
For that takes off your haſty hope's exceſs;
And when we little hope, we nothing fear.

50.

Now you are taught your ſickneſs, learn your cure;
You ſhall to Court, and there ſerve *Rhodalind*;
Trie if her virtue's force you can endure
In the ſame Sphear, without eclipſe of mind.

51.

Your Lord may there your Souls compare; for we,
Though Souls, like ſtars, make not their greatnes known,
May find which greater than the other be;
The Stars are meaſur'd by Compariſon!

52.

Your plighted Lord ſhall you ere long prefer
To near attendance on this royal Maid:
Quit then officious Fear! The jealous fear
They are not fearfull, when to death afraid.

53.

These words he clos'd with kindness, and retir'd;
In which her quick Ey'd Hope three blessings spy'd;
With joy of being near her Lord, inspir'd,
With seeing Courts', and having Virtue try'd.

54.

She now with jealous questions utter'd fast,
Fils *Orgo's* Ear, which there unmark'd are gon,
As Throngs through guarded Gates, when all make haste,
Not giving Warders time t' examine one.

55.

She ask'd if Fame had render'd *Rhodalind*
With favour, or in Truth's impartial shape?
If *Orna* were to humble Virtue kind,
And beauty could from *Gartha's* envy scape?

56.

If *Laura* (whose faire Eyes those but invites
Who to her wit ascribe the Victory)
In conquest of a speechless Mayd delights?
And ere to this prompt *Orgo* could reply,

57.

She ask'd, in what consist the Charms of Court?
Whether those pleasures so resistless were
As common Country Travailers report,
And such as innocence had cause to fear?

58.

What kind of Angels shape young Favrites take?
And being Angels, how they can be bad?
Or why delight so cruelly to make
Fair Country Mayds, return from Court so sad?

59.

More had she ask'd (for study warm'd her brow,
With thinking how her love might prosp'rous be)
But that young *Sulfinore* approach'd her now,
And *Goltho*, warmer with designe than she.

Though

60.

Though *Goltho's* hope (in *Indian* Feathers clad)
Was light, and gay, as if he meant to flie;
Yet he no farther than his Rival had
Advanc'd in promise, from her Tongue, or Eye.

61.

When distant, talk'd, as if he plighted were;
For hope in Love, like Cowards in the War,
Talks bravely till the enterprise be near;
But then discretion dares not venture far.

62.

He never durst approch her watchfull Eye
With studious gazing, nor with sighs her Ear;
But still seem'd frolick, like a States-man's Spie;
As if his thoughtfull bus'nes were not there.

63.

Still, Superstitious Lovers Beauty paint,
(Thinking themselves but Devils) so divine,
As if the thing belov'd, were all a Saint;
And ev'ry place she enter'd, were a Shrine.

64.

And though last Night were the auspitious time
When they resolv'd to quit their bashfull fears;
Yet soon (as to the Sun when *Eaglets* climbe)
They stoop'd, And quench'd their daring Eyes in tears.

65.

And now (for Hope, that formal *Centry*, stands
All Winds and Showrs though there but vainly plac'd,
They to *Verona* beg her dear commands;
And look to be with parting kindness grac'd.

66.

Both dayly journies meant, 'twixt this and Court:
For taking leave is twice Love's sweet Repast;
In being sweet, and then in being short;
Like *Manna*, ready still, but cannot last.

Her

67.

Her Favours not in lib'ral looks she gave,
But in a kind respectfull lowliness,
Them honour gives, yet did her honour save;
Which gently thus she did to both express.

68.

High heav'n that did direct your Eyes the way
To chuse so well, when you your friendship made,
Still keep you joyn'd, that daring Envie may
Fear such united Virtue to invade!

69.

In your safe Breasts, the noble *Gondibert*
Does trust the secret Treasure of his love;
And I (grown Conscious of my low desert)
Would not, you should that wealth for me improve.

70.

I am a Flow'r that merit not the Spring!
And he (the World's warm Sun,) in passing by
Should think, when such as I leave flourishing,
His Beams to Cedars haste, which else would die.

71.

This from his humble Maid you may declare
To him, on whom the good of humane kind
Depends; and as his greatning is your care,
So may your early love successes find!

72.

So may that beauteous She, whom either's Heart
For virtue and delight of life shall chuse,
Quit in your siege the long defence of Art,
And Nature's freedom in a treatie lose.

73.

This gave cold *Ulfinore* in Love's long Night
Some hope of Day; as Sea-men that are run
Far North-ward, find long Winters to be light,
And in the *Cynosure* adore the Sun.

74.

Ishew'd to *Goltho*, not alone like Day,
But like a Wedding Noon, who now grows strong
Enough to speak, but that her beauties stay
His Eyes, whose wonder soon arrests his Tongue.

75.

Yet something he at parting seem'd to say,
In prettie Flow'rs of Love's wild Rhetorick;
Which mov'd not her, though Oratours thus sway
Assemblies, which since wild, wild Musick like.

## *CANTO the Sixth.*

### The ARGUMENT.

*Here* ULFIN *reads the art to* ULFINORE
*Of wisely getting, and increasing Pow'r.*
*The Rivals to* VERONA *haste, and there*
*Young* GOLTHO'S *frailtie does too soon appear.*
*Black* DALGA'S *fatal beautie is reveal'd,*
*But her descent and Storie is conceal'd.*

1.

OLd *Ulfin* parting now with *Ulfinore*,
His study'd thoughts, and of a grave import
Thus uter'd, as well read in ancient Lore;
When prudence kept up greatness in the Court.

2.

Heav'n guide thee Son, through Honour's slipp'ry ways
The Hill, which warie painfulness must climbe;
And often rest, to take a full survay
Of ev'ry path trod by Experienc'd Time.

Rise

3.

Riſe glorious with thy Maſter's hopefull Morn!
His favour calls thee to his ſecret Breaſt;
Great *Gondibert!* to ſpatious Empire born;
Whoſe carefull Head will in thy Boſom reſt.

4.

Be good! and then in pitie ſoon be great!
For virtuous men ſhould toil to compaſs pow'r,
Leſt when the Bad poſſeſs Dominion's Seat,
We vainly weep for thoſe whom they devour.

5.

Our virtue without pow'r but harmleſs is!
The Good, who lazily are good at home,
And ſafely reſt in doing not amiſs,
Flie from the Bad, for fear of Martyrdome.

6.

Be in thy greatneſs eaſie, and thy Brow
Still clear, and comforting as breaking Light;
The Great, with buſ'neſs troubled, weakly bow;
Pow'r ſhould with publick Burdens walk upright!

7.

We chearfulneſs, as innocence commend!
The Great, may with benign and civil Eyes
The People wrong, yet not the wrong'd offend;
Who feel moſt wrong from thoſe who them deſpiſe!

8.

Since wrongs muſt be, Complaints muſt ſhew the Grie-
And Favourites ſhould walk ſtill open Ear'd;
For of the ſuing Croud, half are reliev'd
With the innate delight of being heard:

9.

Thy greatneſs be in Arms! who elſe are great,
Move but like Pageants in the People's view;
And in foul weather make a ſcorn'd retreat;
The *Grecks* their painted Gods in Armour drew!

Yield

10.

Yield not in ſtorms of State to that diſlike,
Which from the People does to Rulers grow;
Pow'r (Fortun's Sail) ſhould not for threatnings ſtrike;
In Boats beſtorm'd all check at thoſe that row.

11.

Courts little Arts contemn dark Holes to ſave
Retreated Pow'r, when fear does Friendſhip feign;
Poor thieves retire to Woods! Chiefs, great and brave,
Draw out their Forces to the open Plain!

12.

Be by thy Virtue bold! when that Sun ſhines,
All Art's falſe lights are with diſgrace put out;
Her ſtreitneſs ſhews it ſelf in crooked Lines;
And her plain Text the *Sceptick* dare not doubt.

13.

Revenge (weak Women's Valour, and in Men
The *Ruffians* Cowardiſe,) keep from thy Breaſt,
The factious Palace is that Serpent's Den;
Whom Cowards there, with ſecret ſlaughter feaſt.

14.

Revenge is but a braver Name for Fear,
'Tis *Indians* furious fear, when they are fed
With valiant Foes; whoſe Hearts their Teeth muſt tear
Before they boldly dare believe them dead.

15.

When thou giv'ſt death, thy Banners be diſplay'd!
And move not till an open Foe appears!
Courts lurking war ſhews Juſtice is afraid;
And no broad Sword, but a cloſs Ponyard wears.

16.

To kill, ſhews Fear dares not more fears endure!
When wrong'd, deſtroy not with thy Foes thy ſame,
The Valiant by forgiving miſchief, cure;
And it is Heav'n's great conqueſt to reclaim?

Be

17.

Be by thy bountie known! for since the needs
Of life, so rudely press the bold and wise;
The bounteous heart, all but his God exceeds;
Whom bountie best makes known to Mortal Eyes!

18.

And to be bountefull, be rich! for those
Fam'd *Talkers* who in Schools did wealth despise,
Taught doctrine, which at whom would Empire lose,
If not believ'd first by their Enemies.

19.

And though in ruling Ministers of State,
The People wretched povertie adore,
(Which Fools call innocence, and wise Men hate
As sloth) yet they rebel for being poor.

20.

And to be rich, be diligent! Move on
Like Heav'ns great Movers that inrich the Earth;
Whose Moments sloth would shew the world undone,
And make the Spring straight bury all her birth.

21.

Rich are the diligent! who can command
Time, Natures stock! and could his Hour glass fall,
Would, as for seed of Stars, stoop for the sand;
And by incessant Labour gather all.

22.

Be kind to Beautie! that unluckie Shrine!
Where all Love's Thieves come bowing to their Pre
And honour steal; which Beautie makes divine:
Be thou still kind, but never to betray!

23.

Heav'n studie more in Nature, than in Schools!
Let Nature's Image never by thee pass
Like unmark'd Time; but those unthinking Fools
Despise, who spie not Godhead through her Glass.

Th

24.

Theſe precepts *Ulſiuore*, with duteous care,
In his Hearts Cloſet lock'd, his faithfull Breſt!
And now the Rival-friends for Court prepare;
And much their Youth, is by their haſte expreſt.

25.

They yet ne't ſaw *Verona*, nor the Court;
And expectation lengthens much their way;
Since by that great Inviter urg'd, Report;
And thither flie on Courſers of Relay.

26.

Ere to his Weſtern Mines the Sun retir'd,
They his great Mint for all thoſe Mines behold,
*Verona*, which in Tow'rs to Heav'n aſpir'd,
Guilt doubly, for the Sun now guilt their gold.

27.

They make their Entry through the Weſtern Gate!
A *Gothick* Arch! Where, on an *Elephant*
Bold *Clephes*, as the ſecond Founder, ſate;
Made to mock life, and onely life did want.

28.

Still ſtrange, and divers ſeem their Objects now,
And ſtill increaſe, where e're their Eyes they caſt;
Of lazy Pag'ant-Greatneſs, moving ſlow,
And angry buſ'neſs, ruſhing on in haſte.

29.

All ſtrange to them, as they to all appear;
Yet leſs like ſtrangers gaz'd thoſe they ſee;
Who this glad Day the Duke's Spectatours were;
To mark how with his fame his looks agree.

30.

And gueſs that thoſe are of his fighting Train,
Renown'd in Youth, who by their wonder ſtay'd,
And by their own, but ſlowly paſſage gain;
But now much more their progreſs is delay'd:

31.

For a black Beauty did her pride display
Through a large Window, and in Jewels shon,
As if to please the World, weeping for day,
Night had put all her Starry Jewels on.

32.

This Beauty gaz'd on both, and *Ulfinore*
Hung down his Head, but yet did lift his Eyes;
As if he fain would see a little more:
For much, though bashful, he did beauty prise.

33.

*Gelthe* did like a blushless Statue stare;
Boldly her practis'd boldness did out-look;
And even for fear she would mistrust her share,
Was ready to cry out, *That he was took!*

34.

She, with a wicked Woman's prosp'rous Art,
A seeming modesty, the Window clos'd;
Wisely delay'd his Eyes, since of his Heart
She thought, she had sufficiently dispos'd.

35.

And he thus straight complain'd! Ah *Ulfinore*,
How vainly Glory has our Youth misled?
The Wind which blows us from the happy Shore,
And drives us from the Living to the Dead.

36.

To bloody slaughters, and perhaps of those
Who might beget such Beauties as this Maid;
The Sleepy here are never wak'd with Fears;
Nor are of ought but Ladies frowns afraid.

37.

Ere he could more lament, a little Page,
Clean, and perfum'd (one whom this Dame did breed
To guess at ills, too manly for his age)
Steps swiftly to him, and arrests his steed.

With

38.

With civil whiſper cries, *My Lady Sir!*-----
At this, *Goltho* alights, as ſwiftly poſt
As Poſters mount; by ling'ring loath to erre,
As Wind-bound Men, whoſe ſloth their firſt Wind laſt.

39.

And when his Friend advis'd him to take care;
He gravely, as a Man new potent grown,
Proteſts he ſhall in all his Fortunes ſhare;
And to the Houſe invites him as his own.

40.

And, with a Rival's wiſdom, *Ulfnare*
Does hope, ſince thus blind Love leads him aſtray,
Where a falſe Saint he can ſo ſoon adore,
That he to *Birtha* ne'r will find the way.

41.

They enter, and aſcend; and enter then
Where *Dalga* with black eyes does Sinners draw;
And with her voice holds faſt repenting Men;
To whoſe warm Jett, light *Goltho* is but Straw.

42.

Nicely as Bridegrooms was her Chamber dreſt,
Her Bed, as Brides; and richer than a Throne,
And ſweeter ſeem'd than the *Circæan*'s Neſt,
Though built in Eaſtern Groves of *Cinamon*.

43.

The price of Princes pleaſure, who her love
(Though but falſe ware) at rates ſo coſtly bought
The wealth of many, but may hourly prove
Spoils to ſome one, by whom her ſelf is caught.

44.

She ſway'd by ſinfull Beauties deſtiny,
Finds her Tyrannick Pow'r muſt now expire,
Who meant to kindle *Goltho* in her Eye,
But to her breaſt has brought the raging fire.

45.

Yet ev'n in ſimple Love ſhe uſes Art,
Though weepings are from looſer Eyes but Leaks;
Yet eldeſt Lovers ſcarce would doubt her heart,
So well ſhe weeps, and thus to *Goltho* ſpeaks:

46.

I might, if I would aſk your pardon, Sir,
Suſpect that pitie which the noble feel
When women fail, but ſince in this I erre
To all my Sex, I would to women kneel.

47.

Yet happy were our Sex, could they excuſe
All breach of Modeſtie, as I can mine,
Since 'tis from paſſion which a Saint might uſe,
And not appear leſs worthy of a ſhrine.

48.

For my brave brother you reſemble ſo
Throughout your ſhape, who late in Combat fell,
As you in that an inward Virtue ſhow,
By which to me you all the world excell.

49.

All was he which the Good of greatneſs ſee,
Or Love can like, in Judgement match'd by none;
Unleſs it fail'd in being kind to me,
A crime forbid to all, ſince he is gone.

50.

For though I ſend my Eyes abroad in hope
Amongſt the Streams of Men ſtill flowing here,
To find (which is my paſſion's utmoſt ſcope)
Some one that does his noble Image bear.

51.

Yet ſtill I live recluſe, unleſs it ſeem
A liberty too rude, that I in you
His likeneſs at ſo high a rate eſteem,
As to believe your heart is kind and true.

52.

She casts on *Ulfinore* a sudden look,
Starts like a *Mountebank*, who had forgot
His Viol, and the curled poison took,
By dire mistake before his Antidote.

53.

Pray'd *Goltho* that his friend may straight forbear
Her presence, whom (she said) resembled so
Her noble Brother's cruel Murtherer,
As she must now expire, unless he go.

54.

*Goltho* still gravely vain, with formal Face
Bids *Ulfinore* retire, and does pretend
Almost to know her Parents, and the place,
And ev'n to swear her brother was his friend.

55.

But warie *Ulfinore* (who beauteous Truth
Did never but in plainest Dress behold)
Smiles, and remembers Tales to forward Youth
In winter Nights by Countrey Matrons told:

56.

Of *Witches Towns*, where seeming Beauties dwell,
All hair, and black within, Maids that can flie:
Whose Palaces at night are smoaky Hell,
And in their beds their slaughter'd Lovers lie.

57.

And though the Sun now setting, he no Lights
Saw burning blue, nor Steam of Sulphur smelt,
Nor took her two black Mercon Maids for Sp'rites,
Yet he a secret touch of Honour felt.

58.

For not the craft of Rivalship (though more
Than States wise Rivals study interest)
Can make him leave his friend, till he restore
Some cold Discretion to his burning breast.

59.

Though to his fears this caufe now ſerious ſhows,
Yet ſmiles heat his ſolemn loving Eye:
For luſt in reading Beautie ſeldom grows,
As old *Phyſitians* in *Anatomie*.

60.

*Goltho* (ſaid he) 'tis eaſie to diſcern
That you are grave, and think you ſhould be ſo;
Since you have buſ'neſs here of great concern,
And think that you this Houſe and Lady know.

61.

You'l ſtay, and have your Sleep with Muſick fed,
But little think to wake with Mandrakes groans,
And by a Ghoſt be ro a Garden led
At midnight, ſtrew'd with ſimple Lovers bones.

62.

This *Goltho* is enchantment, and ſo ſtrange,
So ſubc'ly falſe, that whilſt I tell it you,
I fear the Spell will my opinion change,
And make me think the pleaſant Viſion true.

63.

Her dire black Eyes are like the Oxes Eye,
Which to the *Indian* Ocean Tempeſts brings:
Let's go before our Horſes learn to flie,
Ere ſhe ſhew cloven Feet, and they get wings.

64.

But high rebellious Love, when counſell'd, ſoon
As ſullen as rebuk'd Ambition, grows
And *Goltho* would purſue what he ſhould ſhun,
But that his happier fate did interpoſe.

65.

For at the Garden gate a Summons, loud
Enough to ſhew authority and haſte,
Brought cares to *Dalga*'s Brow, which like a Cloud,
Did ſoon her ſhining Beauty over-caſt.

Like

66.

Like Thieves surpriz'd whilst they divide their prize,
Her Maids run and return through ev'ry room;
Still seeming doubtfull where their safety lies,
All speaking with their looks, and all are dumb.

67.

She, who to dangers could more boldly wake,
With words, swift as those errands which her heart
Sends out in glances, thus to *Goltho* spake:
My Mother, Sir, Alas! You must depart.

68.

She is severe, as dying Confessours,
As jealous as unable Husbands are,
She Youth in Men, like Age in Maids abhors,
And has more Spies than any Civil War.

69.

Yet would you but submit to be conceal'd,
I have a Closet secret as my Brest,
Which is to Men, nor Day, no more reveal'd,
Than a clos'd Swallow in his Winters Nest.

70.

To this good *Goltho* did begin to yield,
But *Ulsmore* (who doubts that it may tend
To base retreat, unless they quit the Field)
Does by Example govern, and descend.

71.

And now his Eyes ev'n wake with longingness,
Ready to break their strings to get abroad,
To see this Matron, by whose sole access
*Dalga* in all her furious hopes is aw'd.

72.

And as he watch'd her civil *Mercurie*,
The hopefull Page, he saw him entrance give,
Not to a Matron still prepar'd to die,
But to a Youth wholly design'd to live.

73.

He seem'd the heir to prosp'rous Parents toyls,
Gay as young Kings, who sue in forreign Courts,
Or youthfull Victors in their *Persian* spoyls,
He seem'd like Love and Musick made for sports:

74.

But wore his clothing loose, and wildly cast,
As Princes high with feasting, who to win
Are seldom us'd, shew'd warm, and more unbrac'd
Than Ravishers oppos'd in their design.

75.

This *Ulfinore* observ'd, and would not yet
In civil pitie undeceive his friend;
But watch the signs of his departing fit,
Which quickly did in bashfull silence end.

76.

To the Duke's palace they enquir'd the way,
And as they slowly rode, a grave excuse
Griev'd *Goltho* frames, vowing he made this stay,
For a discov'ry of important use.

77.

If Sir (said he) we heedlesly pass by
Great Towns, like Birds that from the Countrey come
But to be skar'd, and on to Forrests flie;
Let's be no travell'd Fools, but roost at home.

78.

I see (reply'd his friend) you nothing lack
Of what is painfull, curious, and discreet
In Travellers, else would you not look back
So often to observe this House and Street.

79.

Drawing your Citie Map with Coasters care,
Not onely marking where safe Channels run,
But where the Shelves, and Rocks, and Dangers are,
To teach weak strangers what they ought to shun.

But

So.

But, *Golibo*, flie from Luſt's experiments,
Whoſe heat we quench much ſooner than aſſwage,
To quench the Fornace-luſt ſtop all the vents,
For give it any Air the Flames will rage.

*FINIS.*

# POST-SCRIPT
## To the Reader.

I Am here arriv'd at the middle of the Third Book, which makes an equal half of the *POEM*; and I was now by degrees to preſent you (as I promiſed in the *Preface*) the ſeveral Keys of the main Building; which ſhould convey you through ſuch ſhort Walks as give an eaſie view of the whole Frame. But 'tis high time to ſtrike Sail, and caſt Anchor (though I have run

run but half my Course) when at the Helm I am threatened with Death; who, though he can visit us but once, seems troublesom; and even in the Innocent may beget such a gravitie, as diverts the Musick of Verse. And I beseech thee (if thou art so civil as to be pleas'd with what is written) not to take it ill, that I run not on till my last gasp. For though I intended in this *POEM* to strip Nature naked, and clothe her again in the perfect shape of Virtue, yet even in so worthy a Design I shall ask leave to desist, when I am interrupted by so great an experiment as Dying: and 'tis an experiment to the most experienc'd; for no Man (though his Mortifications may be much greater than mine) can say, *He has already Dy'd.*

It may be Objected by some (who look not on Verse with the Eyes of the Ancients, nor with the Reverence which it still preserves amongst other Nations) that I beget a *POEM* in an unseasonable time. But be not thou, *Reader*, (for thine own sake, as well as mine) a common Spectator, that

that can never look on great Changes but with tears in his Eyes: for if all Men would obſerve, That Conqueſt is the Wheels of the World, on which it has ever run, the Victorious would not think they have done ſo new, and ſuch admirable actions, as muſt draw Men from the noble and beautiful Arts, to gaze wholly upon them; neither would the Conquer'd continue their wonder, till it involve them in ſorrow; which is then the Mind's incurable Diſeaſe, when the Patient grows ſo ſullen, as not to liſten to Remedie: and *Poeſie* was that Harp of *David*, which remov'd from *Saul*, the Melancholly Spirit, that put him in a continual remembrance of the revolution of Empire.

I ſhall not think I inſtruct Militarie Men, by ſaying, That with *Poeſie* in *Heroick Songs*, the Wiſer Ancients prepar'd their Battels; nor would I offend the auſteritie of ſuch, as vex themſelves with the mannage of Civil Affairs, by putting them in mind, that whilſt the Plays of Children are puniſh'd, the plays of Men are but excus'd under the title of Buſineſs.

But

But I will gravely tell thee *(Reader)* he who writes an *Heroick POEM*, leaves an Eſtate entayl'd; and he gives a greater Gift to Poſteritie, than to the preſent Age; for a publick benefit is beſt meaſured in the number of Receivers; and our Contemporaries are but few, when reckon'd with thoſe who ſhall ſucceed.

Nor could I ſit idle, and ſigh with ſuch as mourn to hear the Drum; for if this Age be not quiet enough to be taught Virtue a pleaſant way, the next may be at leiſure: Nor could I (like men that have civilly ſlept, till they are old in dark Cities) think War a noveltie: For we have all heard, that *Alexander* walk'd after the Drum from *Macedon* into *India*; and I tell thee *(Reader)* he carry'd *Homer* in his Pocket; and that after *Auguſtus*, by many Battels had chang'd the Government of the world, he and *Mecœnas* often feaſted very peaceably with *Horace*: And that the laſt wiſe Cardinal (whilſt he was ſending Armies abroad, and preparing againſt civil Invaſion) took *Virgil* & *Taſſo* aſide under the *Louvre* Gallerie,

# Poſt-ſcript.

Gallerie, and at a great expence of time and Treaſure, ſent them forth in new Ornaments. And perhaps, if my *POEM* were not ſo ſevere a repreſentation of Virtue (undreſſing Truth even out of thoſe diſguiſes, which have been moſt in faſhion throughout the World) it might arrive at fair entertainment, though it make now for a Harbour in a Storm.

If thou art a malicious Reader, thou wilt remember, my *Preface* boldly confeſſed, That a main motive to this undertaking, was a deſire of Fame; and thou mayſt likewiſe ſay, I may very poſſibly not live to enjoy it. Truly I have ſome years ago conſider'd, that Fame, like Time, onely gets a reverence by long running; and that like a River, 'tis narroweſt where 'tis bred, and broadeſt afar off: but this concludes it not unprofitable; for he whoſe Writings divert Men from indiſcretion & vice, becomes famous as he is an example to others endeavours: and exemplary Writers are Wiſer than to depend on the gratuities of this World; ſince the kind looks and praiſes

of

of the present Age, for reclaiming a few, are not mentionable with those solid rewards in Heaven, for a long and continual conversion of Posteritie.

If thou *(Reader)* art one of those, who has been warm'd with Poetick Fire, I reverence thee as my Judge, and whilst others tax me with vanitie, as if the *Preface* argued my good opinion of the Work, I appeal to thy Conscience, whether it be more than such a necessarie assurance, as thou hast made to thy self in like Undertakings? For when I observe that Writers have many Enemies, such inward assurance (me thinks) resembles that forward confidence in Men of Arms, which makes them proceed in great Enterprise; since the right examination of abilities, begins with inquiring whether we doubt our selves.

*Cowes Castle in the Isle of Wight, October 22. 1650.*

WILL. D'AVENANT.

*FINIS.*

of the preſent Age, for reclaiming a few, are not mentionable with thoſe ſolid rewards in Heaven, for a long and continual converſion of Poſteritie.

If thou *(Reader)* art one of thoſe, who has been warm'd with Poetick Fire, I reverence thee as my Judge, and whilſt others tax me with vanitie, as if the *Preface* argued my good opinion of the Work, I appeal to thy Conſcience, whether it be more than ſuch a neceſſarie aſſurance, as thou haſt made to thy ſelf in like Undertakings? For when I obſerve that Writers have many Enemies, ſuch inward aſſurance (me thinks) reſembles that forward confidence in Men of Arms, which makes them proceed in great Enterpriſe; ſince the right examination of abilities, begins with inquiring whether we doubt our ſelves.

*Cowes-Caſtle in the Iſle of Wight, October 22. 1650.*

WILL. D'AVENANT.

*FINIS.*